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THE *Atlantic*

André Malraux

Part Two from Anti-Memoirs



The War Against The Young

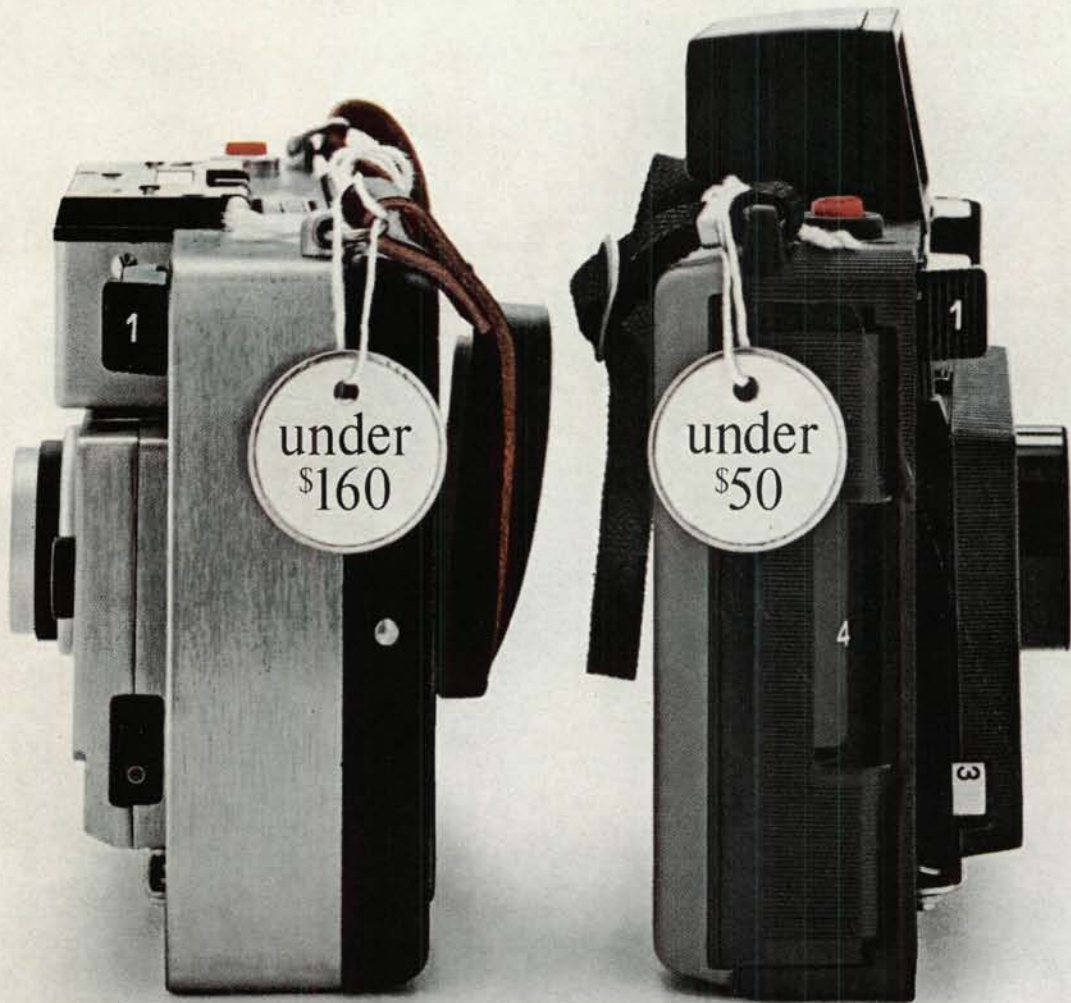
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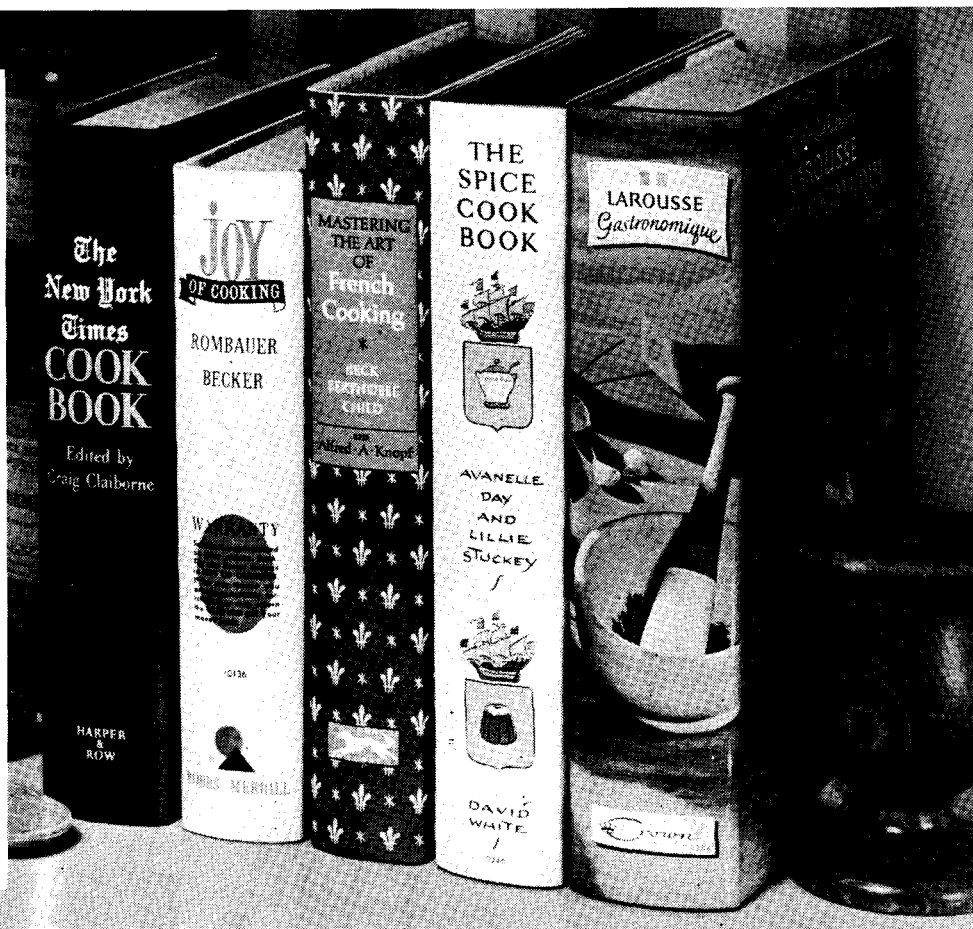
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reports

Khesanh

Some months and many disasters ago, when both Vietnam and the United States were more peaceful than they are now, the first American troops arrived on the green plateau that was to become the Khesanh Marine combat base. In those days there was little doing in the northwest corner of South Vietnam, so these Special Forces troops spent their spare hours fishing the cascading mountain streams, or hunting tigers and boars.

All this changed, of course. First, the Special Forces were displaced by the Marines. Then, last year, there was a series of vicious battles on the jungle-clad slopes near the base. Finally came this year's big victory — or defeat, depending on whom you ask — at the base itself.

As a correspondent for the *Baltimore Sun*, I visited Khesanh several times between the first of this year and June 24. On that day I wrote that the base was being abandoned, and subsequently I had my military press accreditation suspended for breaking the embargo on the story. One could say I asked for it; in fact, that is exactly what the military command did say. I will save a defense for another occasion. What is important is the nature of the battle of Khesanh — how we got into it and how, once we were there, we found ourselves entangled in a

double web of military and public relations considerations.

Military-press relations were different in World War II, when the press was very much part of the team. The reporting of that war focused on how the combat was going and what the individual soldier was enduring.

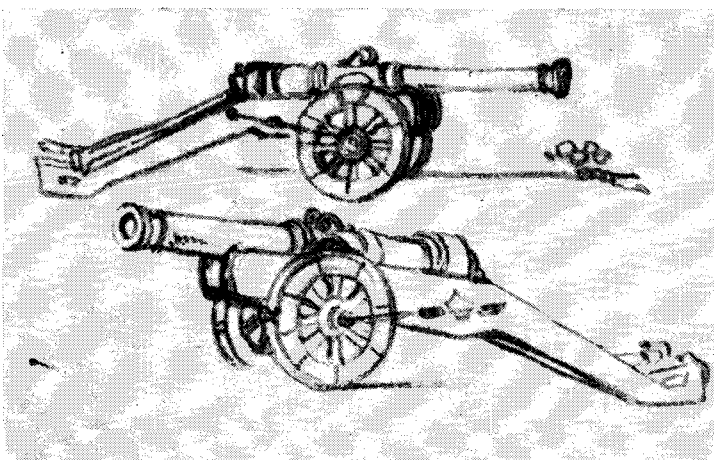
In the Vietnam War the press has addressed itself to issues like the feasibility of our aims. Vietnam has no Ernie Pyle, and none seems likely

the climactic Tet offensive against South Vietnam's previously unmolested — and largely unguarded — cities, the battle of Khesanh marked the end of the American military's delight at finding the enemy willing to stand and fight in the remotest corners of the country. While the cities were ravaged, the resources tied up in the Khesanh venture were considerable: a six-thousand man garrison, supported by thousands more — plus a

bombardment heavier than the United States's total bombing effort in Europe during 1942 and 1943. And throughout the 77 days of repeated ground probes and heavy shelling at the base, there was always the fear that the North Vietnamese in the hills, estimated variously from ten thousand to forty thousand, would mass and swarm over Khesanh, inflicting a military blow and perhaps a crippling psychological

defeat on the United States.

My first visit to Khesanh was on January 23, the fourth day of what came to be called the "siege." I was as green a war correspondent as had ever wandered into Vietnam, and my imagination was working double time as the four-engine C-130 transport whined along the runway at Danang and lumbered into the gray monsoon clouds. There were several other correspondents along, all of whom had been under fire before, and I resolved to do as they did. If they ducked, I would duck. If they ran for a bunker, I would



to emerge. The military has come to realize that while fighting well against the Viet Cong is important, looking good to the press, and through the press, to the world, is equally critical.

By the time the shells were pouring down on Khesanh, the military had learned its lesson. This time the psychological war, waged through the press, would not be neglected. Khesanh would be a victory — on the battlefield as well as on the front pages and television screens of the world.

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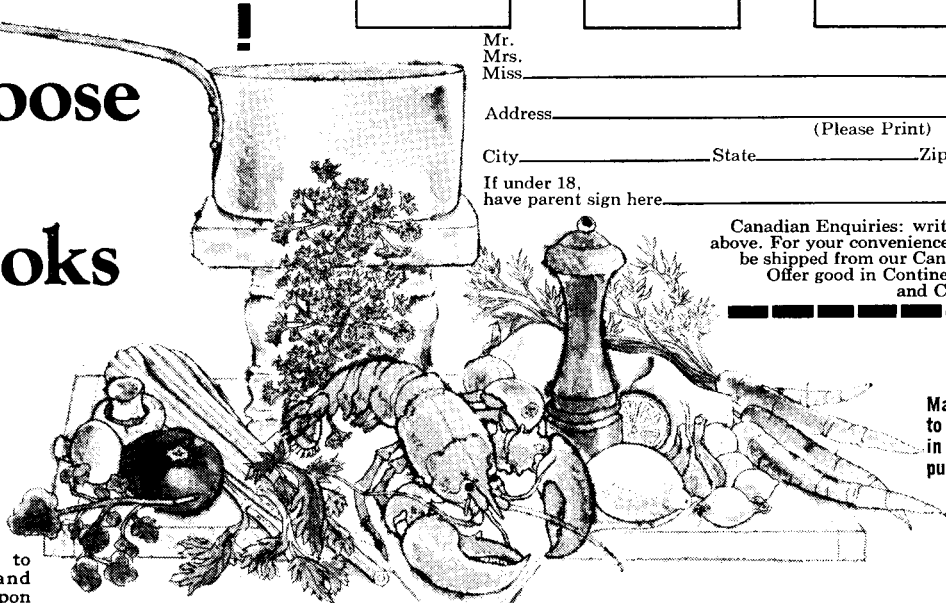
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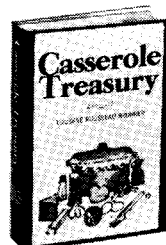
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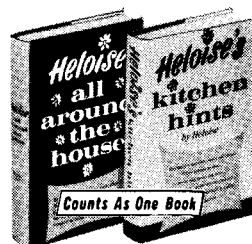
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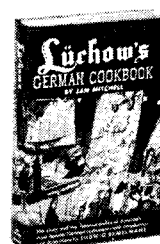
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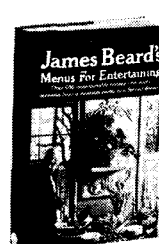
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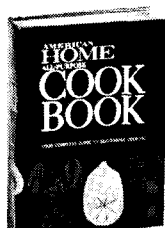
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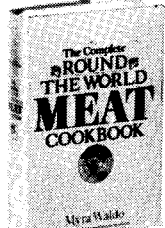
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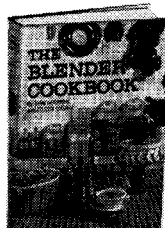
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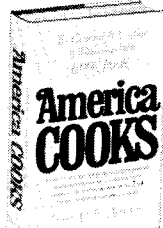
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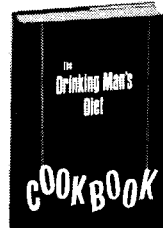
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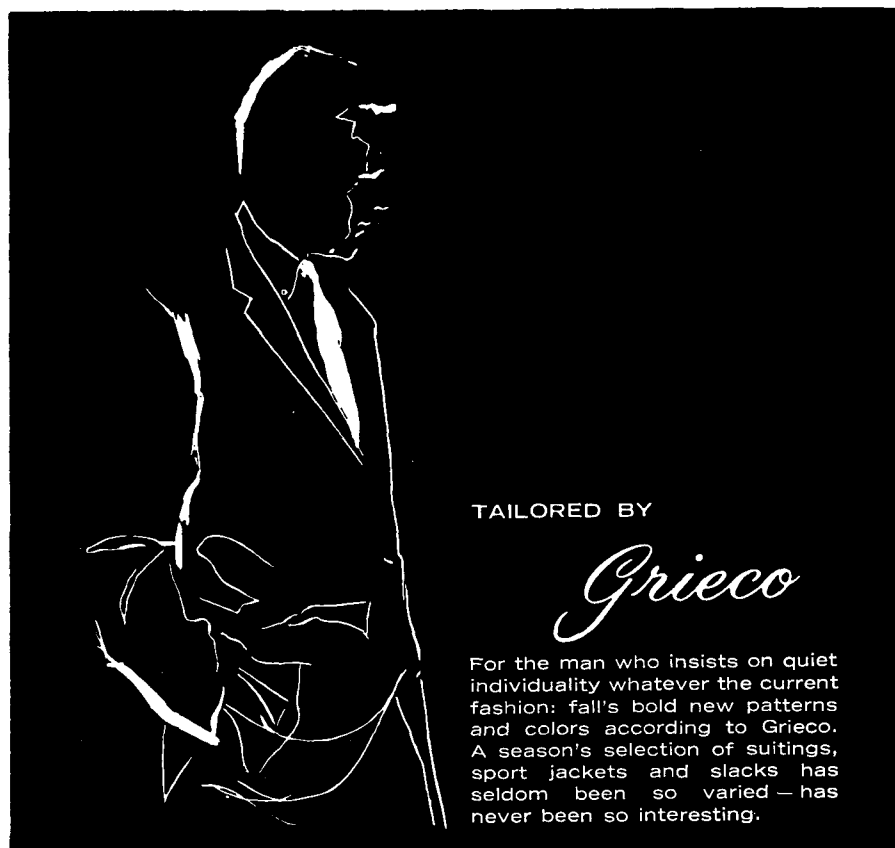
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Khesanh

run for a bunker. If they flattened themselves in a ditch, I would flatten myself in a ditch.

As it turned out, there was no cause for panic. January 23 was a relatively quiet day at Khesanh. We came tumbling out of the plane onto the metal tarmac with flak vests zipped up tight and helmets low over our eyes, but it was immediately apparent that the shelling was in a lull.

Sore

The Khesanh of January, 1968, was no longer a place for fishing or tiger-hunting. The green plateau had become a red-brown sore on the face of the earth, and everything — the sandbagged bunkers, the jeeps, the stubble-bearded Marines — was tinted the reddish color of the dirt. Around us were the lush, sinister hills. Above were the oppressive layers of dark clouds that gradually lifted late each morning and then, in the evening, settled down inexorably around the plateau like a giant candlesnuffer.

We walked along the dirt road that was Khesanh's main street, skirting the craters. As we approached the command post, everything that was not sheltered by sandbags seemed to be slanting back toward the tarmac. The forest of antennas, the makeshift utility poles, and the battered wooden "hooches" (shacks) all leaned in the same direction. This, we were to learn, was because an enemy round had detonated the main ammunition dump a few days before.

In the dim yellow light inside the sandbagged command-post bunker, a plain-spoken man told us about the situation at Khesanh. In contrast to the Marines outside, this man managed to keep unstained by the dirt and the billowing clouds of dust, and his neatness all came to focus in his marvelous mustache, impeccably waxed to two sharp points. He was Colonel David Lownds, the Khesanh commander. "Our reconnaissance team and patrols have made contact in every direction," Lownds said. "I have no doubt that we will be attacked." A twenty-three-year-old corporal took a break from sandbagging to tell me: "The hills are full of gooks. They'll probably start a barrage of

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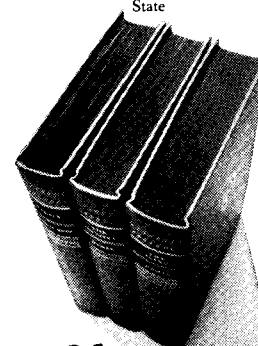
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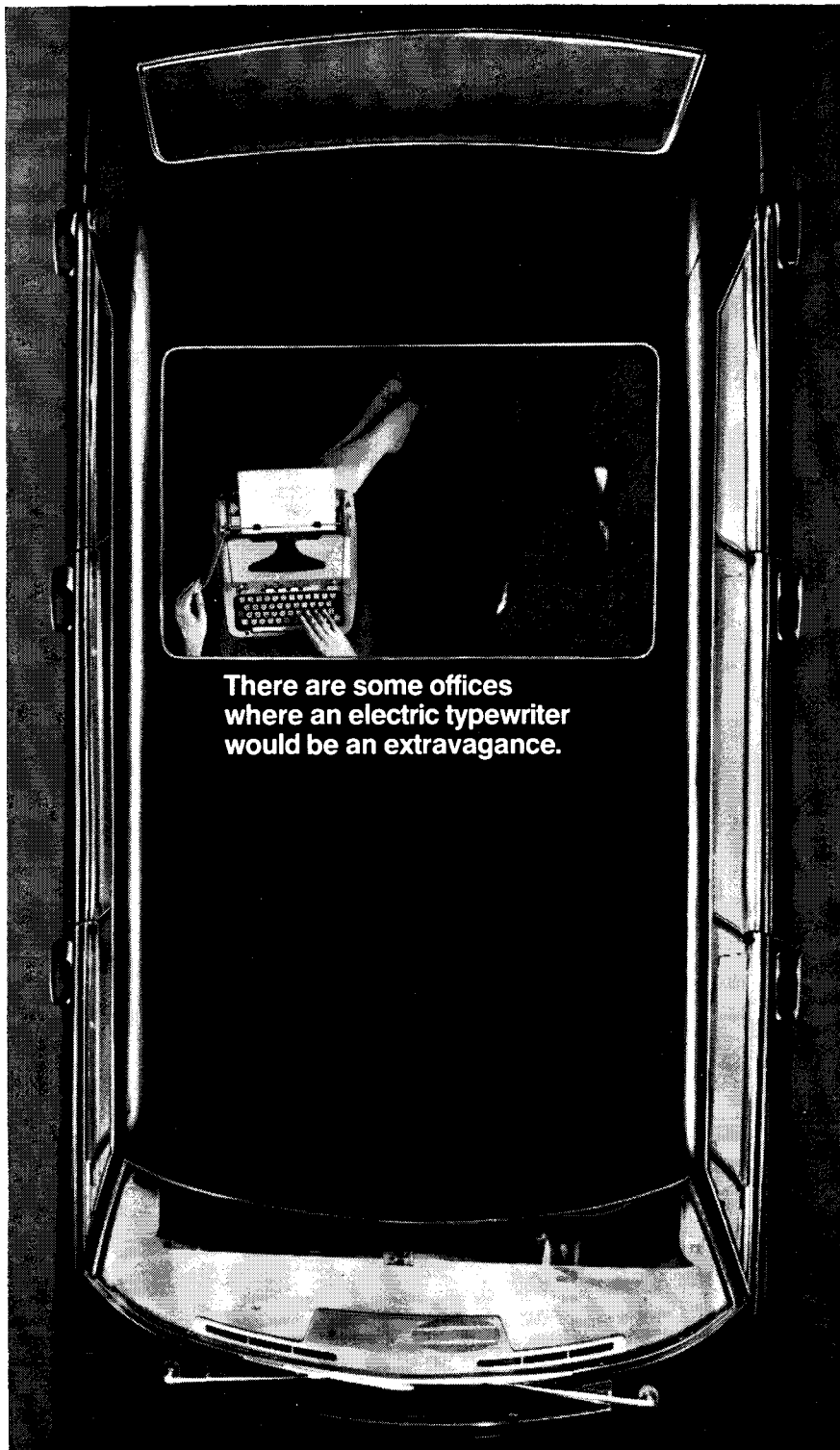
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Khesanh

artillery and then run right through the base."

It was in January that public concern about Khesanh began to build. The military command knew it had problems. Some high-ranking officers had opposed holding Khesanh at all. Militarily, the base was simply not worth it, they believed. But there were problems in pulling out. One was the fact that many of the guns would have to be destroyed if the Marines fought their way out on the ground. The guns had been flown in, and the prime movers — the machines that tow the guns and carry the ammunition and crews — had been left behind.

Another problem, the decisive one, was that a withdrawal under pressure would have all the earmarks of a defeat. By the last ten days of January the world was watching Khesanh, and the first grim parallels with Dienbienphu had been drawn. So to withdraw at this time would be to take a terrific drubbing before a huge audience.

"Western anchor"

What was needed, then, was a good, solid, militarily sound explanation of why we were holding Khesanh. The American public could be counted upon to take a dim view of it all if the military were to announce frankly: "Your sons are at Khesanh to win a psychological victory, or at least to prevent a psychological defeat."

The military explanation that finally emerged was twofold. It goes as follows: Khesanh is critical to American military interests in Vietnam because it sits "astride" major infiltration routes from North Vietnam and Laos. Moreover, it is the "western anchor" of the defensive line of bases along the demilitarized zone.

In reality, Khesanh sat astride nothing but Khesanh. To the North Vietnamese Army, which can do without valleys or roads in making its way into the south, Khesanh was merely a speck of flotsam — an irritating speck, to be sure — in a sea of infiltration routes.

The "western anchor" concept was equally fallacious, based as it was on a simplistic Maginot scheme for keeping the North Vietnamese out of South Vietnam. One might

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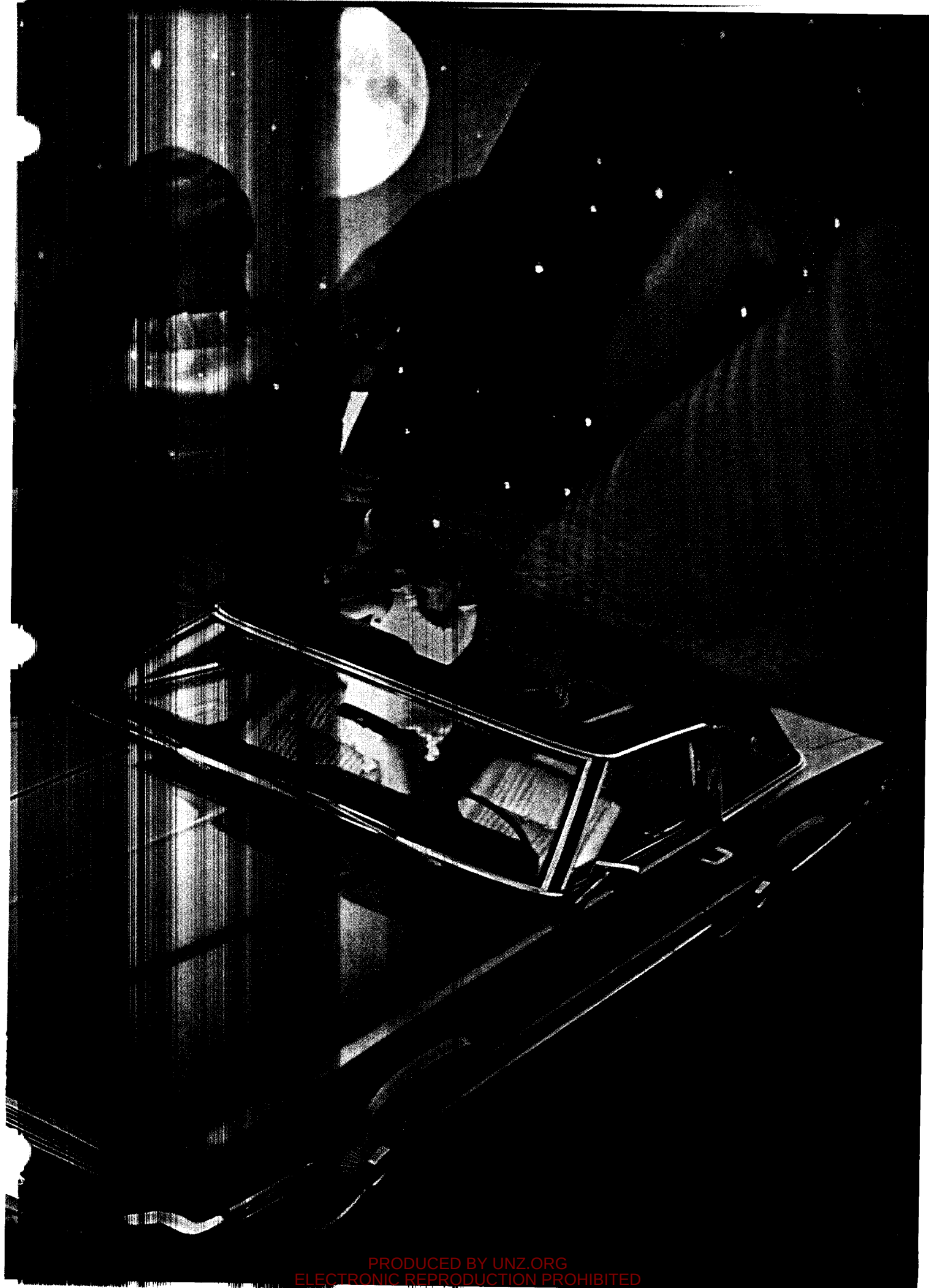
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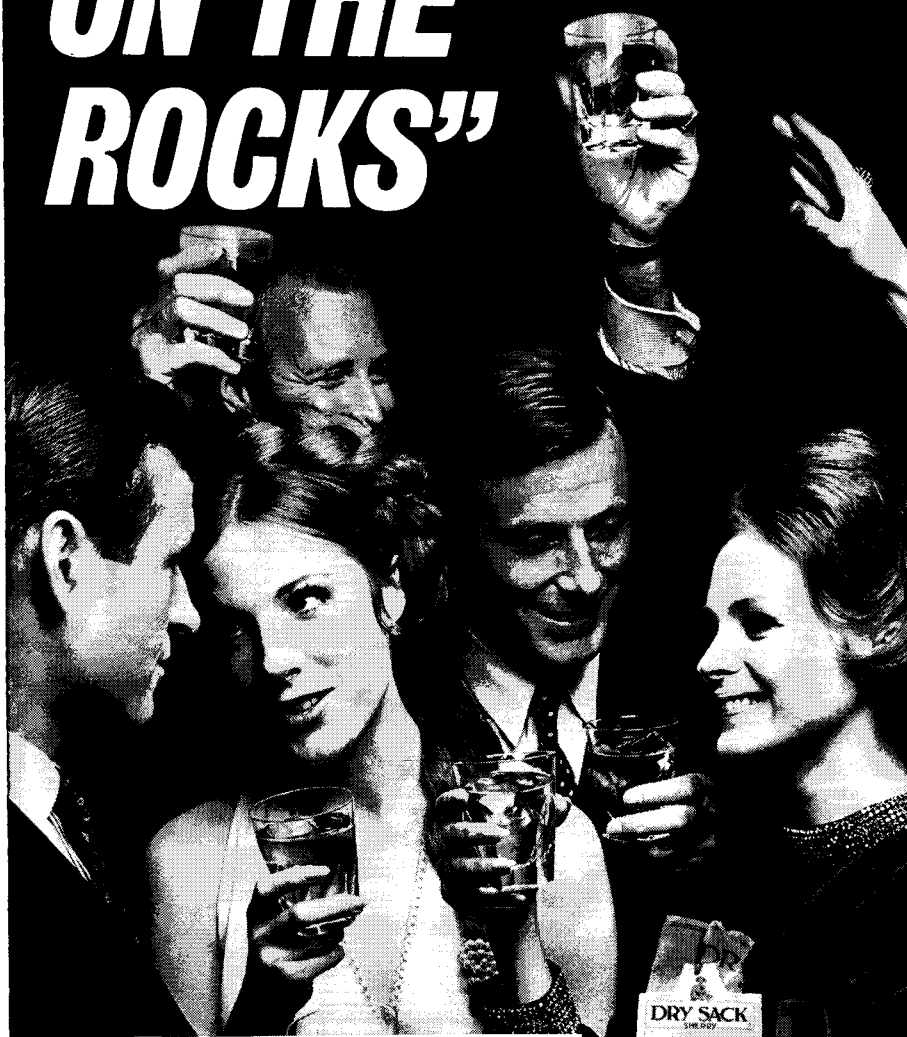
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Khesanh

think that if our *western anchor* were lost, the enemy would be able to turn our flank. Of course the flank was being turned every day, Khesanh or no, by means of the Ho Chi Minh Trail in the mountains of nearby Laos.

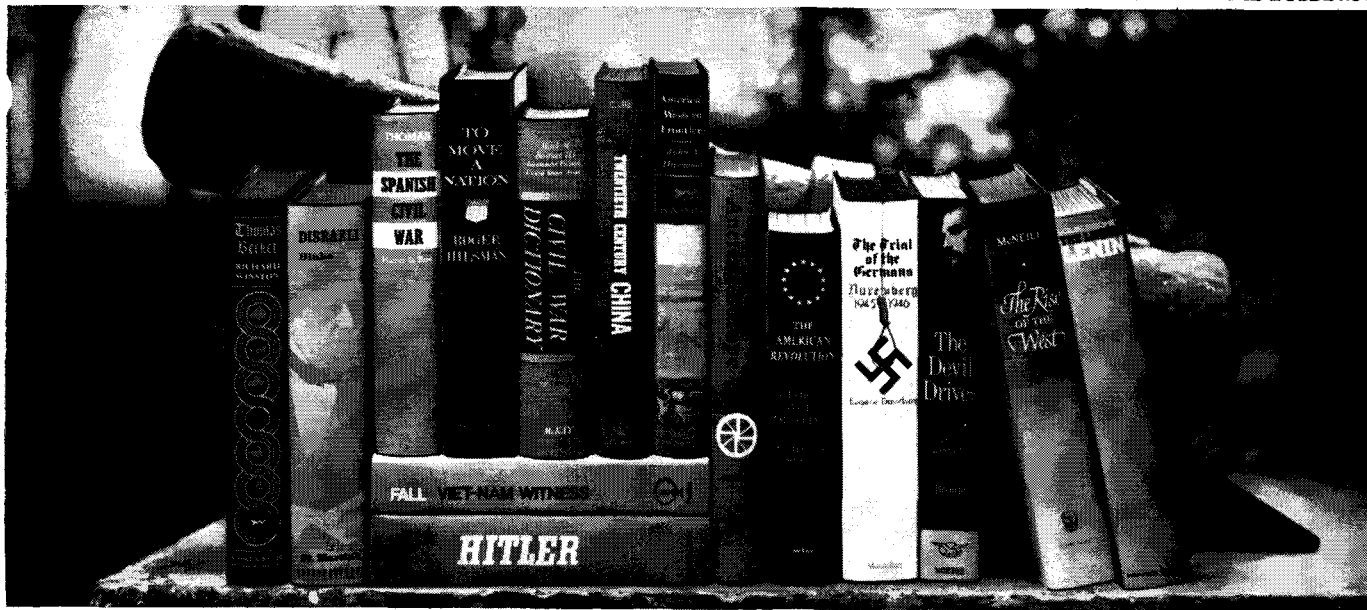
It has been put forth in defense of the decision to hold Khesanh that, as it turned out, the cost was not inordinately high, as battles go: fewer than a hundred Marines killed on the base, with roughly another hundred deaths in the surrounding hills, and 1600 Marines wounded, in addition to South Vietnamese and Special Forces casualties. The cost of a withdrawal under fire might have been as great. But to figure the real cost of Khesanh, one must take into account the forces held in reserve, ready to move into the base. Add to this the cost of mounting the most intensive aerial bombardment in the history of warfare (commanders in some parts of the country practically wrote off their chances of getting any air support during the Khesanh bombing). The logistic effort, too, was costly in terms of man-hours, casualties, and aircraft lost.

Thin spread

While all these resources were being poured into a remote outpost in the farthest corner of South Vietnam, the enemy turned up at the gate of the Presidential Palace, in the front yard of the United States Embassy, and in Vietnam's old imperial throne room in Hué.

One had only to go to Hué during the Tet offensive to see how thinly spread our resources were at that time. I flew into this most graceful of Vietnamese cities (it still is, despite devastation) aboard a Marine medevac helicopter on February 6, landing in the front yard of a battered Hué University. The Marines on the south bank of the Perfume River had problems, far worse problems than anyone realized at the time. On February 6 the Marines had an enclave of perhaps a half-dozen city blocks along the riverfront, and progress was agonizingly slow. At the heart of the enclave was the bullet-scarred building that served as the American military advisers' compound. Hué was so noisy that night that hardly anyone

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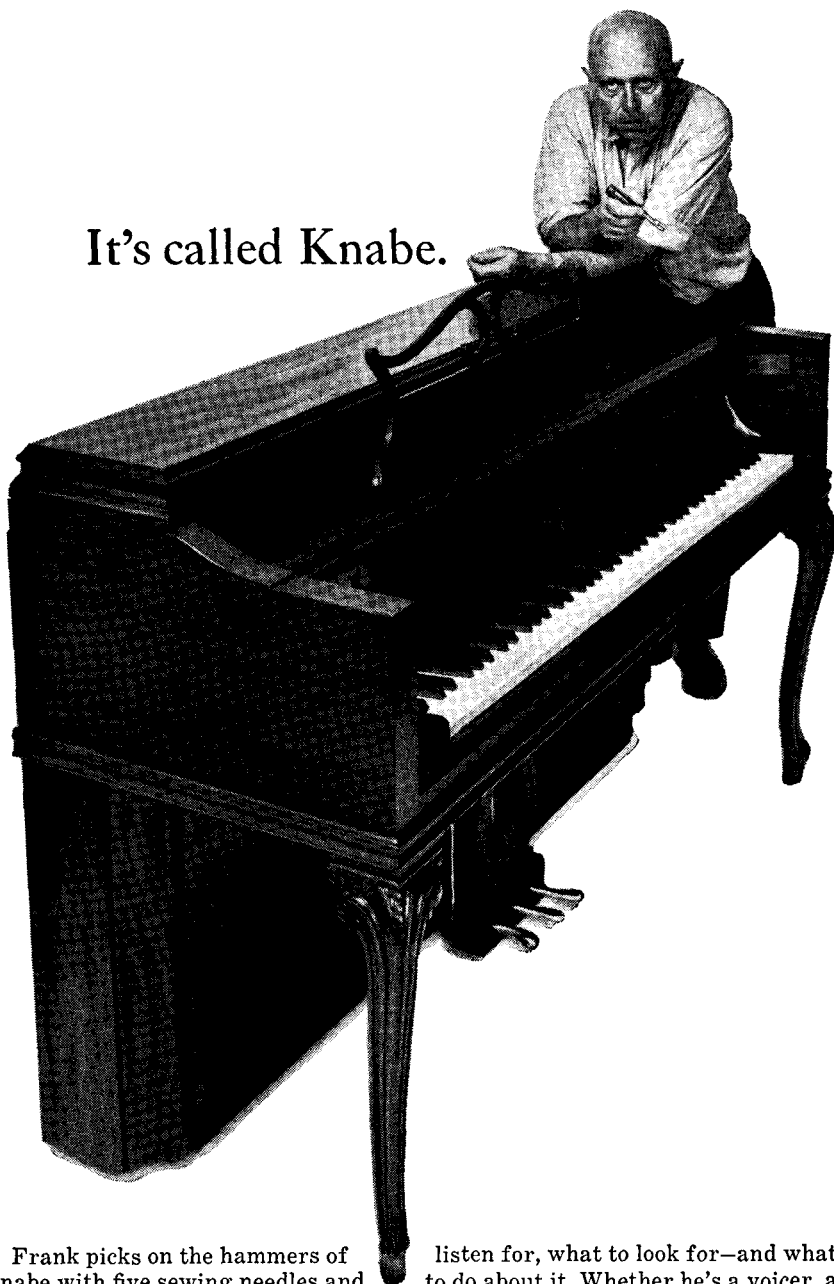
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Khesanh

who slept at the compound noticed when the North Vietnamese, only a few blocks away, detonated a huge charge that dropped the two center spans of the highway bridge into the murky green river.

The battle for Hué lasted weeks longer than anyone expected. Every day in Saigon the correspondents would file into the air-conditioned auditorium for the afternoon briefing—the "five o'clock follies," as it is known—expecting to hear of the North Vietnamese collapse in Hué. It was a long wait. Never during the fight did the Marines have the forces they felt they needed to move effectively. And never was the combined American-South Vietnamese force that fought at Hué adequate to prevent the North Vietnamese from feeding troops and supplies into the city. Just short of a month after taking Hué, the North Vietnamese withdrew, having impressed all observers with their strength and tenacity, and leaving behind a shattered city with most of its progovernment leadership captured or resting in mass graves.

The withdrawal from Hué signaled the end of the Tet offensive, but there was still Khesanh. By this time it was evident that the bombing was taking a high toll. This massive bombardment is where we won our victory, according to those who consider Khesanh a victory. Our success was in terms of enemy forces tied down and enemy soldiers killed. General Westmoreland stated later: "With only one percent of my forces, I tied down two enemy divisions and seriously defeated them. It was a major victory."

Certainly we were successful in keeping the North Vietnamese from massing and overrunning the base as, it appears, was their intention. But tied down? This claim ignores the obvious fact that only one party to the Khesanh battle retained his options: General Vo Nguyen Giap, the North Vietnamese commander. His forces could leave any time they felt their losses were outweighing their gains. We, on the other hand, were committed for the duration.

In terms of enemy forces destroyed, no doubt terrible losses were inflicted on the North Vietnamese at Khesanh. By American standards, such losses would simply be



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Khesanh

unacceptable; the North Vietnamese are far more willing to sacrifice men, and there has been no strong sign that they are having trouble replacing the thousands who fall in battle.

Giap's withdrawal finally came late in March, when the monsoon clouds were growing thin and the Army's First Air Cavalry was about to mount Operation Pegasus to relieve the base. Reporters on the scene started picking up signs of the withdrawal a week or two before Pegasus started, as did one or two Pentagon reporters with sources outside the official briefing circle. The briefers, for their part, denied any knowledge of the enemy's withdrawal. For this reason some members of the Saigon press corps strongly suspected the image-conscious command of attempting to conceal the withdrawal so that it would appear that Operation Pegasus rather than any decision by Giap had cleared the Khesanh area of North Vietnamese forces.

"You must nearly die"

To those expecting a big battle, Pegasus was an anticlimax. The Air Cavalry sliced through to Khesanh like a knife through butter. At the end of the operation, George Wilson, the *Washington Post's* military writer, and I wandered through the rolling country near the base, inspecting the battered North Vietnamese bunkers and the shallow trenches that snaked their way toward Khesanh's perimeter.

The force of the bombing defied comprehension: where the 2000-pounders had hit soft dirt the craters were big enough to contain a small house. The ground was littered with torn North Vietnamese and shattered supplies. On one hillside we found what we believed to be the remains of the last Marine patrol to go any distance outside the perimeter wire. Marines are fond of writing slogans on their helmets, and on one scorched and battered helmet was an ironic touch of Marine bravado: "To really live you must nearly die."

That afternoon we hopped a lift to Danang to interview Lieutenant General Robert E. Cushman, Jr., the commander of the Marines in Vietnam. We asked him whether Khesanh was going to be abandoned

in the near future, and he replied that it would be kept for the time being. But he added that the base might be closed later—if enemy activity dropped off in the area.

"Mobile posture"

Two months later the withdrawal started, but not for the reason General Cushman proposed. An official statement cited an increase in the enemy's forces in I Corps, which consists of the five northernmost provinces of South Vietnam, from six divisions to eight since January. "This," the statement noted, "gives him the capability of mounting several sizable attacks concurrently." Such attacks, of course, were precisely what had happened at the end of January in the Tet offensive. At any rate, the statement went on to say that the United States forces were adopting a "mobile posture," which would mean continued operations around Khesanh without a need for a large fixed base.

Before this statement came out, I made my visit into Khesanh aboard a slow, throbbing, deafeningly noisy Marine helicopter. (The Marines seem to revel in old equipment; "We do with men what the Army *claims* it does with all its gadgets," a Marine sergeant boasted at the Danang press center bar.) The word had been out in Saigon, and again in Danang, Phubai, and Dongha, that Khesanh was being abandoned, but I had no idea how far along the withdrawal had gotten until we approached the base itself.

Portions of the base that had been crowded with sandbagged bunkers and antennae were now broad fields of raw, red earth. Marines were tearing down bunkers, and bulldozers were filling the remaining holes with rubble and dirt. Big tandem-rotor helicopters were shuttling in and out, carrying slings full of cargo east to Landing Zone Stud and returning empty. The unloading tarmac of the metal runway was being peeled up and stacked in strips, ready to be hauled out.

In talking to the Marines on the ground, I learned that the North Vietnamese Army had seen everything I had. Patrols had encountered enemy troops on the hill overlooking the base, and there had been sniper fire within only a few hundred yards of the perimeter. It was clear that the news of the withdrawal was being held up for politi-

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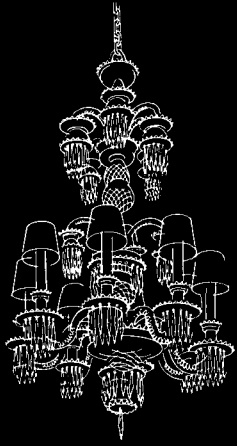
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cal, not military, reasons. The North Vietnamese Army knew about the withdrawal; the American public did not.

Breaking the embargo

Writing the story would mean trouble from the command, for stories about troop movements and future plans are embargoed until released by the Saigon headquarters. For the command, releasing the story at this time would have meant headache after headache. Correspondents would flock to the base to file eyewitness accounts of the last days of Khesanh. Instead of disposing of the issue in a single day after the completion of the move, the command would have to answer questions every day for nearly two weeks. Television watchers and newspaper readers would want answers. What would happen when our forces no longer sat *astride* those infiltration routes? What would become of the defensive line of bases along the demilitarized zone if the *western anchor* was hauled in? Above all, why was Khesanh worth all that effort a few months ago and not now?

As things worked out, the command ultimately faced the questioners with its lame answers, and I lost my press card. At first the suspension was indefinite, then it was set at six months. At that point the whole issue was hashed over publicly, and after some protests, the command agreed to reduce the suspension to sixty days, leaving neither of us entirely satisfied. My own hassle was one of the less significant unresolved questions about the military's role in political and propaganda aspects of the war which remain as the Khesanh episode passes into history, and the trenches and crumbled bunkers become overgrown with the lush foliage of Southeast Asia.

— John S. Carroll

The Transkei

The white Afrikaner administrator swept his hand out to show the poverty of the Transkei in South Africa: the round mud houses with their thatched cone roofs, the green hilly land that produced only a pittance of corn during the year, the bony cattle that the Xhosa people refused to sell. "We have to succeed," the administrator said with a weak, nervous laugh. "Our

existence depends on it." But so far, he and the other white officials of the Transkei are failing.

The Transkei is the most advanced of the Bantustans, the word coined by the white supremacist government to describe those areas of South Africa it has set aside for black Africans. Under the theory of apartheid, the Transkei and seven other Bantustans, created out of 13 percent of the land, will some distant day become independent black nations and absorb the great bulk of South Africa's black Africans. Whites, who are now outnumbered four to one, would then outnumber blacks in the rest of South Africa. Once in the majority, the whites say, they would have the moral and democratic right to run their own country — white South Africa.

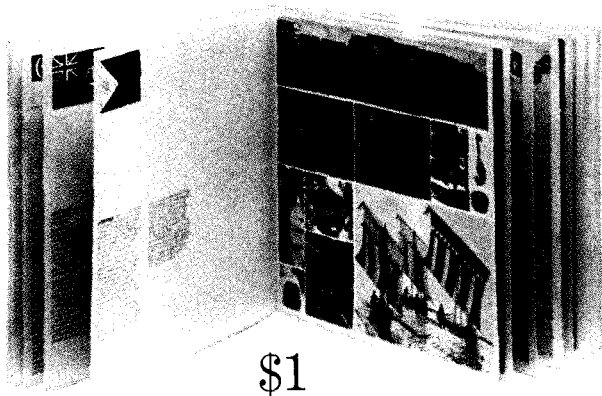
Theory of the Bantustan

To implement the theory and justify it to the rest of the world, the white South African government is trying, though in a desultory way, to develop the economy of the Bantustans. As the Afrikaner administrator pointed out, the government has no other choice. Without vibrant economies, the Bantustans could not absorb more millions of Africans. The so-called white areas of South Africa would still be left with black majorities, and a powerful and rich minority would still have to hold down the black masses by force. This would expose apartheid as an immoral and impossible solution to the dilemma of South Africa.

The government puts into the Transkei a heavy share of the money, time, and skills spent on Bantustans. The Transkei, after all, is the only Bantustan with a cohesive stretch of territory. It already has limited self-government, the only Bantustan that does. The other Bantustans are made up of segments of land scattered throughout South Africa. Their chances for development and meaningful independence are slimmer than those of the Transkei. If the Transkei fails, it is doubtful that any other Bantustan can succeed.

So far, the Transkei is failing. Economic development there is so sluggish and insignificant that it's hard to believe it will ever attract masses of African workers from the industrial towns of the white areas. The Transkei seems destined to remain a dull and poor rural area

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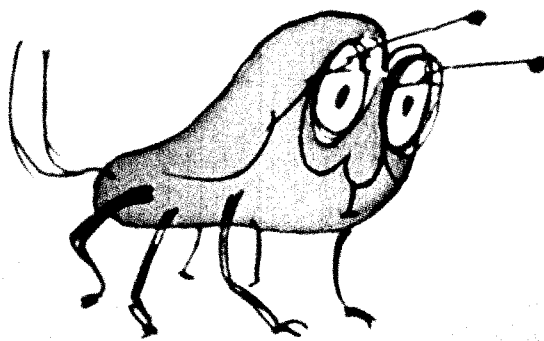
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The Transkei

that young men yearn to leave behind.

About the size of Denmark, the Transkei is a land of green fields, fertile soil, and pleasing hills along the Indian Ocean between Durban and East London. Half of South Africa's 3 million Xhosa people live in the Transkei, most still wearing traditional red blankets and still sleeping in their cramped mud houses. By the end of the century, South Africa should have seven million Xhosas. Under the government plan, the vast majority are to live and work in the Transkei.

Black stooges?

Since December, 1963, the Xhosas of the Transkei have had a measure of self-government, with African ministers running the departments of education, justice, finance, interior, agriculture, and roads. Liberal critics of the South African government like to describe Chief Minister Kaizer Matanzima and the other African ministers of the Transkei as stooges of the whites, at this oversimplifies a complex situation.

Matanzima and his ministers sometimes act up in ways that seem out of character for stooges. In one of their first acts, for example, they defied the apartheid theorists by substituting English for Xhosa in the last grades of the Transkei's primary schools. African nationalists have long felt that whites make them study in the vernacular to retard their education and thus maintain white domination.

In the future, political development in the Transkei may turn out to be one way for African nationalism, suppressed in so many other ways, to express itself in South Africa. But this is a long-run and tentative proposition. At the moment, the economic development of the Transkei is a far more urgent problem for the South African government than any new political turn by Africans there.

Despite the fertile soil of the Transkei, the Xhosas fail at agriculture. The average yield of their main crop, corn, their staple food, is only one bag per acre per year. These 200-pound bags sell for \$4.20 each. Since a farmer's average holding is 12.5 acres, he averages

\$52.50 a year less expenses for his main crop. All the lecturing, demonstrating, and pleading of the Transkei agriculture department have failed to increase his production.

The Xhosas have done better at cattle raising, selling more cattle at better prices every year. Cattle, which brought in \$68 a head four years ago, now bring in \$86 a head. The big trouble is that the Xhosas



don't like to sell their cattle. Like other African tribes, they look on cattle as personal wealth. The Xhosas own 1.5 million head of cattle but sold only 10,000 last year.

The South African government's program for industrializing the Transkei is tepid, small, and slow. A spokesman for the Xhosa Development Corporation, the government agency charged with industrialization, says the agency needs to create 10,000 new jobs every year. But after three years of limited self-government, industrialization has meant only three sawmills, a furniture factory, a meat-deboning plant, a weaving factory, and a fiber-processing plant. In all, they provide work for perhaps 1000 Africans. The pace would have to quicken thirty times for the Xhosa Development Corporation to meet its goal. And there are no plans or prospects for that kind of intensification.

Basically the Transkei has severe economic problems for the same reasons as do most underdeveloped rural areas in Africa. Rural development is a slow, excruciating task. In fact, the white officials responsible for development in the Transkei often talk the same language as the black officials responsible for

development in a country like Tanzania. Both will tell you that economic development depends on increasing agricultural production, that traditional tribal people resist agricultural change, that teaching is crippled by a shortage of agricultural extension workers, that schooled young men would rather work in an office than on a farm.

But the economic troubles of the Transkei are aggravated by three special problems that stem from being a Bantustan in South Africa. The first is the extreme and condescending paternalism of many of the white South African officials who run development projects in the Transkei. They are convinced Africans are like retarded children.

One paternal South African, for example, is in charge of a Transkei factory. In theory, he is supposed to train Africans to run the factory someday. "I think they are an inferior people," he says. "You have to protect them. If you put a Bantu [as Africans are called in South Africa] and a white man together and have them compete, the Bantu would die."

Commissioner-General Hans Abraham, the South African government's chief official in the Transkei, tells visiting white businessmen: "The Xhosa has no initiative, no organizational ability, no judgment, no responsibility, and he's obsessed with sex." Another official of the South African government, an information officer, tells visiting newsmen: "These people can't think. Oh, they can memorize three books of Shakespeare whole, but they can't think. They don't think three-dimensionally, you know."

South African boom

The second problem of Transkei development is the lure of the white industrial areas in the rest of South Africa. Favored by enormous coal and mineral deposits, skilled and resourceful managers and workers, good land, and a temperate climate, South Africa has prospered in the last five years. Its gross national product has grown an average of 7 percent a year to \$10 billion in 1966. The acceleration in manufacturing has been phenomenal. Almost everything can now be made in South Africa. It is a budding industrial nation.

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Coming in the Atlantic

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To hell in a hand-basket, says **Martin Duberman**, if it follows the logic and the formulas of some of the country's renowned academic elders. Mr. Duberman, Princeton historian and biographer, deals with the subject as an extension of this month's *Atlantic* discussion of "The War Against the Young."

WHEN THEY SAY "NO MORE VIET-NAMS,"

how can they be sure? In two special sections, beginning in November, we will present the essence of a remarkable discussion of the United States involvement in Vietnam and, more broadly, the theory and practice of intervention. Valuable in itself as a guide to future American foreign policy, the symposium takes on even more relevance in the light of the Soviet occupation of Czechoslovakia. Participants include some of the most illustrious students of the Far East and of foreign affairs in general, including: Stanley Hoffmann, Hans Morgenthau, James C. Thomson, Jr., Edwin Reischauer, Samuel P. Huntington, Adam Yarmolinsky, Theodore Draper, Sir Robert Thompson, John McDermott, Chester Cooper, Ithiel de Sola Pool.

FROM ROETHKE TO SEAGER TO DICKEY

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The Transkei

Despite harsh government pass regulations that attempt to keep Africans in the Bantustans, Africans keep rushing to jobs in the cities. In 1965, for example, white labor officials, under the apartheid pass laws, forced 65,000 African men to move from the cities to the Bantustans because their pass books showed they had no job in the white areas. At the same time, these same labor officials, under the pressure of white businessmen in need of labor, admitted twice as many African men into the towns to fill vacant jobs in industry.

Xhosas from the Transkei join the migration to the white towns. A Xhosa working in the underground gold mines of the Witwatersrand near Johannesburg begins at \$141 a year plus free food and housing. The starting wage for an African in other industries in Johannesburg is \$432 a year. A young Xhosa farmer would have to almost triple his corn production to earn as much as he could in a gold mine. With all the skill, fertilizer, and white advice available, he probably never could grow enough corn on his 12.5 acres to make as much as he could in a Johannesburg factory. As a result, 250,000 residents of the Transkei work elsewhere, earning \$50 million a year and sending home \$12.5 million. White officials are trying to develop the Transkei with the bulk of its strong, young men outside the Transkei.

Economic apartheid

A third problem in the development of the Transkei is the dogma of the apartheid and Bantustan theory. It fogs thinking. As set down by the late Prime Minister Hendrik F. Verwoerd, the dogma insists that Africans must develop by themselves without interference or competition from white industrialists and investors. Only in this way, according to the theory, can the African develop his full potential. For this reason, the South African government refuses to let whites invest capital in the Transkei.

The theory makes sense in some ways. A free and independent Bantustan whose economy was controlled by white South Africans would hardly be a free and independent Bantustan. But the pro-

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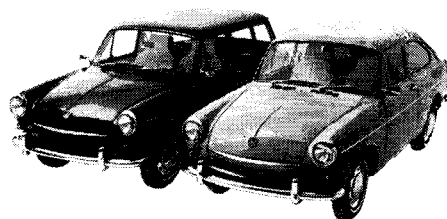
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The Transkei

hibition on white capital means that industrial development must now depend on meager African capital or on small factories set up by the government or on growth of what the government calls border industries. None of these can do the job of transforming the Transkei into an expanding area that will absorb millions of Xhosas.

At the moment the government believes border industries are its best hope. These are factories built by white men on the borders outside the Bantustans, drawing labor from Africans who live inside. To encourage border industries, the government loans money to industrialists who want to build factories near the Bantustans, gives tax rebates to investors, and allows managers to pay wages that are lower than the going rate in the industrial towns. But investors have hesitated.

Industrialists like to build their plants where they can find power, supplies, skilled help, and markets. In fact, most of what the government calls border industries have been set up as close to the industrial towns as to the Bantustans. The border industries closest to the Transkei are really part of the industrial complex of East London, the Indian Ocean port 60 miles from the Transkei border. It's a delusion or fakery to call them border industries.

Last hope

As the slow growth of border industries indicates, the Transkei economy might still founder even if the government allowed white capital into the Bantustans. White capitalists, hesitant about investing on the border of a Bantustan, would hardly flock to invest capital and create industries in a more impoverished area that had even fewer skilled and educated workers. Nevertheless, white South Africans who want the Bantustans to work and see the Transkei falling apart believe white capital is their last hope. They are putting pressure on the government to forget the Verwoerd dogma and lift the ban. While that surely won't excite any economic boom in the Transkei, it should at least remove an artificial impediment to development.

The difficulties of the favored

Transkei make it clear that the job of developing all the Bantustans in South Africa is staggering. Right now 4 million Africans live in the Bantustans while more than twice as many, 8.5 million, live in the so-called white areas, outnumbering the 3.5 million whites. By the end of the century, according to the South African Bureau of Census and Statistics, South Africa will have 28 million Africans and 7 million whites. If the whites are to outnumber the Africans in the white areas, the Bantustans, which now support 4 million Africans, must support more than 21 million then. Judging by the Transkei, the goal seems incredible, and white South Africans will have to realize that soon.

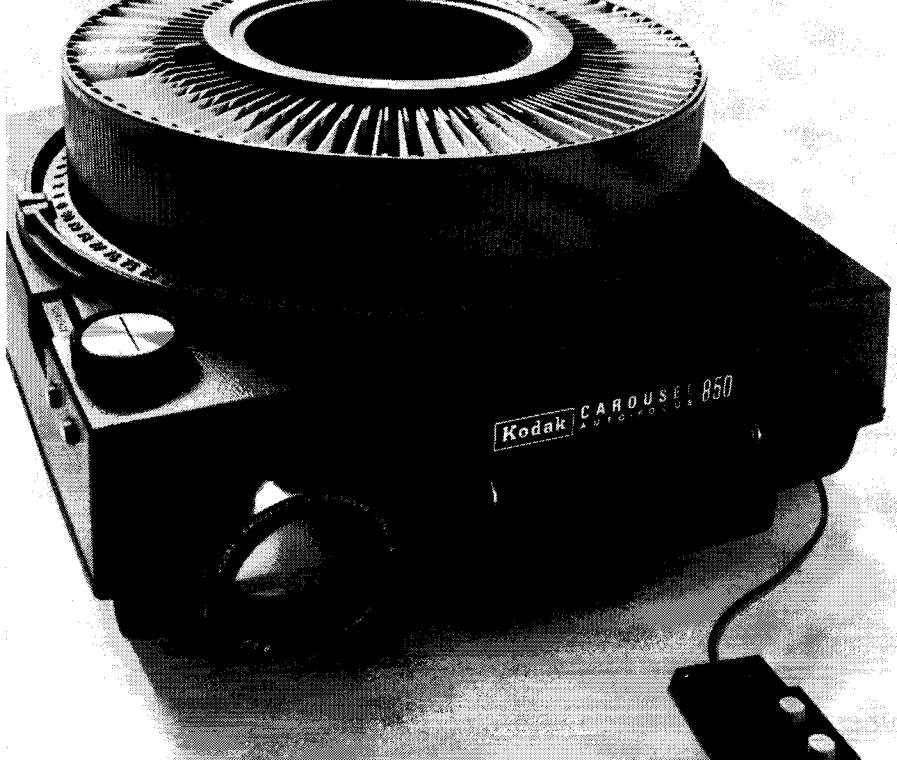
"The cramped ones"

That realization could change the politics and race policies of South Africa, at least a bit. New ideas and fresh doubts have infiltrated the thinking of a small group of the white Afrikaner people who dominate the government and race policies of South Africa, and many of the ideas and doubts concern the Bantustans. The new thinking has enraged hard-line Afrikaner white supremacists who have attacked it vehemently, convinced it is all subversive. This fight between the new thinkers, known as the *verligtes* (Afrikaans for "the enlightened ones"), and the hard-line nationalists, known as the *verkrampes* (Afrikaans for "the cramped or constricted ones"), may have great significance for the future of South Africa. Otto Krause, Afrikaner editor of the South African newsmagazine *News Check*, says the fight "is a watershed like the Scopes trial in your country." It is separating the fundamentalists and the modernizers.

On the surface, the controversy seems not to concern Bantustans at all. Instead, the *verkrampes*, led by Minister of Health Albert Hertzog, have directly attacked government policies that seem to endanger the cultural purity of white Afrikaner nationalism. The *verkrampes* believe that these policies have been set by the government under the influence of the *verligtes*. The policies include Prime Minister John Vorster's entertainment of black leaders and diplomats from other African countries, the encouragement of immigration of foreign whites, and

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the decision to assemble a single Olympics team with members of different races on it.

These issues, of course, are insignificant. When *verligtes* and *verkrampes* argue about sprinters, diplomats, and immigrants, they are touching no more than the periphery of the great racial problems of South Africa. But this is a public stance. In private, *verligtes*, as they quietly expound their views, make it clear that the difference between them and other Afrikaner nationalists is large and vital.

"The enlightened ones"

Urbanized, educated, cosmopolitan, outward-looking, aware of the world's condemnation, and thoughtful, the *verligtes* believe that South Africa must move forward and shake off the racial restrictions and world contempt that hold it back. They want South Africa to set a moral position for itself that will free it from its role as the world's pariah. At the moment, they believe this can be done by a sincere, thorough, and speedy implementation of the Bantustan policy set down by Verwoerd. They want South Africa to stop hemming and hawing and make good its promise of independence for the Bantustans. At the same time, they want the government to drop racial discrimination in the rest of South Africa, the white areas.

These views are neither startling nor very acceptable to the rest of the world. Nor are these views much different from the official government line—that is, when the latter lays pretense to altruistic concern for black Africans. But what the *verligtes* believe now is less important than what they may believe someday. These enlightened Afrikaners are a far cry from the typical dour, stolid, narrow-minded Afrikaner. They think for themselves, are skeptical of shibboleths, and are willing to face up to the contradictions in their positions. And though they are a minority now, their numbers are growing. In the years ahead, the *verligtes* will probably go through a crisis that could help determine whether South Africa will really change.

That crisis will come when evidence and logic force thinking *verligtes* to realize that the Transkei and other Bantustans, as set up now, will never work. Some *verligtes* re-

alize this already and are talking about partition, perhaps giving Africans half the land, including industrial areas. Yet, even with partition, white areas of South Africa would still have large permanent African populations. Africans, who might still be in the majority, would demand the vote as well as the end of social discrimination in these white areas.

Verligtes can either face the implications of this or give up and withdraw into white supremacy. Chances are they will withdraw and become a small, insignificant class of intellectuals who once talked dreamily of change and did nothing. But there also is a slight chance, or perhaps a hope, that these men, including some influential members of the ruling Nationalist Party, will face up to the failure of the Transkei and the other Bantustans and acknowledge that apartheid, as set down now, will not work in South Africa.

—Stanley Meisler

The FBI

It is well recognized that J. Edgar Hoover is the greatest living expert on crime and Communist subversion, but it may come as a surprise to most Americans to learn that he also is well on the way to qualifying as a leading authority on sexual behavior. Whether he is to be confirmed in this self-imposed responsibility will be settled by the outcome of a lawsuit which would be comic if it were not so serious.

The case is that of Thomas Henry Carter versus the United States, which was reviewed in mid-summer by the U.S. Court of Appeals in the District of Columbia, and which ultimately may go to the Supreme Court. Carter's lawyers believe their client's constitutional rights have been violated; and since they are rights that have never been raised in quite this way, the case of young Mr. Carter against his former boss, Mr. Hoover, may plow new legal ground. It is already of keen interest in Washington legal circles, for its final disposition could affect not only Tom Carter but the rights of thousands of other government employees as well.

The case is very simple, and very disturbing. Tom Carter, a twenty-six-year-old fingerprint clerk at the FBI headquarters in Washington,

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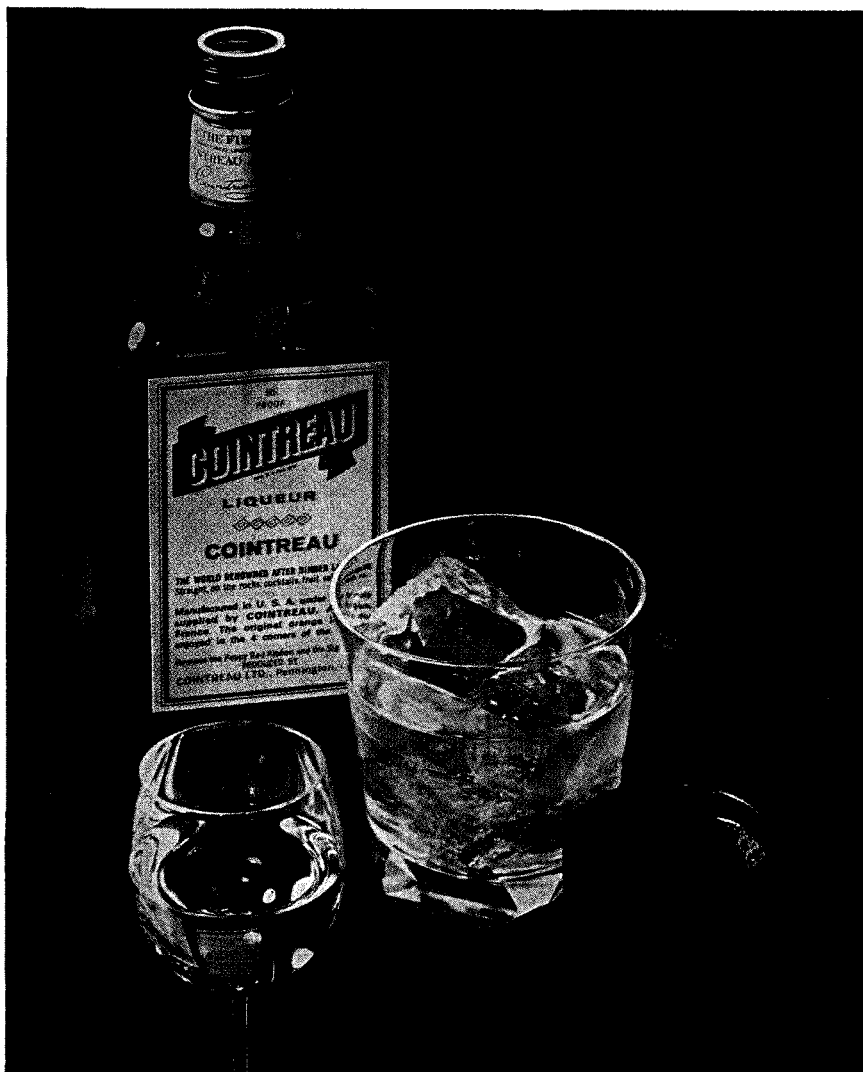
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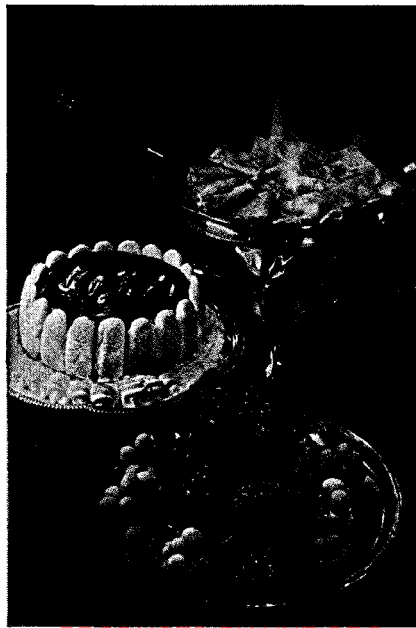
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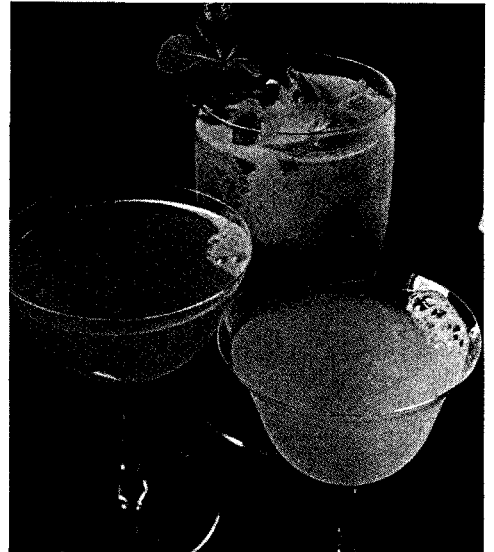
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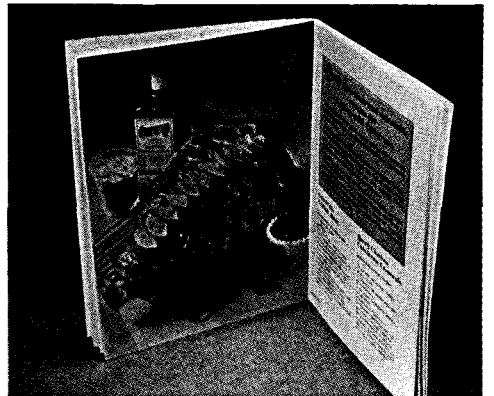
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The FBI

was in love with a girl who lived in Texas. The girl, whom he says he wants to marry, came to Washington for a visit, during which she stayed overnight at his apartment twice. They made love (up to a point) but did not have sexual relations.

The FBI gets its man

The FBI received an illiterate anonymous letter accusing him of "carrying on." Carter, upon being questioned, admitted the girl's visit, but denied any wrongdoing. Nevertheless, he was summarily dismissed by Director Hoover for "conduct unbecoming an employee of this Bureau."

That would have been the end of the matter, except that Carter did what eight Presidents and still more Attorneys General have shied away from doing for almost fifty years — he challenged the director. He got a lawyer and went to court. He was determined not to spend the rest of his life living under the stigma of having been dismissed from the FBI for "unbecoming conduct," a vague but disquieting charge. Two federal district judges (a man and a woman) have already briefly dealt with the case. They held for the government, but their rulings were overturned in late July by the Court of Appeals, which had the case under advisement for ten months. The court seemed to be impressed by Carter's claim that he had done nothing more than the "bundling" condoned in Puritan New England. The FBI and the Justice Department now have the choice of reinstating Carter, or giving him a full jury trial, or appealing to the Supreme Court. No decision had been made at this writing.

Carter is the last man his friends would have cast for his present Don Quixote role. He is quiet and modest, minds his own business, does his job. To some he might seem a square. He got a job in the FBI, not as a glamorous "agent" but as a clerk; then he went into the military service, did his hitch, reapplied to the FBI, and was reaccepted. No one found fault with his work or his loyalty or his conduct, on or off the job.

Carter even fell in with the Bureau's ideas on how its employees should live. The Bureau (in its paternal way) rather favors its unmarried employees living together,

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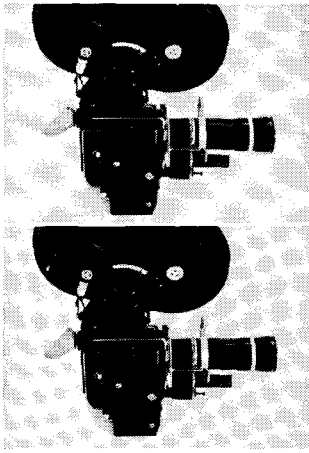
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The FBI

in certain approved neighborhoods and apartments. So Carter was occupying a two-bedroom apartment with three other FBI clerks when his best girl came to town, and innocently triggered this *cause célèbre*. It should be mentioned in passing that Carter's pals, like good fellows, arranged things so that their friend and his girl could have the privacy of one of the two bedrooms on the two occasions she stayed overnight.

Whatever the courts ultimately decree, thousands of young, unmarried men now employed by the FBI will at least know more about where they stand. They don't know now. The FBI does not discriminate against bachelors; after all, the director himself is a seventy-three-year celibate. It recruits without prejudice both single and married men; it promotes the same way. It does not require a vow of chastity of its bachelors. It provides its new people with a handbook as a guide to personal conduct, but this offers only generalities such as the need for "high standards of personal conduct." It omits stating in writing what is proper or improper conduct with women.

"Men with weakness . . ."

New agents, it is reported, get the benefit of some oral, off-the-record advice about women, but even this is suggestive rather than direct. A former agent, Norman Ollestad, quotes an instructor telling his class of new agents: "Parties and dances are the most dangerous situations. The girls — and by the way, fellows, don't let their age fool you — the young ones are the cleverest, in my experience. Those girls will get you dancing. And when they find out you're in the FBI they'll go right to work trying to find a way to get their hands on those good Bureau paychecks. They don't stop there, either. That's why we in the Bureau keep a strong weather-eye peeled for men with weakness for women. . . ."

Two young Washington lawyers, Richard Millman and Mary Burnett, have been wanting to put a number of questions to Mr. Hoover in behalf of their client. How, in the eyes of the FBI, they would like to know, should a normal, young, unmarried man conduct himself? Mar-

riage is not required. Sex is not forbidden. When, then, is it permissible? Or is there really an unwritten law against it? The district court protected Hoover against the interrogatories, but Carter's lawyer are now looking forward to clarification of these points if the case finally goes to trial.

In the district court the FBI asked for and got summary judgment, principally on the ground that the FBI, being above and beyond civil service, could fire at will. How-



ever, during this hearing, and subsequently in briefs to the Court of Appeals, certain uncontested facts have emerged. The FBI says that on August 18, 1965, it received an anonymous letter which said: "Would like to make a complaint about fellow working for the FBI, his name is Tom H. Carter who lives at Kenneback House or apts; sleeping with young girls and carrying on; it annoys me terrible. I wish you can do something about it. Thank you."

It turns out that the Bureau never made an effort to discover the identity of the informant, although in the circumstances this should not have been too difficult for an agency that has tracked down some of the greatest public enemies of our time. The record also shows there had never been any so-called "wild parties," and, with the single exception of Carter's friend, no women had ever stayed overnight in the apartment. Nevertheless, on August 26 Director Hoover, in a personally signed letter, notified Carter that he was dismissed as of that date

"Arbitrary, capricious, and unlawful . . ."

At this point Carter took his case to Attorney Mary Burnett, and she wrote the FBI, pointing out that her

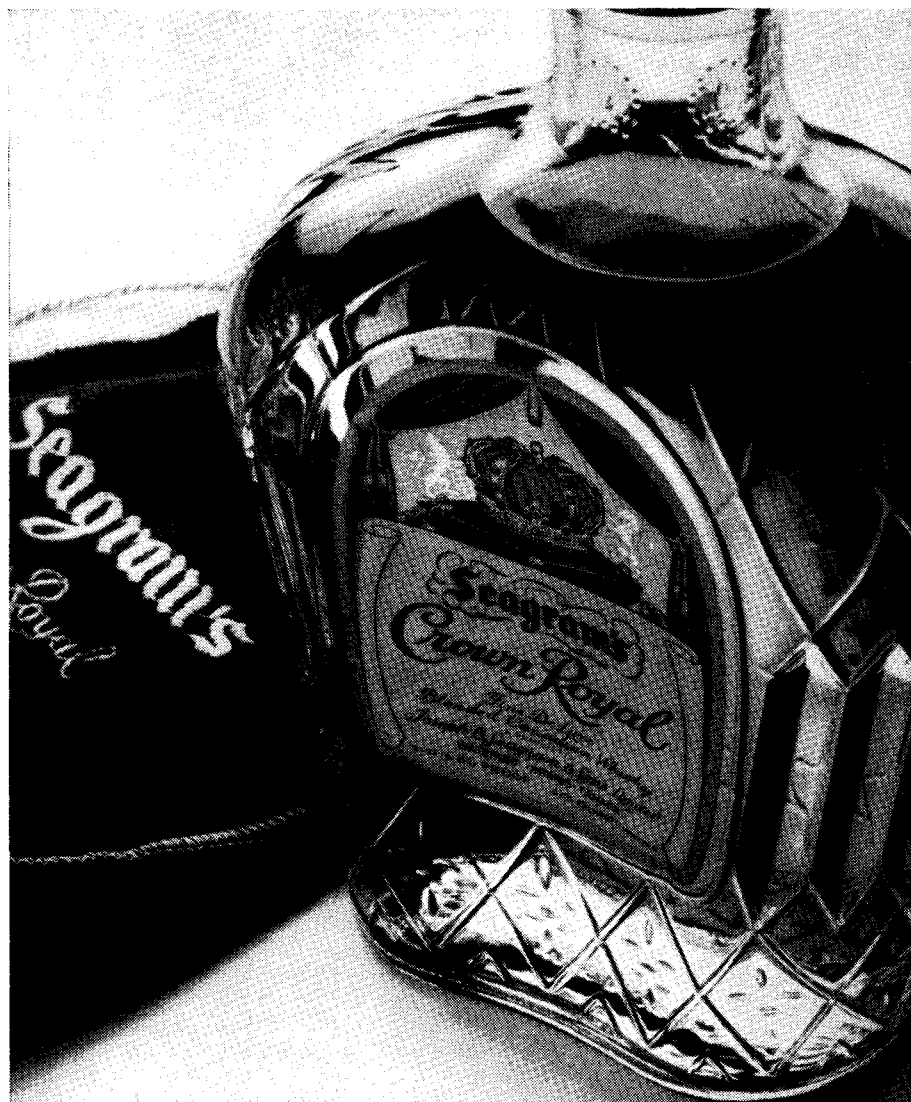
client "is being irreparably harmed by the sudden adverse action of the Bureau." She asked that he be allowed to resign instead of being discharged under a cloud. The request was turned down.

Meanwhile, Carter was seeking employment, and a couple of months after his dismissal he was trying for a job with a Washington bank. When he told the personnel director about the FBI incident, the latter demanded proof that the girl's presence in the apartment was the sole cause of discharge. Two of Carter's roommates gave the bank verifying statements. They had previously been called on the carpet by the FBI, and one of them officially "censured," for having failed to inform on their friend at the time of his girl's visit. On the same day they gave their statements to the bank, the two clerks were called in by their FBI superiors and directed to prepare memos showing that they had not given a personal recommendation for Carter. One clerk refused and resigned. The other complied, but after being made to polish filing cabinets for thirteen consecutive days, he, too, quit.

Having exhausted other avenues of relief, Carter filed suit in federal court on April 20, 1966, seeking reinstatement and back pay. He charged the FBI was "arbitrary, capricious, and unlawful" in discharging him. He also charged violation of his rights against self-incrimination, and his right to due process of law, and to liberty and privacy, as guaranteed under the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Amendments to the Constitution.

Misadventure?

The answer of the U.S. Attorney defending Hoover and the FBI was to ask the district court for dismissal, or, in the alternative, for summary judgment. Since Carter, like other FBI employees, had no civil service protection, the government might have rested there, but Carter was a veteran. He had given four years to the Air Force, two of them in the Far East, and under the Uniform Military Training and Service Act he could not be dismissed within a year of leaving the service "without cause." In order to meet that inhibition, the government resorted to argument, and this argument offers clues to officialdom's current outlook on sexual morality.



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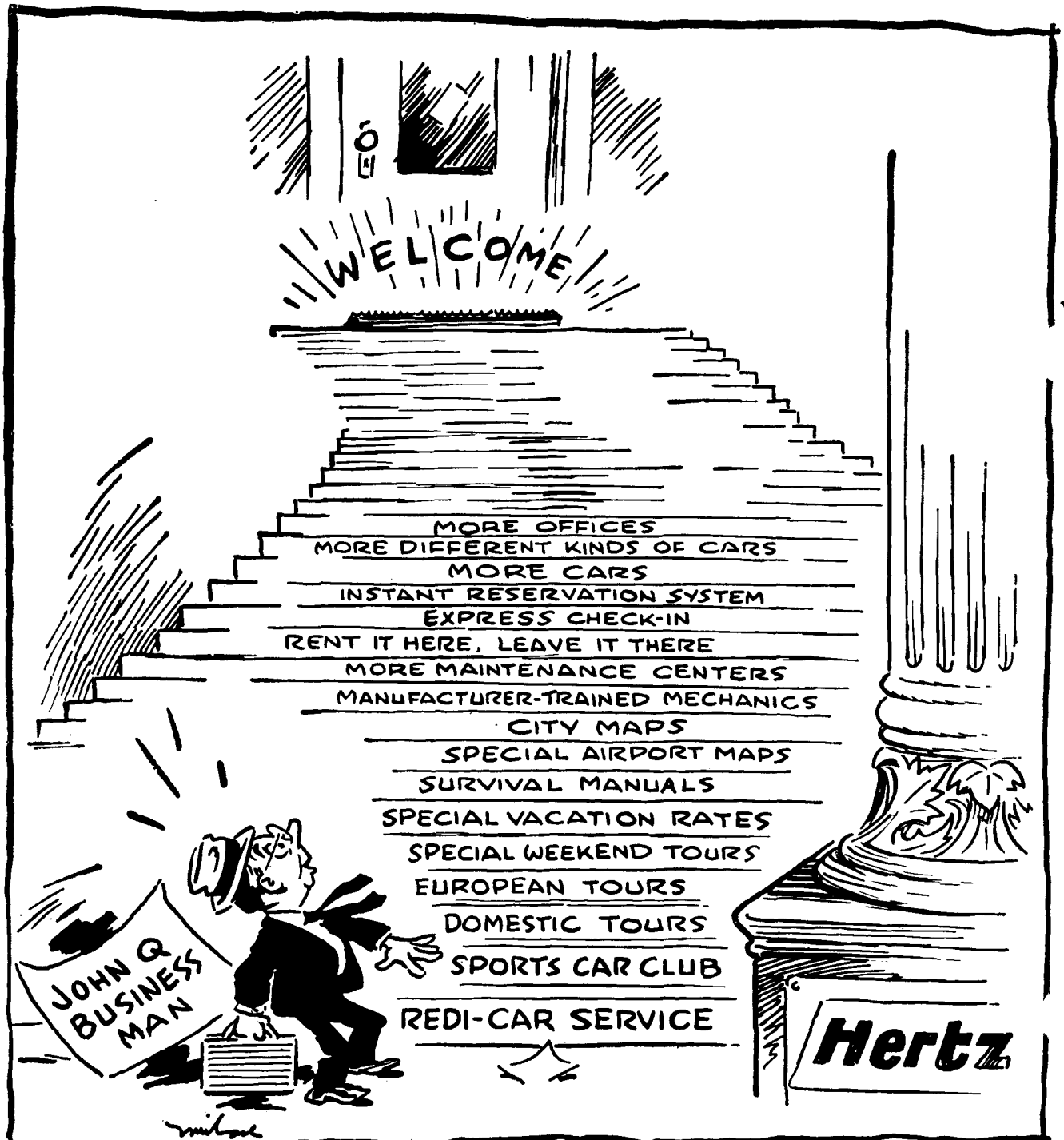
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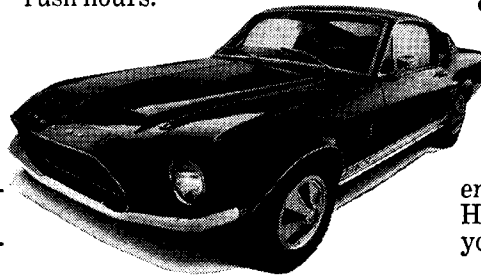
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The FBI

"The nexus of this case," said the U.S. Attorney, "is whether the FBI was invidiously discriminatory, in constitutional sense, in dismissing appellant for 'conduct unbecoming an employee of this Bureau' on the grounds that he had kept a girl in his apartment overnight, and slept in the same bed with the girl, on two occasions, and that appellant's sexual misadventures had become sufficiently public knowledge to cause an anonymous complaint to the FBI."

What did the U.S. Attorney mean by "sexual misadventures"? The unchallenged testimony is that the young couple confined themselves to "necking" and "petting." In the eyes of professional behaviorists this restraint might not seem wholly admirable or desirable, but the government's brief gives us no clue as to why it thinks it constitutes a "misadventure."

To sleep or not to sleep

Later, the government could not resist further speculations on the great bedroom drama in Carter apartment. "What took place inside is of little importance," Hoover's attorney said, "save that it was not entirely innocent; this was not appellant's sister, and she spent two entire nights locked in that bedroom, and presumably in his embrace, with appellant. The presumption is important because it is the natural one people generally assume that couples who sleep together also sleep together. Appellant knew that. He knew that the FBI had a reputation to protect." There is a curious stress on the word "entire." Would it have been all right if she had stayed only part of the night? More important, the FBI apparently would have been indifferent to any "presumption" of incest if Carter had spent two nights locked in the arms of his sister.

As the American Civil Liberties Union became interested in the implications of the case, the government began to introduce new arguments, including the proposition that the very security of the United States of America was threatened. The logic is that the safety of America rests on the effectiveness of the FBI, and this effectiveness would be imperiled because little old ladies,

possessing vital criminal information, might not pass it on to the Bureau if it employed moral lepers like Carter. In the words of U.S. Attorney David Bress:

"The FBI must aim at achieving cooperation from every possible member of the population. It cannot be satisfied with a majority, even of landslide proportions. It cannot allow the little old lady from Dubuque . . . to withhold information from the FBI because she will not trust an organization whose agents and employees are allowed 'to sleep with young girls and carry on'!" So now the U.S. Attorney is not only falling back on the anonymous letter as evidence, but seems to be adopting as his own the unknown informant's peeping-tom idiom.

Upsetting judicial poise

There is something about this case that seems to upset the judicial poise of most of the officials involved. In a preliminary hearing it came before District Judge Burnita Mathews. Carter's lawyers contended then that he had not violated any specific edict of the FBI. "It should be a matter of common knowledge," Judge Mathews said crisply, "that a government department wouldn't want FBI agents sleeping with young women." Carter was not an "agent," but a mere clerk in a nonsensitive section where security was not involved. And was Judge Mathew's interdiction on sleeping directed only at "young women"? Would it have been all right if it had been an older woman?

When the question of Carter's alleged "immorality" came before District Judge Alexander Holtzoff (who granted summary judgment for the government), the following exchange took place:

JUDGE HOLTZOFF: "Whether it was immoral or not, it was highly indiscreet, of course."

MILLMAN (Carter's attorney): "Your honor, indiscreet in the privacy of your own home to do a little spooning? I mean that in all seriousness."

JUDGE HOLTZOFF: "I think the indiscretion was that she slept in the same bedroom . . . with the plaintiff, and apparently that scandalized the neighbors because otherwise there would not have been this anonymous letter."

Although the name and address

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of the letter writer are still unknown, here is Judge Holtzoff on his own introducing the "neighbors" into the case, and also discovering that they were "scandalized." It is still a mystery how the anonymous informant knew anybody was "carry-ing on," whatever that means.

Bureaucratic nosiness

In Congress there is a sharp reaction to the growing bureaucratic nosiness that has characterized the federal government in recent years, not just in the FBI, but in the CIA, the Defense Department, and other agencies. A new bill, sponsored by Senator Sam J. Ervin, Jr. (Democrat, North Carolina), forbids any federal agency, including even the CIA and the National Security Agency, from asking any employee or job applicant about his sex life, his religion, or his family relationships, as part of a lie detector test.

Senator Ervin said the agencies want to be above the law. "Their arguments for complete exemption," he said, "suggest only one conclusion — that they want the unmitigated right to kick federal employees around, deny them respect for individual privacy and the basic rights which belong to every American regardless of the mission of his agency." The idea that any government agency is entitled to the "total man," said Ervin, "and to knowledge and control of all the details of his personal and community life unrelated to his employment or to law enforcement is more appropriate for totalitarian countries than for a society of free men." A man who works for the federal government, the senator concluded, "sells his services, not his soul."

Irrespective of Congress and the courts, the FBI may be forced to modify some of its personnel practices in order to maintain a stable work force, for it is having trouble keeping its employees. Justice Department figures show that the turnover among Bureau employees in Washington is much higher than that of the government as a whole. The FBI actually lost 34.4 percent of its personnel last year in the Washington area, as against 19.7 percent for the capital's bureaucracy in general. It is clear that Director Hoover's legions do not relish unlimited surveillance of themselves or having to inform on their fellow workers.

— Clayton Fritchey

Portugal

For forty years Dr. António de Oliveira Salazar has tranquilized Portugal with a dictatorship which has managed to wend its way from fascist origins to inclusion in today's "free world," via NATO membership. Press censorship, a rigid ban on political opposition, and an economic policy which has sacrificed development to stability have combined to preserve a society in which a small elite enjoys wealth and privilege. At the same time, Portugal clings to the distinction of being the last of the colonial powers. This is so in spite of the mounting monetary and human costs of counter-insurgency in Angola, Mozambique, and Guinea, Portugal's three territories in Africa.

Steadfast in the face of adversity and confident in what it conceives to be the national destiny, the Salazar government has tried to make a virtue of intransigence. The government practices aggressive public relations with an emphasis on tourism. As the world's attention is focused on crises far from Lisbon, the regime has not found it hard to project an image of Portugal as an unqualified tourist's delight, sunny, quaint, and picturesque.

"I know . . . what I want"

The present political structure in Portugal came into being in response to the chaos which shattered the country during the second and third decades of this century. In 1910, liberal forces overthrew the monarchy and established a republic. Continual conflict between the liberals and the monarchists, as well as among the liberals themselves, rendered the republic too weak to deal with the economic and social problems it inherited from the monarchy. Instability occasionally lapsed into complete anarchy, a constant procession of new governments could do nothing, and the global financial crisis that followed on World War I worsened matters. The military intervened in 1926, but the generals and admirals had no better solutions to offer.

In 1928 they turned in desperation to Dr. António de Oliveira Salazar, a professor of economics at the University of Coimbra. He agreed to take over the Ministry of Finance,

on condition that he be granted extraordinary powers. His philosophy, as true today as it was when he succinctly stated it in 1928: "I know quite well what I want where I am going. . . . For the rest, let the country study, let it suggest, let it object, and let it discuss, but when the time comes for me to give orders I shall expect it to obey."

Unlikely dictator

By the standards of the day Salazar was an unlikely dictator. A nonsmoking, nondrinking bachelor, he shunned both publicity and public appearances. He imposed his own strict code of behavior upon those who worked for him. To the Portuguese people, he was to become a stern father who always knew best.

Salazar became the president of the Council of Ministers in 1932. In 1933, the adoption of a new constitution formalized the creation of what was called the "New State." In theory Salazar was subject to dismissal by a figurehead President of the Republic, but in practice he retained his complete control over the government. The institutions the New State had their parallel in Mussolini's Italy, Hitler's Germany, and later in Franco's Spain: a single party (the National Union), secret police (PIDE), the structuring of all sectors of the economy into "corporations" under the ultimate direction of the government, a paramilitary organization available to help maintain internal security (the Portuguese Legion), and a super-patriotic youth group (Mocidade).

Franco's victory in Spain sealed the fate of Salazar's opponents, and they have never made a comeback. Its borders secure, the New State could ignore political exiles in France and North Africa while doing as it pleased with opposition within Portugal. Government tactics have included just about every form of harassment and repression. The opposition cannot organize or disseminate its views. PIDE agents and informers are everywhere. Dissidents, real or suspected, may be arrested and held for up to six months without formal charges.

Tight lid

In 1958, the lid on Portuguese politics momentarily loosened. An air force general, Humberto Del-



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Portugal

Delgado, ran against the government's candidate for President of the Republic and declared himself in formal opposition. He promised, if elected, to remove Salazar. Though in the past the regime had been able to prevent any semblance of a contest for the presidency, Delgado's prestige enabled him to conduct an exciting public campaign despite government efforts to stifle him. When Delgado received 23 percent of a vote controlled and counted by the regime, Salazar immediately amended the constitution to provide for the indirect election of the President. Delgado had to take refuge in the Brazilian Embassy and later managed to flee the country. In 1965 he was mysteriously murdered in Spain.

Today the opposition includes three principal elements: Socialists, progressive Catholics, and Communists. The Communist Party works underground, quietly organizing and waiting. The Socialists, as far to the left as Britain's Labor Party, and the progressive Catholics, who identify with Christian Democratic movements in Europe and South America, constitute an overt opposition which has been pervasively frustrated by the regime. Virtually all they can do is present petitions of protest to the government periodically.

The government ignores these protests. Any tentative move toward organized activity is quickly crushed. For example, not long ago a group of Catholic intellectuals formed a study group, which they called Pragma, to discuss current issues and events. Just before a session which was to deal with emigration, a sensitive subject in Portugal today, the police raided Pragma headquarters and claimed to find "Communist literature." The group was disbanded and declared illegal.

Overt and covert

What makes life even more difficult for the progressive Catholics is the archconservatism of the Church in Portugal. The Cardinal Patriarch of Lisbon, Dom Manuel Gonçalves Cerejeira, was a university classmate of Salazar's and has done nothing to jeopardize a long friendship. In December of 1967, the Cardinal Patriarch published a pam-

phlet entitled "In the Hour of Dialogue," in which he defended himself from his critics and insisted that the Church in Portugal should stay out of politics. Dr. Raul Rêgo, a Socialist journalist, decided to take literally Dom Manuel's call for a dialogue. On May 10, 1968, he published a booklet called "Toward a Dialogue With the Cardinal Patriarch." He respectfully suggested that Dom Manuel had not really answered his critics. Pointing to many instances where the Church had identified itself with the regime, he asked why the hierarchy had remained silent when the government

for his banishment was the government's belief that he had furnished a visiting British journalist with details of a hushed-up sex scandal involving top government and industry officials with a penchant for very young girls.

The most interesting of the covert opposition groups is LUAR, the League of Union and Revolutionary Action. Supposedly composed of military people inside Portugal and political exiles in Paris, LUAR has asserted credit for a bank robbery in Figueira da Foz in May, 1967, and a raid on a military post in Evora the following September. The



went so far as to delete phrases from quotations of Pope Paul's speeches printed in the daily press, and to exile the bishop of Oporto, a critic of the regime. As soon as the pamphlet appeared in a bookstore, the police confiscated all copies and arrested Rêgo, whom they held without charges for nine days.

The Catholic opposition has never really recovered from the Pope's visit to the shrine at Fatima several years ago. The government interpreted this as a papal endorsement of Salazar and a rebuff to dissident Catholics, who had pleaded with His Holiness not to come to Portugal.

The Socialists too have suffered a recent setback. This past spring they lost their most distinguished and effective leader, Dr. Mario Soares, exiled by the government to the African island of São Tomé. Soares, an attorney who had represented Delgado and a number of political prisoners, had long been a thorn in the side of the regime. Most observers feel that the reason

organization claims to be working toward an overthrow of the Salazar regime, although its own ideology is obscure. This past January, three armed LUAR men tried to enter Portugal from Spain but were arrested just beyond the border between France and Spain. It is difficult to assess LUAR's actual and potential strength, since opposition groups tend to exaggerate their capabilities. Present developments suggest that the PIDE has succeeded in infiltrating the organization.

At seventy-nine, Salazar has given no indication that a succession problem exists. His immortality appears to be a basic assumption of the regime. From time to time he allows one of his ministers to attain the status of potential successor, but then delights in cutting the man down. Though there is a monarchist sentiment in the country, no one takes seriously the pretender, Dom Duarte Nuno. It seems inevitable that the armed forces will ultimately settle the issue of succession.

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Portugal

An essential feature of the New State has been its ability to contro' the dissemination of information within Portugal. Article 22 of the constitution states: "Public opinion is a fundamental part of the policy and administration of the country; it shall be the duty of the State to protect it against all those influences which distort it from the truth, justice, good administration, and the common weal." Of course it is the State alone which defines "truth, justice," and so on. In the exercise of this function, government censors must approve everything printed in a Portuguese newspaper, journal, or magazine. Books are not precensored, but the threat of punishment effectively deters critical authors and their would-be publishers. At the same time, Article 23 of the constitution requires newspapers to print any official notices sent to them by the government.

The result is a totally moribund press, which transmits only what the government wants the reading public to know, and only when the government deems divulcation appropriate. Foreign papers and magazines are often the only source of information about certain events, yet relatively few Portuguese can afford to buy them.

The Portuguese universities are not exempt from rigid state control. There is no such thing as free intellectual inquiry of a sort that might lead to criticism of government policy. The structure of the universities adds to the stagnation. Tenured professors often have outside jobs, lecture from stale notes, and have little contact with the students.

Pyramid

Student protests appear to be cyclical. Every three years or so, the students feel organized enough to test their strength against the government. When they do occur, protests meet immediate repression. PIDE agents and informers have effectively infiltrated the universities, and as a result students can do virtually nothing without police surveillance and response. On February 21 of this year, club-swinging police with dogs charged into a demonstration of from 150 to 300 students denouncing the Vietnam War in front of the



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U.S. Embassy in Lisbon. They made a few arrests, bashed a few heads, and for good measure clubbed an AP photographer on the scene.

Though they constitute an opposition force, university students reflect the elitist nature of Portuguese society. The educational system in Portugal is a vast pyramid. Primary education (six years) is compulsory and free. But secondary education (seven years) requires payment of fees and expenses which put it out of reach of working-class children who do not win scholarships through competitive examinations. The universities are even more expensive, although scholarships are still available. In a recent survey of all university students, only 7.8 percent indicated that they came from a working-class background.

Beneficiaries and emigrants

The thrust of national economic policy and the nature of the economic structure further underscore the elitism which characterizes Portuguese life. Upon assuming his extraordinary powers, Salazar set about to stabilize the economy by balancing the budget and taking a cautious approach to economic growth. Prime beneficiaries of his policies have been the relatively few families and individuals who control most of Portugal's wealth. The government has taken no steps to disturb the concentration of economic power in their hands.

Portugal's membership in the European Free Trade Association (EFTA, or the so-called "Outer Seven") has put some of the younger Portuguese economists, technicians, and businessmen in contact with modern ideas about economic development. They have been quietly criticizing Salazar's policies and calling for the government to play a more active role in encouraging growth.

While making comparatively little use of its potential power to stimulate the economy, the government has continued to organize the productive sectors of the economy in such a way as to ensure stability. The "corporative" structure places all workers in syndicates, employers in guilds, professional men and women in orders, and farmers in what are called "people's houses." Each of these units serves a particular region. For example, the hotel employees of Lisbon belong to one syndicate,



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Portugal

and hotel owners to a guild. Elected representatives of the syndicate and the guild meet to determine wage levels and conditions of employment. (The Ministry of Labor must approve the syndicate's choice of its representative.) Their decisions are subject to approval by the Ministry of Labor. If they disagree, the Ministry of Labor settles the matter.

Though the upper classes have little of which to complain, the poor register their dissatisfaction in the only way open to them: emigration. Official figures put the number of emigrants at 89,056 in 1965, and 120,239 in 1966. No one knows how many smuggle themselves out clandestinely, often swindled by racketeers who take their savings without furnishing promised passports or work permits. In the northeast of Portugal, a blighted area because of soil and climatic conditions, whole villages are without able-bodied men. Most go to the Common Market countries. There may be as many as half a million Portuguese in France; more Portuguese

live in Paris than in any other city save Lisbon. They tend to work at menial jobs and are the first to be discharged during slack periods. They also confront hostility from the French workers because of their willingness to work at low wages.

Though the money which the emigrants send back to Portugal has become the country's biggest source of foreign exchange earnings next to tourism, the exodus has caused a domestic labor shortage, driving up wages and prices. In addition, the wars in Africa require an increasing number of men, and the government would like to encourage emigrants to settle in Angola and Mozambique. For these reasons, late in 1967 the Ministry of Interior severely restricted emigration outside Portuguese territories.

Holding onto empire

The struggle in Africa has affected many other aspects of Portuguese life. For example, despite a crying need for more public spending in areas such as education, health, and housing, about 40 percent of Portugal's budget is now allocated to defense and counterinsurgency. A

tightening of the draft regulations has contributed to unrest in the universities. Some 120,000 troops, out of a population of 9 million, are in Africa.

While colonialism collapsed around the world in the years following World War II, Portugal was one of the few to cling to its overseas possessions: Angola and Mozambique, enormous territories on the west and east coasts of Africa respectively; Guinea, a substantial enclave on the West African bulge; a number of islands in the Atlantic, including the strategically located Azores in mid-ocean (where the United States leases an important air base), Madeira, Cape Verde, São Tomé, and Príncipe; several tiny enclaves, including Goa, on the coast of India; Macao, on the coast of China; and a portion of Timor, an island near Indonesia.

These territories continue to be of vital importance to the Portuguese economy and ego. Angola and Mozambique are extraordinarily rich in natural resources. The other possessions provide more of a psychological benefit, conjuring up memories of Portugal's past role as a world power. The overseas provinces constitute a market for nearly one quarter of metropolitan Portugal's exports. Thus, for the Portuguese these territories have always been nonnegotiable.

After years of controversy, in December, 1961, India finally occupied Goa and the other enclaves on its coast. This was a great shock to the Portuguese, but nothing compared with the earlier trauma when on March 15, 1961, Angolan exiles descended from the Congo upon northern Angola and began a bloody wave of attacks aimed at driving out the Portuguese. The uprisings spread to Mozambique and Guinea, and today Portugal is fighting unpublicized wars on three fronts in Africa.

Muted U.S. voice

The failure of the United States to recognize Portugal's interest in Africa has greatly disturbed the Salazar government. In the United Nations the United States has often supported attacks on Portugal's African policy or has abstained. What has angered the Portuguese even more is their belief that the CIA is furnishing financial support to the rebels. A sole and slender sub-

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stantiation of this claim stems from the fact that during the spate of disclosures of secret CIA financing two years ago, a CIA conduit was found to have given some money to a foundation which provided several scholarships to political exiles from Angola and Mozambique.

On the other hand, the insurgents criticize the United States for arming Portugal, via NATO, and for allowing American companies to invest heavily in Africa. The U.S. position on the former point is that NATO agreements forbid the use of NATO arms outside Europe, and that the equipment Portugal receives as a NATO member is unsuited for counterinsurgency activities in the tropics.

What further complicates Portuguese-American relations is the air base on the Azores which the United States has leased from Portugal since the beginning of World War II. The base is important but not absolutely essential to the defense of the Atlantic. Despite an occasional veiled threat about terminating the lease, the Portuguese thus far have refrained from using the base as a means of seriously pressuring the United States.

If there is anything incongruous about Portugal's membership in the "family of free nations," U.S. policy has made little note of it. Pressure from African and Asian nations has forced the United States to criticize Portugal in the UN, but the loud anti-Communism of the Salazar regime, as well as Portugal's strategic location on the Atlantic near the Mediterranean, has far outweighed any suggested reappraisals of the American attitude toward Salazar.

— Joseph A. Page

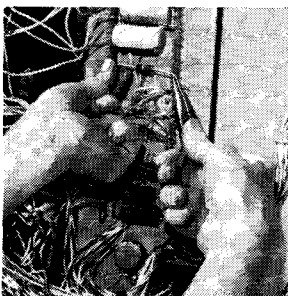
(A Report on Portuguese Africa will appear in next month's issue.)

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

John S. Carroll has been covering Vietnam for the Baltimore SUN. Stanley Meisler is the Los Angeles TIMES's Africa correspondent. Clayton Fritchey is a veteran Washington observer. Joseph A. Page, whose reports on Brazil have appeared in these pages, has recently been in Portugal; this fall he became associate professor at Georgetown University's Graduate Center of Law.

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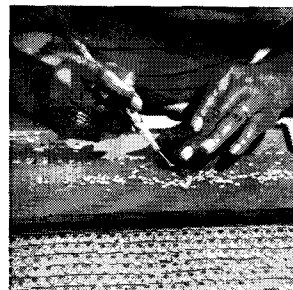
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On frightening historians

SIR: In a recent *Atlantic* article ("Two Cents and More: Advice to the Secretary of Defense," June *Atlantic*) I mentioned the "tough military leaders who so frightened Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. (by his account in *A Thousand Days*). . . ." Mr. Schlesinger, in a subsequent letter to the editor (August *Atlantic*) expressed "astonishment" at the statement. He claims to have "searched *A Thousand Days* in order to find out what could have led" me to make it — and found nothing.

I suggest Mr. Schlesinger reread the following passages of his book:

On March 11 . . . I was summoned to a meeting with the President in the Cabinet Room. An intimidating group sat around the table — the Secretary of State, the Secretary of Defense, the director of the Central Intelligence Agency, three Joint Chiefs resplendent in uniforms and decorations. . . . I shrank into a chair at the far end of the table and listened in silence [while the CIA urged the Bay of Pigs invasion]. (page 240)

. . . I can only explain my failure to do more than raise a few timid questions by reporting that one's impulse to blow the whistle on this nonsense was simply undone by the circumstances of the discussion.

It is one thing for a Special Assistant to talk frankly in private to a President at his request and another for a college professor, fresh to the government, to interpose his unassisted judgment in open meeting against that of such august figures as the Secretaries of State and Defense and the Joint Chiefs of Staff, each speaking with the full weight of his institution behind him. Moreover, the advocates of the adventure had a rhetorical advantage. They could strike virile poses and talk of tangible things — fire power, air strikes, landing craft and so on. (pages 255-256)

I do not think further comment need be made about a historian who, on the above record, charges

others with "unscrupulousness," "distortion," and "contempt for the normal standards of historical scholarship."

Space permitting, evidence is also readily available to answer Mr. Schlesinger's unrelated but more complicated charges concerning my book. Briefly: first, the reader can judge for himself whether a reduction of a minor quotation from Joseph Grew is misleading to the argument of a long historical work. Second, Schlesinger seems to believe that the tough new line toward Russia that Ambassador Harriman urged after Roosevelt's death was a continuation of the President's policy. That it was a significant shift, however, is all but self-evident, as I tried to demonstrate in my book. Those with additional interest in this matter may wish to consult the previously secret documents recently made available by the State Department. Despite Truman's 1955 recollection, these provide information further illuminating Harriman's 1945 effort to change the basic thrust of policy.

GAR ALPEROVITZ
Institute for Policy Studies
Washington, D.C.

SIR: It is not my purpose to defend Gar Alperovitz from the nit-picking attacks of Mr. Schlesinger. I merely wish to note that Mr. Schlesinger's purpose was to tarnish cold-war revisionism with his *non sequitur* attack on Mr. Alperovitz's standards of scholarship. Mr. Schlesinger suggests that because of the "two (of many)" "distortions" in *Atomic Diplomacy* "one cannot take him [Alperovitz] very seriously as a historian."

Whatever the merit of Schlesinger's specific attacks on Mr. Alperovitz's book, nothing has come to light to challenge its main theses, namely, that the decision to drop the bomb on Hiroshima was made while the government knew full well it was not necessary to force the surrender of Japan, and that the

real reason it was dropped was so that the bargaining at Potsdam could continue with "this weapon rather ostentatiously on our hip," to use the disapproving description of Henry L. Stimson.

The cold-war revisionism that Mr. Schlesinger tried to halt in a *Foreign Affairs* article recently is examining the very roots of our foreign policy. It is slowly and often with painstaking scholarship exploding the myths (and lies) that produced Vietnam as a *natural outgrowth* of the post-war *Weltanschauung* of xenophobic anti-Communism Mr. Schlesinger and other liberals helped establish. He naturally wants to protect that world view while at the same time pursuing the contradictory course of extricating the nation from Vietnam without containing Communism. He is entitled to play schizophrenic games if he likes, but he should not try to use his nonexistent influence to stifle the creative cold-war revisionists who are trying to make our foreign policy more human, rather than just smarter.

MICHAEL MEEROPOL
Madison, Wis.

Advice and consent

SIR: Bill Moyers in your July issue ("Bill Moyers Talks About LBJ, Power, Poverty, War, and the Young") is "for getting down to the lowest common denominators of authority" and thinks that "getting there is going to be hard." On this side of the Atlantic, what might be hard would be to get down to the highest common denominator.

Coming from a high official in the United States, such a statement shows that arithmetic is not the same West and East. Is not there an explanation for recent misunderstandings in financial matters between your government and ours?

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Paris, France



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→SWISSAIR

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SIR: In the August issue of the *Atlantic*, in which you were kind enough to carry my report on Malta, you refer to me as manager of Malta's television station.

Just for the record, the manager is my colleague Bill Fenton. My own job is that of Personal Assistant to the General Manager of the Malta Television Service Limited, and of Rediffusion (Malta) Limited, which does radio broadcasting on the island.

ROBERT STIMSON
St. Julian's, Malta

SIR: After reading Stephen Shepard's report, *The Supersonic Boom*, in the August *Atlantic*, I find myself again enraged at the apparent simplemindedness of our elected officials in Washington.

I lived for two years in a Northern California community which Air Force planes whip over a couple of times a day on their many ghost-hunting expeditions, particularly around lunchtime. I have heard of livestock frightened almost to death, or at least enough to be unable to produce milk, eggs, and so forth. Unimportant perhaps to Boeing, whose airplanes don't use milk or eggs, but very important to a small farmer who is trying to make a living.

I have been startled every time a boom occurs, perhaps four or five times a week. I have watched my windows shake and flex almost to the breaking point, especially the sliding glass door to our patio. I have seen our little son awakened from a nap almost hysterical. I have watched cracks appear in our wall immediately after the booms. I know of one instance where, on a construction project, an excavated hillside came tumbling down because of a boom. No men were hurt or equipment damaged, only because it was lunchtime and the workers had left that particular site to eat, but, if butts count in Congress, had it been any other time, that one boom could have been disastrous.

RICHARD L. O'LEARY
San Francisco, Calif.

The Algiers Incident

SIR: I have just read Mr. Weeks's review of Mr. Hersey's new book (*The Algiers Motel Incident*, August *Atlantic*). Surely he cannot mean what he appears to mean when he

says, summarizing the incident in the Algiers Motel, "They asked for trouble and they got it." Are we to believe that, for the crime of shooting off a starter's pistol during a time of violence and unrest, to be terrorized, insulted, beaten, and mutilated is a fit and just punishment? That a kind of justice was done?

I would like Mr. Weeks to make himself more clear on this point. As his remark stands, it seems to me to be one of the most extraordinary and brutal remarks I have ever heard, and it fills me with terror for the future of this country that a man like him should say such a thing.

JOHN HOLT
Boston, Mass.

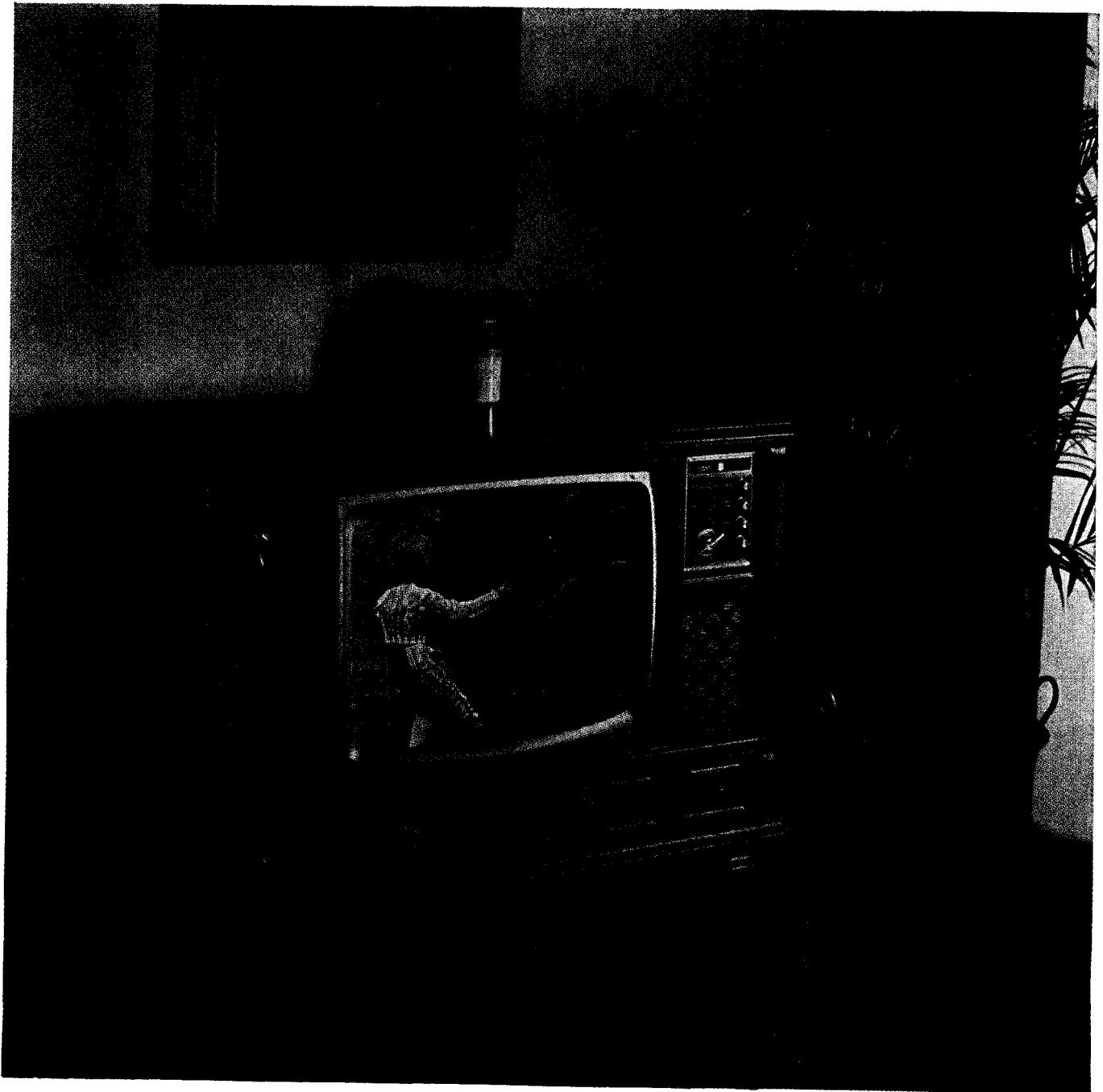
Mr. Weeks replies:

Yes, those are hard words, as I knew when I let them stand. They were written in dismay, not vindictiveness.

The sniping of police and firemen under the cover of dark is despicable, and we must not underestimate the resentment against it which is rising throughout the nation. If continued it could do more to damage the cause of the black Americans than any other single act. There was sniping in the vicinity of the Algiers Motel, where the young Negroes had taken refuge, and they knew it; they probably knew from the radio that one policeman had been shot to death, and they certainly knew that the area was closely patrolled by the National Guard, state and city police. They were not juveniles; they had served time and were now hiding out with white prostitutes. To fire a gun, even with blank cartridges, from the upper story, in the dark and under these circumstances, was defiance for which I have no sympathy. No one can condone the brutality which followed and for which the police were to blame, and no one should condone the arrogant defiance of the blacks which led up to it.

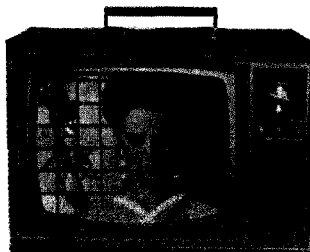
The ATLANTIC welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless otherwise stipulated, is free for publication in our monthly letters column.

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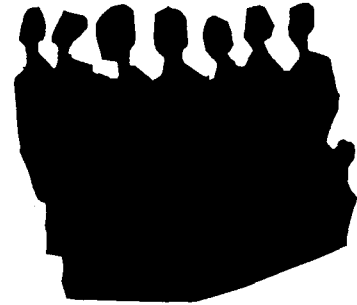
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THE WAR AGAINST THE YOUNG

BY RICHARD POIRIER

The war is a real one, though many of the elders who wage it will not acknowledge it. Campus after campus blows. The "hot minority" of the disenchanted grows, in number and in anger. In this Special Section, the distinguished author (A WORLD ELSEWHERE), editor (PARTISAN REVIEW), and professor of English (Rutgers) Richard Poirier warns that by repressing the rebellion of youth instead of understanding, we are in danger of losing the best of our natural resources — "youth in its best and truest form, of rebellion and hope." Next come voices from the rebellion (pages 65–68), including a robust attack from James S. Kunen, a nineteen-year-old student at Columbia, and in conclusion (page 69), a visit with the campus young of a quarter century ago, middle-aged now and caught in concern and puzzlement at their 25th reunion.

THE social systems which organize and rationalize contemporary life have always been ingeniously armed for the day when youth would rebel against the essentially pastoral status assigned to it. Despite pamperings until recently unimaginable, despite economic bribes and various psychological coercions, the rebellion has broken out. Predictably, the response to it is a gradual escalation involving a more naked use of the tactics that were supposed to prevent, but which also helped to provoke, the crisis in the first place: patronizations, put-downs, and tongue-lashings, along with offers of a place in the governing system if only the system is left intact and promises that in any case the future itself holds the solution to whatever now seems to be the trouble. If this technique sounds familiar in its mixture of brutality and pacification, in its combination of aggression and absorption, noted by Edgar Freidenberg in his brilliant analysis of the adult treatment of the adolescent minority, if it sounds vaguely like methods used in other and related domestic and foreign conflicts, then the point is obvious: our society is unfortunately structured, in the prevalent forms of its language and thinking, in ways designed to suppress some of the most vital elements now struggling into consciousness and toward some awareness of their frustrated powers.

This struggle is essentially a cultural one, regardless of the efforts by older people to make political use of it or to place it, unflatteringly, within the terms of traditional politics, particularly cold-war politics. The intellectual weapons used in the war against youth are from the same arsenal — and the young know this — from which war is being waged against other revolutionary movements, against Vietnam, against any effective justice, as distinguished from legislative melodrama, in matters of race and poverty. These weapons, as I've suggested, are by no means crude. They scarcely look at times like weapons at all, and many of the people most adroit in handling them, writers and teachers as well as politicians, aren't even aware that they are directing against youth arguments of a kind used also to rationalize other policies which they consider senseless and immoral. Aside from the political necessities of candidates, why is it that people who can be tough-mindedly idealistic in opposition to our actions in Vietnam or to our treatment of the powerless, talk about youth and think about the rebellion of youth in a manner implicit in the mentality that produces and excuses these other barbarities? The reason, I think, is that most people don't want to face the possibility that each of these troubles grows from the same root and can be traced back to the same murky

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recesses within each of us and within the social organisms to which we have lent ourselves. They prefer isolated and relatively visible sources for such difficulties, along with the illusion that each of them is susceptible to accredited forms of political or economic cleansing. By contrast, it is the conviction of the most militant young people, and of some older ones, that any solutions will require a radical change in the historical, philosophical, and psychological assumptions that are the foundations of any political or economic system. Some kind of cultural revolution is therefore the necessary prelude even to our capacity to think intelligently about political reformation.

Oddly enough, the young are proved right, in this supposition at least, by the nature of the attacks made against them. I don't mean attacks from the likes of Reagan and Wallace, but those coming from becalmed and sensible men, whose moderation is of a piece with their desire to increase the efficiency of the present system. At work in these attacks are the same tendencies of thought and language that shape the moderate, rationalizing analyses of the other nightmares I've mentioned. They help us to sleep through them during the night and during most of the day.

MAYBE the most prevalent of these tendencies is the insistence on a language that is intellectually "cool," a language aloof from militant or revolutionary vocabularies, which in their exclusion sound excessive, exaggerated, and unserviceable. This cool language is not at all dull or plodding. On the contrary, it's full of social flair; it swings with big words, slang words, naughty words, leaping nimbly from the "way out" to the "way in" — it really holds the world together, hips and squares alike. The best working example is the style of *Time* magazine, and it wasn't surprising in a recent issue to find a piece full of compliments to what were titularly called "Anti-Revolutionaries." With the suave observation that writers like these "who prefer rationality to revolution are by no means conservative," they honored three distinguished commentators on youth and other scenes. One of the three, Benjamin DeMott, a professor of English at Amherst, diversely active as a novelist, critic, and educational innovator, had earlier written an essay in the Sunday New York *Times Magazine* on the style of what he called the "spirit of over-kill" among some of his fellow writers, especially those of the revolutionary fringe like Paul Goodman, Andrew Kopkind, and Susan Sontag.

According to DeMott, the verbal violence of this decade "was" (and I'll get to the significance of this past tense in a moment) "pressed not at

new 'enemies' but at old ones already in tatters." Just at a glance one had to wonder why "enemies," new or old, were assigned the unreality of quotation marks. Has the semblance of negotiations made the war in Vietnam disappear as an "enemy"? Does he mean racial injustice? the horrors of urban life? the smothering effects of educational institutions of which he is himself one of the most active critics? I'm afraid these enemies aren't so easily dispelled. The degree to which they press against DeMott's own "cool" dismissal of them is in fact made evident, with engaging innocence, in the very form of his essay. In order to find a requisite dispassion for his own style, as against what he mistakenly takes for the dominant style of this decade, he must project himself to the end of the century and then look back at us. Like other critics of our violence, he is himself already visiting the famous year 2000, programming for which, as we are cautioned by a number of distinguished economists, sociologists, and technicians, will only be disrupted by people who fail to remain politely soft-spoken amid the accumulating squalor, blood, and suffering of their lives.

This peculiar form of address, by which we are asked to hear our present as if it were our past, suggests yet another and more subtle method of repression — the futuristic — now especially popular in the social sciences. A notably unembarrassed practitioner, and yet another writer commended by the article in *Time* magazine, is Zbigniew Brzezinski, director of the Research Institute on Communist Affairs at Columbia, recently a member of the Policy Planning Staff of the State Department, and now head of Hubert Humphrey's "task force" on foreign affairs. Also concerned because revolutionary loudmouths and their young adherents are incited by the past rather than the future — keep in mind that there is no present, in case you thought it was hurting someone — Brzezinski has published two futuristic position papers in the *New Republic*: "The American Transition," and more recently, "Revolution and Counterrevolution (But Not Necessarily About Columbia!)." Happily bounding over invisible rainbows, Brzezinski lets us know that, like it or not, we are already becoming a "technetronic society," and any old-fashioned doctrinal or ideological habits — as if ideology wouldn't be inherent in his imagined social systems — will get us into real, permanent troubles instead of temporary ones. We'll fail to adapt, that is, to "the requirements of the metamorphic age," and thus miss the chance of creating a "meritocratic democracy" in which "a community of organization-oriented, application-minded intellectuals [can relate] itself more effectively to the political system than their predecessors." We need only stay calm, and

admittedly such language is not designed to excite us, since “improved governmental performance, and its increased sensitivity to social needs is being stimulated by the growing involvement in national affairs of what Kenneth Boulding has called the Educational and Scientific Establishment (EASE).”

Deifications have of course always been announced by capitalization. As in religion, so in politics: an “excessive” concern for the present is a sure way of impairing your future. If, in the one case, you might as well surrender your will to God, in the other you might as well surrender it to EASE, or, getting back to DeMott patiently waiting there at the turn of the century, to “the architects of the Great Disengagement,” with “their determination to negotiate the defusing of The Words as well as of The Bombs.” But I’m afraid it’s merely symptomatic of how bad things are now that many of those who want the young and the rebellious to be more quiet follow the advice of Hubert Humphrey: they speak to the young not about the past, not even about the present, but about some future, which, as prognosticators, they’re already privileged to know. They are There; the revolutionists are living in the Past. And who is here and now, living, suffering, and impassioned in the present? Apparently no one, except maybe a few of what Brzezinski likes to call the “historical irrelevants.”

If the young are inarticulate, if, when they do try to expound their views, they sound foolish, are these, and other examples of adult thinking and writing which I’ll get to presently, somehow evidences of superior civilization, something to be emulated, the emanations of a system worth saving from revolution? Such arguments and such uses of language — almost wholly abstracted from the stuff of daily life as it is lived in this year, these months, this week — do not define but rather exemplify the cultural and linguistic crisis to which the young are responding with silence even more than with other demonstrations of their nearly helpless discontent. “Power, or the shadow cast by power, always ends in creating an axiological writing,” as the French critic Roland Barth puts it, “in which the distance which usually separates fact from value disappears within the space of a word.” To prefer “rationality” to “revolution” is good *Time* magazine language. It can’t be faulted except by those who feel, as I do, that a revolution is probably necessary if rationality is to be restored to a society that thinks it has been operating rationally. If the young are “revolutionary,” and if this is the reverse of “rational,” what, then, is the nature of the rationality they’re attacking? Quite aside from science fiction passing for history in the writings we’ve just looked at, are

the practices of the United States government with regard to most issues of race, poverty, the war, the gun laws, or even the postal service rational? Is it rational to vote an increase of money for Vietnam, and on the same hot day in July, cut appropriations for the summer employment of young Negroes and Puerto Ricans, thus helping to encourage a bloody summer at home while assuring one abroad?

These are all, as Brzezinski would point out, complex issues, and according to him, they will not be solved by “historical irrelevants,” by those who, with revolutionary fervor, are yearning, as he would have it, for the simplicities of the past and who therefore “will have no role to play in the new technetronic society.” But what has decided, since I know no people who have, that we want his “technetronic society,” that it is desirable or inevitable? Who decides that it is necessary or even good for certain issues to be construed as complex and therefore susceptible only to the diagnosticians who would lead such a society? Why have certain issues become complex and who is served by this complexity? Why is the life we already lead, mysterious and frightening as it is, to be made even more so by the ridiculous shapes conjured up in Brzezinski’s jaw-breaking terminologies? Some issues are not simple, which does not mean that some others are not unnecessarily complex. It is clear to everyone that Vietnam is “complex.” But it is equally clear that it need not, for us, have become complex; that it might not even have existed as an issue, except for those members of EASE who helped justify our continued presence there. Maybe the secret is that it is really “easy” to be complex.

THE funniest and in a way the most innocent example of this kind of no-thinking passing in sound and cadence for responsible, grown-up good sense is offered by George Kennan. The third figure heralded for his rationality in the *Time* article, Kennan is a renowned historian, a former ambassador to the Soviet Union, and the author of yet another containment policy, this one for youth. Kennan’s specialty is what might be called “the argument from experience,” easily slipping into “the argument from original sin.” “The decisive seat of evil in this world,” he tells us in *Democracy and the Student Left*, a just-published debate between him and nearly forty students and teachers, “is not in social and political institutions, and not even, as a rule, in the ill-will or iniquities of statesmen, but simply in the weakness and imperfection of the human soul itself.” No one can deny a proposition so general, but surely only

someone who likes for other reasons to plead the inescapable complexity of issues could propose such an idea to people wondering how the hell we got into Vietnam or why millions of poor in a country so rich must go hungry every day.

Kennan has, of course, had direct experience with other revolutions and with other people who have ignored the imperfections of the human soul simply by denying its existence. No wonder it often sounds, then, as if the militant young are merely his chance at last to give a proper dressing-down to the kind of fellows who brought on the Russian Revolution, his historical analogies being to that extent, at least, more complimentary to the young than Brzezinski's evocation of Luddites and Chartists. "I have heard it freely confessed by members of the revolutionary student generation of Tsarist Russia," Kennan rather huffily reports, "that, proud as they were of the revolutionary exploits of their youth, they never really learned anything in their university years; they were too busy with politics." Earlier, from Woodrow Wilson at his prissiest, he describes an ideal "at the very center of our modern institutions of higher learning": it is a "free place," in Wilson's words, "itself a little world; but not perplexed, living with a singleness of aim not known without; the home of sagacious men."

Was it such sagacious men, one must ask, since it surely was not the rampaging students, who assumed that this ideal place should also house ROTC units, defense projects, recruiters from Dow Chemical, and agents of the CIA? An ideal institution freed of *those* perplexities — which evidently do not bother Mr. Kennan — is precisely what the students have been agitating for. It is not possible to think about learning now without being, as he pejoratively puts it, "busy with politics." The university officials and the government have seen to that. But again, Kennan probably doesn't regard ROTC as a political presence on campus, and students are "busy with politics" not in the precious hours wasted on drill and military science, but only while agitating against

these activities, which are mostly useless even from a military point of view. Out of this mess of verbal and moral assumptions, the finest and stiffest blossom is the phrase "freely confessed": imagine having the gall to tell someone outright that as a student you hadn't even done your assignments while trying to overthrow a corrupt and despotic government. Doubtless that government also preferred its universities "not perplexed" by anything related to the conduct of public affairs.

Compared with the futuristic modes of Brzezinski and DeMott, Kennan's mode of argument is at least honest about seeing the present only as if it were the past. In its rather ancient charm it isn't nearly so dangerously effective as still other less explicitly theological, less passionate, more academically systematized methods now in vogue for abridging youthful radicalism or transcendentalism. Consider for example what might be called the tight-contextual method. This is particularly useful in putting assassinations in their place, or rather in no-place ("it was not Dallas that curled a finger round that trigger and pulled it; it was a sad and sick individual," one informant irrefutably told me), and in explaining why we cannot withdraw from Vietnam. That country gets reduced, in this form of argument, to some thousands of vaguely identified friends whom we cannot desert, even though their worth is even more difficult to locate than is their presence during combat operations. Of course this kind of analysis works wonders on anything as worldwide and variously motivated as student or youth protest. Unanswerably the students at Columbia are not the students in Paris or Czechoslovakia or even Berkeley. Like the leaders in any generation, the rebellious students are only a small minority of the young, a minority even of the student bodies they belong to. There are local, very special reasons not only for the motivations of each group but for each of the different acts of each group. What is astonishing, however, is that they all do act, that they are all acting now, that the youth of the world almost on signal have found local causes — economic,



social, political, academic ones—to fit an apparently general need to rebel. So universal and simultaneous a response to scarcely new causes reveals in the young an imaginative largeness about the interconnection of issues, an awareness of their wider context, of a world in which what in former decades would have been a local war is now symptomatic, as is poverty and the quality of life in our cities, of where the dominant forms of thinking have taken us. Again, it can be said that the young are in effect rebelling against precisely the kinds of analysis that are inadequate to explain what the young are up to. More terrifying than the disorder in the streets is the disorder in our heads; the rebellion of youth, far from being a cause of disorder, is rather a reaction, a rebellion against the disorder we call order, against our failure to make sense of the way we live now and have lived since 1945.

Yet another form of restrictive or deflationary analysis—and appropriately the last I'll consider—is a special favorite of literary critics and historians as well as politicians: the anti-apocalyptic. Implicit in some of the methods we've already looked at, this one dampens revolutionary enthusiasms with the information that history has recorded such efforts before and also recorded their failure—the Abolitionists, the young Bolsheviks, the Luddites. All claims to uniqueness are either tarnished by precedent or doomed to meaninglessness. We've been through it all, and are now doing the best we can, given—and here we're back at the borders of Original Sin—our imperfect state of being. In the treatment of militant youth, this type of argument is especially anxious to expose any elitist or fascist tinge in the young, with their stress on a chimerical “participatory democracy” or their infantile assumption that the worst must be allowed to happen—let us say the election of George Wallace—if ever the inherent horrors of the “System,” and thus the necessities of revolution, are to become apparent to everyone. Some people do talk this way; some people always have. But only a minority of the

articulate and protesting young lend themselves to anything so politically programmatic. Such arguments are wholly peripheral to the emergence of youth as a truly unique historical force for which there are no precedents. Youth is an essentially nonpolitical force, a cultural force, that signals, while it can't by itself initiate, the probable beginnings of a new millennium, though hardly the one described in the Book of Revelations. If only because of its continuously fluid, continuously disappearing and emerging, membership, it is incapable of organizing itself into shapes suitable to the political alliances that can be made by other, more stable minority groups like the blacks. It has no history; it may never have one, but it is that shared experience of all races which may come finally to dominate our imagination of what we are.

WHAT is happening to the youth of the world deserves the freest imagination, the freest attention that older people are capable of giving. It requires an enormously strenuous, and for most people, probably impossible, intellectual effort. Working within the verbal and conceptual frames—a sadly appropriate word—against which the rebellion of youth is in large part directed, we must try to invent quite different ways of seeing, imagining, and describing. So complicated is the task linguistically that it is possible to fail merely because of the vocabulary with which, from the best intentions, we decide to try. It is perhaps already irrelevant, for example, to discuss the so-called student revolt as if it were an expression of “youth.” The revolt might more properly be taken as a repudiation by the young of what adults call “youth.” It may be an attempt to cast aside the strangely exploitative and at once cloying, the protective and impotizing concept of “youth” which society foists on people who often want to consider themselves adults. Is it youth or is it the economic and sexual design of adult society that is being served by what Erik Erikson calls the “moratorium,” the period



when people under twenty-one are "allowed" to discover their identities without at the same time having to assume adult responsibilities? Quite painfully, the young have suddenly made us aware that the world we have been seeing isn't necessarily the world at all. Not only that France wasn't France, but that even the young weren't necessarily that thing we call "young." It is no longer a matter of choice therefore: we must learn to know the world differently, including the young, or we may not know it until it explodes, thus showing forth its true nature, to follow the logic of Marx, only in the act and at the moment of breakdown.

Before asking questions about the propriety and programs of young militants who occupy buildings, burn cars, and fight the police, let's first ask what kind of world surrounds these acts. Let's not conceive of the world as a place accidentally controlled by certain people whose wickedness or stupidity has been made evident by disaster, or as the scene of injustices whose existence was hidden from us. Because to do so implies that we are beguiled rather than responsible even for specific things that we do not know are happening. We're in danger of becoming like the Germans before the war who afterward turned to their children with dismay, then surprise, then amnesia. Such analogies to our present situation, and even more to an anticipated one, are not exact, but neither are they remote.

THE world we now live in cannot get any better merely by changing its managers or improving some of its circumstances. It exists as it does because of the way we think about one another and because of our incapacity, so far at least, to learn to think differently. For those who fought in it and who are now the middle generation and parents of the young, World War II gave absolutely the worst kind of schooling. It trained us to think in extraordinarily simplistic terms about politics and history. One might even say that it made people my age strangely apolitical and ahistorical. We were convinced that evil resided in Nazism and Fascism, and that against these nothing less than total victory was acceptable. The very concept of total victory or unconditional surrender was part of a larger illusion that all wickedness was entrenched in certain places, circumstances, and persons, and very subtly these were differentiated from the people or the nations where they found hospitality. The Morgenthau plan had no chance of success, and not simply because it was economically unfeasible in proposing the creation of an agrarian state between the West and the East. It would have had the even more tactically dangerous effect of blaming a *people*

for a war. Thereby two embarrassing questions would have been raised: either that the Germans were really a separate kind of people, or if not, that they were like us, and must therefore have had some understandable provocation for acting as they did. And what could that provocation have been if not something for which we too had a responsibility? No — better just talk about the eradication of Nazism and warlords.

Like all wars, World War II blinded us to the conditions at home that required our attention, and so did the cold war that followed: for nearly twenty-five years we looked at foreign devils rather than domestic ills. The consequences were even worse in our thinking, however, or rather in our not thinking, about the true sources and locations of our trouble. They are within ourselves and within the mechanisms of our own society. One reason why those in the parental generation cannot understand the rebellion of the young is that our own "rebellion" was managed for us, while for the young now it is instinctive and invented and unprogrammed. Our protest movement was the war itself, the crusade against Nazism, Fascism, and Japanese imperialism. In many ways our youth didn't matter to the world. I went into the infantry in 1943 at seventeen, fought in Germany, and came out in 1946 imagining that I'd helped cleanse the globe and could therefore proceed to make up for lost personal time at the university, where a grateful government paid my expenses.

If the war absorbed and homogenized the political feelings of the millions like me who are now the parents of people nearly old enough to be drafted for a quite different kind of war, the G.I. Bill of Rights gave us an experience of college and university life different from any before or since. The G.I. Bill was legislation of enormous political and social importance. It allowed the first huge influx into colleges, universities, and later into the academic profession, of people who for financial and social reasons weren't before recognized as belonging to the group which represents youth as our society likes to imagine it — the students. But, given their backgrounds, which made them poignantly anxious to take advantage of an opportunity they never thought available, much less a right, given their age, service experience, sexual maturity, and often marriage, this influx of a new kind of student had a stabilizing rather than a disrupting effect. We were maybe the first really serious mass of students who ever entered the academy, designed up till then, and still designed, to prolong immaturity until the ridiculous age of twenty-one or later.

If we were serious, it was in a bad sense, I'm afraid: we wanted so much to make it that we

don't much question the value of what we were doing. I'm not surprised that so few people my age are radical even in temperament. My fellow academicians who came through the process I've described have fitted all too nicely into the Anglophilic gentility of most areas of academic life, into the death-dealing social manners promoted by people who before the war could afford the long haul of graduate as well as undergraduate education. For how many families did the fact that "my boy" is a professor, especially a professor in English, mean the final completion of citizenship papers? Because that's what most of the proliferation of exams, graduate or otherwise, really add up to. Much more than the reputed and exaggerated effect of television and other media in creating a self-conscious community of the young (effects shared, after all, by people in their thirties and early forties), it is the peculiar nature of World War II and of subsequent schooling experience which separates the older from the younger but still contiguous groups.

In thinking about the so-called generation gap, then, I suggest that people my age think not so much about the strangeness of the young but about their own strangeness. Why is it "they" rather than "we" who are unique? By what astonishing arrogance do people my age propose to themselves the program described recently in the New York *Times* Sunday Book Review by a critic who wrote that during the summer he would support McCarthy and that "beyond that, full-time opposition to radical or reactionary excesses in the arts and criticism strikes me as proper and sufficient activity for a critic. And political enough, too, in its ultimate implications." The ultimate implications are dead center. Dead because what can anyone mean now by an "excess," and from where does one measure it unless, like the person in question, he entertains, as do most of my contemporaries, the paranoiac illusion that he has emerged a representative of True Nature?

Only when the adult world begins to think of itself as strange, as having a shape that is not entirely necessary, much less lovely, only when it begins to see that the world, as it has now been made visible to us in forms and institutions, isn't all *there*, maybe less than half of it — only then can we begin to meet the legitimate anguish of the young with something better than the cliché that they have no program. Revolutionaries seldom do. One can be sick and want health, jailed and want freedom, inwardly dying and want a second birth without a program. For what the radical youth want to do is to expose the mere contingency of facts which have been considered essential.

That is a marvelous thing to do, the necessary prelude to our being able, any of us, to think of

a program which is more than merely the patching up of social systems that were never adequate to the people they were meant to serve.

LIBERAL reformers, no matter how tough, won't effect and might even forestall the necessary changes. In our universities, for example, there is no point in removing symptoms and leaving the germs. It is true, as the young have let us know with an energy that isn't always convenient even to sympathizers like myself, that our universities are too often run by fat cats, that renowned professors are bribed by no or little teaching, that a disproportionate amount of teaching is done by half-educated, miserably underpaid, and distracted graduate assistants, that, as a consequence of this imbalance, research of the most exciting kind has very little immediate bearing on curriculum, which remains much as it has for the past fifty years, and that, as Martin Duberman eloquently showed in a recent issue of *Daedalus*, authoritarianism in curriculum and in teaching, not to be confused with being an authority in a subject, is so much a part of our educational system that university students arrive already crippled even for the freedom one is prepared to give them. These conditions exist in a pattern of idiotic requirements and childish, corrupting emoluments not simply because our universities are mismanaged. The mismanagement has itself a prior cause which is to be found in the way most people think about scholarship and its relation to teaching — a question which is a kind of metaphor for the larger one of the relations between the generations: what conditions permit the most profitable engagements between an older mind that is trained and knowledgeable and a younger one anxious to discover itself but preconditioned by quite different cultural circumstances?

These circumstances have, of course, always differed between one generation and another, but never so radically as now. Never before have so many revered subjects, like literature itself, seemed obsolete in any strict compartmental form; never before have the divisions between such subjects as anthropology, sociology, and languages seemed more arbitrary and harmful to intelligent inquiry; and seldom in the history of modern civilization has there been a greater need felt by everyone for a new key to our mythologies, a key that we nervously feel is about to be found. For if we are at a moment of terror we are also at a moment of great expectation and wonder, for which the young have a special appetite. To meet this challenge, the universities need to dismantle their entire academic structure, their systems of courses

and requirements, their notion of what constitutes the proper fields and subjects of academic inquiry.

Most people who teach have in their heads some ideal university, and mine would be governed by a single rule: there is nothing that does not need to be studied in class, including, of course, the oddity of studying *in* a class. Everything and everybody, the more randomly selected the better, has to be subjected to questions, especially dumb questions, and to the elicitation of answers. The point is that nothing must be taken for other than "strange," nothing must be left alone. Study the morning paper, study the teacher, study the listless slouching of some students — half-dead already at eighteen. But above all, those working in advanced research sponsored at any university would also let capable students study that research and ask questions about it. And if in fact some things cannot be taught, then that in itself should be the subject of inquiry. The hierarchies that might evolve would be determined on a wholly pragmatic basis: for subjects, by the amount of effort and time needed to make something yield up the dimensions of its mystery; for any way of thinking, by the degree to which it raises a student to eye level with the potentialities of a subject, the degree to which it can tune his ears into it. Above all, the university would be a place where curricula are discovered anew perhaps every year or so. The argument that the demands of an existing student body cannot be allowed to determine policy for succeeding ones would mean the reverse of what it now means: not that changes are difficult to effect, but that they would be effected year after year, if necessary, to meet the combined changes of interest in student and faculty. Given the sluggishness of most people, the results of such a policy would not be nearly as chaotic or exciting as one might imagine. Indeed, what would be hoped for is *more* disruption, and therefore more questioning and answering than one would ever get.

In confronting oppositions from youth as in other matters short of Vietnam, Lyndon Johnson is a genius in that his most decent impulses, and he has some, don't merely serve, aren't merely synchronized with, but are indistinguishable from his often uncanny political instinct for pacifying any opposition, for castrating any force that threatens to move the system off the center track which carried him to power. While demonstrations at Columbia were making Hubert Humphrey sick "deep inside," and Nixon was reportedly saying that if there were a second Columbia he wouldn't have to care *whom* he had to run against, LBJ was proposing that the vote be given to all people between eighteen and twenty-one. But the terrible price of the political logic he so masterfully handles is at once made evident if we ask what many



of the young, and not simply the militant ones, would find to vote for in this election. They would be joining the electorate just when it is at last stagnating from our national satisfaction with the mere manipulation and redistribution of the poisons within us. So ingeniously is the center still in control of the manipulative forces that there will not be a turn to the right *within* our political system, not one with any more chance of success than Goldwater, at least, and no one within the system represents the left. The danger sign will be abstention, political indifference, a decision not to care very much who wins, not to participate in a process that affords only a negative choice.

When any large number of people demonstrate their indifference to the choices offered them, they tend to invent others that exist outside the going "democratic" system. They tend to gravitate toward some species of the "participatory democracy" for which the elitist young are most severely criticized. It's fortunate that Johnson's voting-age proposal can't be enacted in time for the young people of eighteen to twenty-one to enter a political imbroglio so contemptibly arranged as this one. It could only further convince them of the necessity for some kind of nondemocratic movement to replace the farce of democracy in which they'd have been asked to take part, and it would allow their critics to assign to them some blame for the consequences of the indifference among the older electorate. The indifference grows on the momentum supplied not by the young but by the nature of our public life. The now not uncommon proposition that our problems are no longer manageable within existing political systems, and that we need an Authority empowered to decide what is best for us, cannot be ascribed merely to youth, Herbert Marcuse, Vietnam, race, violence, or any combina-

tion of these. The emerging failure of confidence in our way of managing ourselves and our interests in the world is the consequence of a political process now overwhelmed by the realities it has tried to hide, realities that have grown like cancer cells treated by pain-killers.

Instinctively, the militant young are involved less in a political rebellion, where demands for their "program" would be relevant, than in an attack on the foundations of all of our current political programming. The issues they raise and the issues they personify are essentially anthropological, which brings us to the cultural rather than the political importance of the President's proposal to move the voting age back from twenty-one to eighteen. The importance can be dramatized, with no intention of melodrama, by predicting that within twenty years or so it will be necessary to propose, if not to pass, a voting age of sixteen. Like other mere changes of policy, changes in voting age should not be taken as a sign that we are suddenly to be governed by new or radical modes of thinking. Rather, such reforms signal the accumulated power of forces which our operative modes of thinking have before tried to ignore and which they will now try to make invisible by absorption.

But with the mass of youth—nearly half the population is now under twenty-five—our society is faced with an unprecedented difficulty in the application of this essentially social technique. For when it comes to the young, society is not simply absorbing a group who, like the Irish or labor, duplicate in their social organization each part of the dominant group. To give something like adult or historic identity to a mass that has up to now been relegated to the position of "youth" means a disruptive change in the concept of human identity, of when that identity is achieved, of what it properly should contribute to history. The time scheme that governs our ideas of adolescence, youth, and maturity has changed many times in history since the sixteenth century—Juliet was fourteen, and early in the eighteenth century the age of consent was ten—but it was adjusted to the convenience of an extraordinarily small ruling minority which was in turn submissive to familial regulations. For the first time in history a change of this kind is being made on demand from a powerful mass of young people freed of familial pieties, and never before has a society worked as strenuously as ours, through a mesh of mythologies, to hold these young people back, in an unmercifully prolonged state of adolescence and of what we call "youth." Especially in the United States, the representative and most talented young—the students—have for generations been forced *not* to take themselves seriously as men and women.

So far, the rebellion has accomplished at least one thing: it has succeeded in demoting "collegiate types" (and the sickly reminiscent values that they injected into later life) from glamour to absurdity. The change is not complete, and it never will be. Whole campuses are holdouts, some quite distinguished ones, like Yale and Stanford, where the prep-school ethos remains dominant, while at others the overwhelming number of young clods makes it difficult for the few students who really are alive even to find one another, much less establish an *esprit* that can irradiate more than a small circle. Still, recent agitations have confirmed some of the advances made by the earlier generation of students under the G.I. Bill and cleared still more room on American campuses for the kind of young person who does want to enter history at eighteen, and who is therefore contemptuous of society's cute and reassuring idea of the collegiate—with Lucille Ball as ideal House Mother. Such historical self-consciousness on the part of university students has been fairly common in Europe and in England, where, as shown by Peter Stansky and William Abrahams in *Journey to the Frontier*, students in the thirties could feel that the "journey" to the Spanish Civil War did not follow but rather began at Oxford and Cambridge. But the differences are obvious, and again, relate to class and family: children of the English upper classes were educated to feel historical, and what distinguished them from lower-class boys was that from boyhood their "careers" meant something to the political and historical career of England. Only rarely, and almost exclusively at Harvard, does this phenomenon occur in American universities. Education in American universities has generally been a combination of utilitarian course work and play-acting, "getting ready" to be an adult, even if it meant still getting ready at twenty-two.

THE shattering of this pattern has been the work of a complex of forces that include students within the larger power bloc of youth, with its enormous influence on dress and mores, and, perhaps above all, its success in the fields of entertainment. By force of numbers and energy alone, the young have created images which older people are now quite anxious to endow with a sexual-social significance that they before refused to find in the activity of "kids." Put another way, youth has ceased to fulfill the "literary" role which American society has been anxious to assign them. They no longer supply us with a pastoral, any more than the "darkies" do, and this is a serious cultural deprivation for which we have yet to discover a replacement.

Every civilization has to invent a pastoral for itself, and ours has been an idea of youth and of adolescence that has become socially and economically unprofitable, demographically unmanageable, and biologically comic. By a pastoral I mean any form of life that has, by common consent, been secured from the realities of time and history. Some form of pastoral is absolutely essential: it helps stabilize the cycles of individual lives and of civilizations. Its function is an idealizing, simplifying one: it secures certain elemental human attributes from the contaminations of time and of historical involvement. But if the logic of pastoral is to protect certain attributes, its ulterior motive is to keep the human embodiment of these attributes in their proper place, servants rather than participants in daily business where real men really face complex reality.

Insofar as America's imagination of itself can be inferred from literature, from popular entertainment, from fashions, conventions, and educational theory, it can be said that we have used youth as a revenge upon history, as the sacrificial expression of our self-contempt. Youth has been the hero of our civilization, but only so long as it has remained antagonistic to history, only so long as it has remained a literary or mythological metaphor. War, the slaughter of youth at the apparent behest of history, is the ultimate expression of this feeling. The American hatred of history, of what it does to us, gets expressed in a preposterous and crippling idealization of youth as a state as yet untouched by history, except as a killer, and in a corresponding incapacity to understand the demand, now, by the best of the young, to be admitted into it. More hung up on youth than any nation on earth, we are also more determined that youth is not to enter into history without paying the price of that adulteration we call adulthood. To justify what grown-ups have made of our young, virgin, uncontaminated land, it's as if we are compelled to show that what happened was necessary. Exceptions would prove our human culpability for what is otherwise ascribed to history, and so all that is best in our land must either be kept out of history or tarnished by it. Like our natural wonders, youth will be allowed to exist only on condition that it remain, like some natural preserve, outside the processes that transform everything else into waste.

Surely the destination of our assets needn't be so bleak, so inexorable, so neurotically determined. It will now be seen whether or not we are to exhaust our youth, whether or not in its vulnerability, its continually evaporating and exposed condition, it can resist being made grist for the mill. Because youth is not a historically grounded pressure group, aware of its history, jealous of its progress, con-

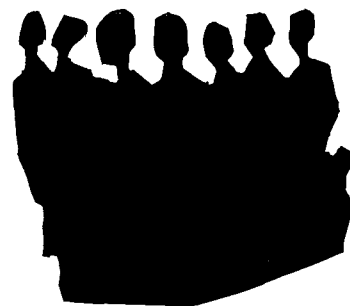
tinuous and evolving. It is rather what we, all of us, sometimes are. I have avoided any precise definition of youth because it refers to the rare human condition of exuberance, expectation, impulsiveness, and above all, of freedom from believing that all the so-called "necessities" of life and thought are in fact necessities. This condition exists most usefully, for the nation and the world, in people of a certain age, specifically in those who have attained the physical being that makes them wonderfully anxious to create life, to shape life, to enter into life rather than have it fed into them. It is the people of this age, members of what Freidenberg calls the "hot-blooded minority," who are in danger of obliteration as representatives of youth. It is impossible for them to remain youth, in any sense that would profit the rest of society, and also enter into history on the hateful terms now offered them by our political, economic, and technological system. Lyndon Johnson knew instinctively what he was up to when, calling for a vote for people of this age, he remarked that they deserved it because they are "adults in every sense."

Fine, if that means we now change our concept of adulthood to include an eighteen-year-old Bob Dylan rather than an eighteen-year-old Nixon, some creep valedictorian. But that isn't what he has in mind. LBJ has not changed his way of thinking about youth, adulthood, or anything else. He has merely responded to this fantastic cultural opportunity the way our leaders respond to any such opportunity for change: they merely make more room in the house with as little inconvenience as possible to the settled inhabitants. All he proposes to do, and this will have some amusing as well as sad consequences, is lift the term youth from those who threatened us with it, and then hold it in reserve for the time, not far off, when it can be quietly left on the narrow shoulders of what we now call adolescents. Some tinkering will be necessary here and there, of course. The Adolescent Clinic at Children's Hospital in Boston chooses the ages thirteen to nineteen for its patients, but those who've seen some of the ten-to-twelve-year-olds who sneak in tell me that if the ranks of adolescence are to be depleted to fill the vacated positions of youth, these in turn will be quickly occupied by Robert Coles's children of crisis. This will seem a facetious prediction to people who like to think they are reasonable.

So, what I'm saying is that if young people are freeing themselves from a repressive myth of youth only to be absorbed into a repressive myth of adulthood, then youth in its best and truest form, of rebellion and hope, will have been lost to us, and we will have exhausted the best of our natural resources.

WHY WE'RE AGAINST THE BIGGEES

BY JAMES S. KUNEN



I HAVE surveyed the opinions of the well-intentioned American middle class regarding Columbia. That is, I have spoken to my mother about it. She's been reading the *New Republic*, and is currently fond of saying that the Columbia rebellion was set up in advance by people who are not students at Columbia, and who do not have its interests at heart. This is entirely true.

The Columbia rebellion was set in motion by a nebulous group of outsiders who are variously known as the corporate power elite, the military-industrial complex, the Establishment. A friend of mine refers to them as the Biggees.

The Biggees are a small group of men. Little else about them is known. They are probably old. They possess wealth surpassing the bounds of imagination. They have no real needs or desires, but cultivate avarice as a sort of obsessive hobby. They sit in smoke-filled rooms, so it may be presumed that they smoke cigars. In the councils of the Biggees, one might hear decisions that one thought no one could make. Buy Uruguay. Sell Bolivia. Hold India. Pollute New York. The decisions are of incomprehensible variety, but they have in common the fact that they are swiftly implemented and invariably soak the Little Man.

Sometimes the Biggees slug it out with each other, as in the gold market, where they get down to the nitty-gritty of buying and selling *money* (a commerce that no one else can understand, let alone participate in), but more often they are after *our* coin.

The Biggees lie. They shout up and down that Vitalis has V_7 , but they don't say what V_7 is. They say that Arrid stops wetness, but they don't explain why wetness should be stopped. (I can think of a lot of things that qualify for stoppage way ahead of wetness.) They lie about little things like that, and big things like Vietnam, the ghetto, Democracy. It's all the same — truth in lending, truth in labeling, truth in government; none of them exist.

The Biggees *control*. I read a sixth-grader's history paper about the Spanish-American War. The young boy, having put away his Mattel M-16 automatic rifle for the evening to do his homework, wrote that the 1898 war was fought by America to set the poor Cubans free from tyranny. He added

that America traditionally fights on the side of right for justice and freedom and therefore always wins, "like in Vietnam today." The Biggees have that kid right where they want him. They've got his mind; when he's eighteen they'll take his body.

Look around you. The Biggees are everywhere. Look in your driveway. They build cars that dissociate in three years, and they make everybody buy them, and they're in on the gas biz too, so you can forget about mileage. And no one can make them change. You get organized and ask them to please just put all bumpers at a standard level so maybe a little less than 50,000 of us will die on the roads next year, but no, they can't do it. They can't do it because it will *cost* to do it, and anyway, if all bumpers were at the same height, then there wouldn't be any choice, and that's what democracy's all about. If you didn't know that that's what democracy's all about, there are frequent ads to remind you. It seems, for instance, that in socialist countries there are only three colors of lipstick, whereas capitalism provides forty.

And with these forty shades of lipstick the Biggees turn our women into nauga-babes (vinyl girls) who in pre-fab sexiness sit tracing cheap pictures in the air with cigarettes they never made up their minds to start smoking. And, arguing about what to-do to do next, one of these naugas might be heard to say, "It's a free country."

But it isn't a free country. You can't drop out of school because you'd be drafted, and you have to study certain things to get a degree, and you have to have a degree to make it, and you have to make it to get what you want, and you can't even decide what you want, because it's all programmed into you beforehand. You can *say* whatever you want, but you won't be heard because the media control that, but if you do manage to be heard, the People won't like it, because the people have been told what to like. And if they don't like you, they might even kill you, because the government endorses killing by exemplification.

All of which brings us to Columbia, because at Columbia we're all together and we teach each other and feel strong. The Biggees are killing people in Vietnam and keeping the blacks down at

home, because they have to keep some people at the bottom for their system to work, or so they thought. Now they're finding out that the downs can really screw them up bad, so they'd like to raise them just a bit, but that would certainly cost, so for the moment they'll try to keep them down by promising them rewards if they behave.

So here we all are at Columbia not comprehending this great money motivation because we didn't grow up in a depression and have always had coin and therefore don't value it as highly as we might. We're right at Harlem, so we see how it is. And we've got the draft right on us, so we know how that is. And we don't like it. We don't like it at all, because we've got a lot of life ahead of us and we're for it. Killing and dying just don't make it with us.

And lo and behold, right here at Columbia where all we young angries are seething, who should

be president but Grayson Kirk, a Biggie if ever there was one. Consolidated Edison, IBM, Socony Mobil, Asia Foundation, I.D.A. — he's got an iron in every fire that's consuming us. And it turns out that Military Intelligence has offices at the university, and Electronic Research Laboratories is raking in about \$5 million per annum on radar, and we're in the Institute for Defense Analysis in a big way, and the School of International Affairs is hitting it off really well with the CIA. All the while the university is systematically desiccating the integrated community of Morning-side Heights, and has its eyes on land all the way over to Seventh Avenue, so that some fine day there'll be a nice white suburban buffer zone in the middle of Manhattan, which people will know, by the inevitable iron gates around it, to be Columbia.

Seeing all this, we decided to change it. Of

COMMENTS FROM SOME COMBATANTS

It is often asked what is wrong with the half of the country under twenty-eight years old. Let us answer:

America is a great country with great ideals, but we are not living up to them. We are turning from a democracy to a hypocrisy.

No one is for air and water pollution, and yet they surround us. The Thirteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution specifically prohibits involuntary servitude, and the government is supposed to be the servant of the people. And yet young men who cannot even vote are drafted to kill and die in a war that is never explained.

We are taught, Thou shall not kill, do unto others as you would have others do unto you, and love thy neighbor. And yet 10 percent of our gross national product is spent on war every year while hunger, poverty, and overpopulation abound both at home and abroad.

The fault lies not in the black man aspiring for what is rightfully his, or in Communist stars, but in ourselves. For the true tragedy is we are not even trying to reach our ideals.

And those few who do put principle above personal ambition are threatened with prison, such as Dr. Spock, the twentieth-century Sir Thomas More. Or ridiculed as Governor Stassen, the modern Don Quixote.

As Sancho Panza told Don Quixote, Don't die, Don Quixote, don't die. For the greatest guilt in this life is to die without good reason.

Thank you for your inattention.

Paul Walters

In seconding the nomination of Harold Stassen
1968 Republican National Convention

course, if you don't like it you can leave, but if you leave you're going to run into something else you don't like, and you can't go on leaving forever because you'll run out of places to go. So we decided to change it. We petitioned, we demonstrated, we wrote letters, and we got nowhere. We weren't refused; we were ignored. So one day we went into the buildings, and one day somewhat later we were pulled out and arrested and many people were beaten. In the intervening days we were widely accused of having ourselves a good time in the buildings. We did have a good time. We had a good time because for six days we regulated our own lives and were free.

But Dr. Kirk and his associates saw that we were free and they knew of course that that sort of thing must not be permitted. They knew also that they could not deal with our demands, because that would mean a breakdown of their law and a

violation of their order. So they called in the police. And they expressed regret that the police injured 150 people, and they really did regret it, because the brutal bust showed everybody how far the powerful will go to retain their power, how far they will go rather than answer a single question, rather than admit that questions can be asked.

As I write this and as you read it people are dying. So you see it isn't really a topic for suburban conversation or magazine articles. It's something that must be dealt with. That's what's happening at Columbia, not a revolution but a counterattack. We are fighting to recapture a school from business and war and rededicate it to learning and life. Right now nobody controls Columbia, but if we get it, we will never give it back. And there are 5 million college students in the country watching us. And a lot of them have just about had it with the Biggees.

It is not as despisers of democracy that we demonstrate. We protest because our faith in the democratic dream which leaders of [an older] generation bequeathed to us has been betrayed. We heard of a world order administered for all men by reason in accordance with justice. We protest that, upon graduation, we will have to face the choice, which our brothers from the ghettos and the woods have already faced, of prison, loss of citizenship, or participation in a manifest injustice. We regret that our government has substituted pride and brute force for reason, and ideology for international order.

Timothy Ray, West Virginia University
Democracy and the Student Left (Atlantic-Little, Brown)

I'm 22 years old and I'm tired. America has worn me out. I don't believe in God, and I don't believe that America is the golden center of the universe. You can get away with not believing in one of these, but not both.

Anonymous
Life Magazine

Those of us who yesterday said no to the laws of this country at the same time said yes, everlastingly yes, to the spirit of America. We are the true Americans, reborn at a time when it is almost a crime to be truly American. Those creeps who drove by the church in a Cadillac waving an American flag and calling coward, why, they don't even know what it is to be an American. I say it is a crime for them to

misuse such spirit, only the raggle-taggle of it is theirs, because while we burned those cards with our hands, we carried that spirit in our hearts, but while they carried that symbol in their hands, they trampled that spirit long, long ago, when they did not continually work to keep it alive.

Wayne Hansen of Avatar
Notes From the New Underground (Viking)

Columbia will not be able to serve a vital educational function until what is taught and learned in its classrooms is directly united to the process of satisfying the social needs of people who are now repressed. Knowledge has meaning only when the means exist to transform that knowledge into a social reality. Those means do not exist today because America is fragmented by its economic structure. The left movement knows that the economic structure of America must be radically transformed. They are fighting for the power to make that knowledge a reality. Only after they have won can Americans unite, and only then will Columbia's education have a real social value.

Josh DeWind
Columbia University SDS

I share a feeling of repugnance with my liberal colleagues over the vulgarity and brashness of some of the actions of some of the students. A professor's sense of style is inevitably jarred by the crude slogans and tactics being used. From the students' point of view, however, there is, in turn, something seriously

lacking in the faculty's style. From teaching too long, they apparently have forgotten how to be taught. They take their lessons very ungraciously and seem to want to make the students suffer for having achieved a superior understanding of the true nature of their university.

Columbia Professor Marvin Harris
The Nation

Some months before the strike, I attended an open curriculum meeting of the department of English and called for the teaching of Latin-American and African literature. Lionel Trilling [The Liberal Imagination] was then called upon to answer. He said: "Well, Mr. Shapiro, I've read this Latin-American literature. It has, I think one might say, anthropological interest." Enraged, I said: "This is a kind of promethean contempt and irrelevance." So somebody, the junior faculty, said: "What do you want us to do? Teach the Beatles?" They understood me to be demanding the course they finally set up — a seminar in Simon and Garfunkel lyrics. I said: "This is a medieval institution. You are British academics calling Whitman and Poe aborigines. You decode only the most archaic messages. You're not going to understand why there will be blood on this university."

David Shapiro
Low Commune, Columbia University

Every individual must feel frustrated by the seeming impossibility of ever leaving his mark on the huge bulwark of our society. It is not surprising, therefore, that some in my generation resort to faster and more dramatic means to leave their dent or that others seek to escape from the problem altogether. But to condemn today's students, wholesale, because they are ready to commit themselves in a fight against the evils they see and because the restlessness inside them forces them to act now instead of waiting for some great moment in their future when they suddenly stop learning and are ready to act, is to condemn the element in my generation that is most exciting and which will eventually show itself as the key to our strength.

Hugh Auchincloss, Jr., Yale
Democracy and the Student Left (Atlantic-Little, Brown)

To enter history, each generation of youth must find an identity consonant with its own childhood and consonant with an ideological promise in the perceptible historical process. But in youth the tables of childhood dependence begin slowly to turn; no longer is it merely for the old to teach the young the meaning of life, whether individual or collective. It is the young who, by their responses and actions, tell

the old whether life as represented by the old and as presented to the young has meaning; and it is the young who carry in them the power to confirm those who confirm them and, joining the issues, to renew and to regenerate, or to reform and to rebel.

Erik H. Erikson
Youth: Change and Challenge (Basic Books, 1963)

Students are approaching the Establishment, trying to discover if they can chart their own destiny, if they can have greater control over it. One of the themes on our campus might be termed "impotent outrage." We want so badly to have an impact on the society in which we live.

Kirk Hanson, Stanford
Look Magazine

One of the funny trips that's been going down for a long time is: what's a man, what's a woman? We get in a very funny thing in this culture. What are the things a man does? If a man is working as an advertising executive, he doesn't feel very much of a man. Or at least I've never known one who's felt very much of a man. So the men are being threatened, and have to go through all sorts of funny trips. Hostility to homosexuality; proofs of virility.

Lenore Kandel
Voices From the Love Generation (Little, Brown)

Wherever you want to go everything revolves around profit and private property. Those are the premises, and you can't question the logic. The logic is consistent. . . . But there's a passion for religious meaning, for spirituality that's just been squelched for so long: people are dying for spirituality. . . . Me. I'm dying.

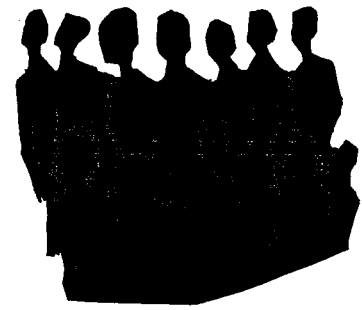
Peter Cohon
Voices From the Love Generation (Little, Brown)

The new radicals are right when they argue that our problems lie deeper than a particular election result or a particular war in Southeast Asia. Ours are in fact the problems of a new kind of society trying to find its way in a new kind of world where cataclysm is only a button away. Few of us know how to live wisely and well in such a world: that fact is reflected in the deep malaise, violence, and inner divisions of America and the world. The new radicals are at least confronting the central issues of our time, and confronting them more directly than most of us can afford to. They are asking the basic questions, making the mistakes, and perhaps moving toward some of the answers we all desperately need.

Kenneth Keniston
Young Radicals (Harcourt, Brace & World)

THE CLASS OF '43 IS PUZZLED

BY NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN



While the rebels in the present college generation raised their voices and their barricades, men and women of earlier generations traveled back to campuses to raise their glasses in that long-standing late spring rite, the class reunion. Most lavish of reunions is the 25th, and nowhere is it staged with such flourish as at Harvard. This year's 25th brought back to Cambridge nearly 500 Harvard men of the class of 1943, men (and wives) of that "middle generation" whom Richard Poirier addresses earlier in these pages. The ATLANTIC invited Nicholas von Hoffman, author and reporter for the Washington POST, to cast an anthropological eye on the event. Fresh from a field trip into hippieland, which provoked his recently published book, WE ARE THE PEOPLE OUR PARENTS WARNED US AGAINST, Mr. von Hoffman did not have to look hard to find the generation gap; it yawned before him.

EVERYWHERE else colleges call the alumni back for their twenty-fifth anniversary when they are ripe and ready for gift-giving. At Harvard they do the same, but they do it richly, in discreet decency, with ceremony and conviviality; they do it like one rich man borrowing money from another. They do it right because Harvard is doing it, and everywhere else is imitation and approximation.

So Mo Gray stood on the Quincy Street sidewalk in front of the Harvard Union drinking beer and being jolly affable to the arriving people. He had on a funny hat like the ones the Australians wore in World War II, with part of the brim pinned to the side of the crown. A button on the hat read, "Meet the Old Campaigner, E.D.P. Kilroy III, a.b. '43."

Mo, the Old Campaigner, was greeting everybody who drove up, and there were lots of people. They came in taxicabs with luggage so expensive the hackies got out and put it respectfully on the curb; they came in cars and station wagons packed with plainer suitcases and children. Mo knew a surprising number of the men by name. He had been working on the reunion for the past year. "It's good business for the bank," he said, referring to his employers, the State Street Bank and Trust Company of Boston.

The men shook hands; the wives watched each

other, checking out clothes and states of physical preservation. Some of the women studied their husbands with concern, as if coming back to Harvard twenty-five years later risked a melancholy self-discovery.

The men of '43 had had no proper Commencement. Their Harvard baccalaureates had been conferred by mail at Marine boot camps and infantry training schools. Some of them had accelerated and gotten their degrees ahead of time, so they could volunteer; others didn't graduate until after the war. They thought they had no future. They had not planned what they were going to do with their lives, they had only hoped for life. "I didn't think more than a quarter of us would come back," one of them said. "We thought it would be like World War I . . . you know, 90 percent casualties."

Thirty-three of them died, while the rest scratched the words "Kilroy was here" on the flat surfaces of the world and came back ultimately to shake hands with the Old Campaigner, the reunion chairman.

"Congratulations, ya made it!"

"Yeah, boy, I survived, and so did you, fella."

If that was the hope of their youth, it was fulfilled. They had been spared to be businessmen, professionals, teachers, scholars — spared not to

be great men but the best of the ordinary people, begetting families, believing in fair play and the right of dissent at Harvard and their obligation to support it; spared to be the stable people who don't stampede easily and are able to put aside politics and market for golf and art appreciation and mark down on their questionnaires that one of their most serious interests was travel: "Jean and I visited the Outer Hebrides last summer and discovered a world we never knew before."

Nearly 900 of them were saved from death in war, and approximately half that number, plus wives and children, had accepted Harvard's invitation to come back for four days of superlavish special treatment. Everything that could be done for "the classmates" was done. The Cambridge police even let them put their cars in the no parking zones.

For \$110 per family, Harvard gave the classmates, plus about 1500 wives and children, food, booze, board, baby-sitters, music, golf, swimming, souvenirs, miscellaneous divertissements, and the run of the university. It cost Harvard a lot of money. This year's budget was over \$100,000, but the classmates gave it back and then some. After four days of gentlemanly strong-arm pressure, the class of '43 ponied up \$850,000 for their school. The bite was applied softly and silently, but sometimes a classmate or his wife would cry ouch. "My God, they had my husband down for \$20,000!" the wife of a psychiatrist exclaimed in loud respect for Ivy League chutzpah. "So much a year for so many years. We don't have money like that, but I don't think they really expect that much. They've got everybody categorized: psychiatrists \$20,000, vice presidents \$35,000, bankers \$50,000."

With the rich, rich classmates things are crasser. The night they went to the Boston Pops Albert Merck (of the chemical company that bears the family name) offered \$25,000 if Arthur Fiedler would let him conduct "Fair Harvard."

From time to time you could overhear members of the gift committee murmuring advice to each other: "George, I think you should take Henry aside before he leaves. Experience has shown they are much less generous afterward than they are now back here at the Yard choked with sentiment and gratitude."

Some of the rich classmates were keeping their pelf to themselves. There was, for example, Sidney Stuyvesant Fish, or Stuyvie as the other well-born and well-to-do called him. "Oh, Stuyvie, he's too awful, but he is nice," people would say as he appeared frolicking in the evening at the Hasty Pudding Club, dancing, dropping to one knee to kiss a lady's hand, and enjoying himself in the manner of one who has had a lifetime of practice. Stuyvie, it was generally felt, not only lacked a Harvard man's sense of social responsibility, he

even lacked the pretense. "I sell a few hides to pay the taxes," he poor-mouthed, suggesting an improbable picture of himself in a dinner jacket leading a tallowy cow down a dusty arroyo to keep the sheriff from foreclosing on his splendid Palo Corona Ranch at Carmel, California.

"I gave them some money, but not what they asked for," he said to prove he was a good fellow. "I'm fond of Harvard, but my feelings aren't gut-ripping, you know, and there are some people who are wondering if they should support the school if revolution is what they're learning here."

"Stuyvie is a reactionary," said one of the classmates. But he is an amiable one, not given to angry kvetching, a twinkly-eyed bachelor who'd rather talk about pot-smoking escapades in Mexico, his efforts at preserving the California backland from suburban tractation, and the wild European boars he raises on his ranch and sells for a dollar fifty a pound. ("I have about two hundred of them, and they help to pay the taxes, too.") He ranked second in animal husbandry, however, because there is another classmate in Cedarburg, Wisconsin, who is raising zebras, llamas, pygmy goats, addaxes, and wallabies.

Most of the men the Old Campaigner, Mo Gray, was welcoming on the Sunday of reunion week were not wallaby ranchers. They are people who obey rules and follow directions, so, after shaking hands with those classmates they happened to remember, they lined up for their reunion trappings.

All were given an E.D.P. (Electronic Data Processing) Aussie hat like the Old Campaigner's, red plastic rain jackets, cardboard wastepaper baskets with the Harvard motto, "Veritas," on them, crimson ties with white silhouettes of John Harvard, cosmetics, and woolen handbags. They and their loot were then transported by undergraduates in white jackets to their rooms in the dorms. The undergraduates are paid by the university, but apparently not enough, because they posted signs in the Union saying, "Tipping is not prohibited."

The classmates stood around and talked about themselves. "What do you want to write about this class for? It's a very undistinguished class," they said. "The only famous member is Norman Mailer, and I'll bet he won't come." They spoke as if coming back were something in lieu of accomplishment, something for idle, unoccupied people. A self-deprecating lot, though many have been successful, at least by the standards of 1943.

There was Dr. William Baker, assistant professor at the Harvard Medical School and a member of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, St. Andrews, Scotland. He was bouncing around making himself useful and remembering Harvard in his freshman year: "We had peace protests then. They

picketed the Boston Navy Yard, and in the spring of 1940 we had trench warfare in Harvard Square spoofing war. We threw flour bags at each other and flew all different kinds of flags from the trenches. Nazi flags and Confederate flags. . . . Yes, a surprising number of the classmates are dead — war and alcoholism.”

Baker talked a lot about alcoholism through the reunion. He wasn't the only one. “My husband's an alcoholic,” said the wife of a senior stockbroker. “He doesn't know it because he doesn't do the insane things alcoholics are supposed to do, you know, like cause big scenes or disappear for two or three days, but he gets drunk every night. He drinks all the time. He's very nice. He doesn't beat me, but every night he goes to bed in a drunken stupor and I can't talk to him about it.”

ALL the classmates — and that includes everybody who matriculated, whether they took their degrees or not — are invited back for “my 25th,” as they like to say, and are asked to write their autobiographies, which are published in a fat book called the *Anniversary Report*. If you open it you get a whiff of alcohol:

Went into life insurance with Mother Prudential — a pile of bleached bones of fallen agents under her tender care would rise higher than the Rock of Gibraltar. . . . Meanwhile research in the area of alcoholism which had been desultory, erratic and sporadic intensified. Culminated during the black Thanksgiving of 1963. Have not found it necessary to do research in that area since.

Another classmate writes:

There is only one truly important fact in my life. All of my history has been colored by the facts of my alcoholism. . . . By 1952 I was assistant to the executive vice-president of a large and successful textile machinery company. The year 1959 found me confined in Bellevue Hospital, desperate, unemployable and almost hopeless.

Joe Phelan, a classmate who is an AA member, made arrangements for his organization to stand by in case any of the Old Campaigners found the reunion impossible to take without a drink. The first chance they had for serious, 100-proof boozing was that evening at Harkness Commons, where a long bar had been set up under tents. The weather turned cold and rainy, but the classmates and their wives, cramped as they were, went at it glass and elbow.

“This is a fine class, a great class,” declared a Washington lawyer. “It's got Al Casey, the president of the Los Angeles *Times*, in it, and an Olympic swimming coach, and Bart Harvey, who

won the Navy Cross, but we don't have a Medal of Honor winner.”

“Yeah,” said somebody else. “It's a great class. We got two guys who were shot to death — by women. One of them shot by his wife when she caught him coming in at 2 A.M. Told the jury she thought he was an intruder. They let her off. The other one was shot by his sixteen-year-old mistress in the swamps.”

“Not by his mistress,” he was corrected; “by his mistress's father.”

“Well, however it was, they don't give you a Congressional Medal for it.”

When they talked about more pressing matters, the men of '43 clothed their remarks in the presumption that men of goodwill could be brought together to talk reason. On the lawn having drinks with the classmates at Harkness Commons, it made sense; it was, after all, the kind of thing Harvard has stood for, wasn't it? But reason and goodwill are at a discount. Only power can help. There is a lot of it in the class of '43. Many of them are vice presidents now, and will make the final step up to “chief executive officer,” as corporations style their bosses, in the next couple of years, but what then? They are a higgledy-piggledy jumble of diverse attitudes, too disparate to be a power structure. Can Stuyvie Fish lie down with Ben Bradlee, managing editor of the liberal *Washington Post*? What use can Joe Phelan, with his interest in improving race relations in Atlanta and Memphis, make of Albert Merck, who writes in the class report, “You want to talk about the Negro problem? Okay, but not while we are drinking beer. Does anybody in the Class play the piano? How about some of those old songs: ‘Talk of the Town,’ ‘I Surrender, Dear?’”

As a group they cohere through memory, through loyalty to the school, but they're incapable of publishing a manifesto about the war like the graduating classes of so many colleges in 1968. They can't even reject the demands of the infuriated young that Harvard or Columbia or Stanford come out against the war. Universities don't have foreign policies. They're just there, and you attend them; you are consecrated with a baccalaureate by them, and if they invest their endowment in Mississippi Power & Light or South African mining stocks, the decision is done with regard to dividends and without regard to race.

AS ORIGINALLY planned, the first night of the reunion was to have the Harvard Band and Glee Club perform for the classmates, while at Eliot House a more modish group called the Walk on Water would do the same electronically for their

college-age children. Later that evening, the State Street Ramblers would blow Dixieland for the classmates at the Hasty Pudding Club, but the President had declared a national day of mourning for a murdered alumnus, Robert Kennedy. To the disgruntlement of many of the classmates, all the music and dancing had to be abolished, except the State Street Ramblers, who were allowed to proceed on the grounds that public mourning needn't cancel private merrymaking.

"I'll tell you something that I hadn't even realized myself till just now," a Jewish classmate said against the brassy note of the State Street Ramblers. "Tonight, twenty-five years later, is the first time I have ever been in the Hasty Pudding Club. I didn't know where it was. I had to ask somebody. That's how far out of it we were. But it's funny. I suppose I must have known about the Hasty Pudding, but I don't have any memory of resenting not being asked to join."

Another Jewish classmate, Sidney Koretsky, who is now a doctor thanks to his scholarship to Harvard, remembers, "I was a commuter student. I felt I didn't belong. In those days the Jewish students didn't talk about it or it was repressed because they didn't want people to know. Nowadays people are proud to talk about their backgrounds. You should read Myron Kaufmann's autobiography in the *Report*."

Kaufmann, a novelist (*Remember Me to God*), wrote,

The existence of a vigorous orthodox Jewish community on the Harvard campus was inconceivable in our time. About two years ago I walked in on a group of Harvard students on an ordinary sabbath eve. As soon as ten were present, a service began. There followed a kosher dinner until someone began the grace-after-meals. After that psalms were sung in the original tongue. . . . For the past few years Kosher TV dinners have been available in the House dining halls upon a surcharge of fifty cents . . . how impossible it was twenty-five years ago for all this to exist—how impossible it was to believe it ever could exist. We had not the skill, we had not the knowledge. We had not the will.

Andy Whiteside remembers Harvard very differently, but he was a clubman. "One didn't wear one's club tie when one sensed there might be non-club men present. One wore one's threadbare prep school blazer—that is, some people did. The people from the Midwest were known as greencoats because they wore great, green patterned tweeds, but it was said that by the time they left they'd learned to wear narrow lapels," Andy reminisced. He was a rare type among the classmates, a mixture of Waspish cynicism and a snobbish arrogance that he seemed to display less out of any conviction than to needle the people he kept referring to as "you liberals." He had spent a long time at

Harvard, enough to pick up an M.A., a Ph.D., and the knack of sustaining a witty, self-centered, on-going yatter:

"Oh, yes, we had our little Communist group then. One of my classmates once defined our brand of Stalinism as Jewish fascism. It's good for you liberals to hear things like that. But it has changed here. We had biddies to clean our rooms and janitors—we still called them janitors. In my day you apologized for good grades. We didn't have this awful earnestness of modern youth, and I don't think we were as ambitious. I'm sure every Princeton man spent his last ten minutes before going to sleep counting up his social advancement credits. At Harvard nobody had much ambition to distinguish himself. It was the war. I dropped everything at the end of 1941. You could get a letter any day calling you up. I did finish my honors thesis. It was crappy work, but they accepted it because I was going to get my head shot off . . . very different from now. I teach at Queens College [of the City University of New York] where they don't even protest. Oh, we've had our ritual sixteen demands. It didn't amount to anything."

Andy was a conservative with a sense of humor. Whenever the rest of the reunion crowd got too tiresome, you might be lucky and find Andy, who would entertain you with his unreasonable prejudices and his blithe way of dismissing and belittling the dangerous piling up of the centrifugal forces of change. "Hold the line and pay it no heed," he seemed to be saying, while many of the other classmates often used the word revolution in their conversation. The idea cropped up so much and so matter-of-factly that it was a while before you realized how strange it was for members of a master class, for millionaires and corporate officers, to speak of a revolution against themselves with so little emotion and so few signs of any determination to suppress it.

They seemed reconciled to complaining about the revolution, but not opposing it. Perhaps because of the shyness and hesitation that mark reunions after such long intervals as twenty or twenty-five years, they were imprecise and inarticulate about it. You had to divine their feelings. They rarely said enough to quote. Maybe their lack of pugnacity arose out of an intuition it would be their own children leading the revolution, or maybe they saw the shape of the counterrevolutionaries—Johnson, Humphrey, Nixon leading the blue-collar establishment in a tasteless, illiberal, *blanchiste* defense of the classmates' property rights—and they had no heart for it.

The next morning there were two memorial services, one for the classmates who had died and another for Senator Kennedy. This last was a

little much for somebody, who said, "Considering Bobby was neither a classmate nor a Republican I think they could have disposed of him by tucking him into a prayer. I've spent more time in church this morning than I have in ten years."

After the memorializing there were drinks and luncheon in the residential houses (dorms). Each classmate went back to the house where he had lived as an undergraduate. John Finley of Eliot House was the only master still presiding who had been there in the classmates' time. On Thursday Harvard would give him an honorary degree and let him retire, but on Monday he made a good-bye speech to his now middle-aged boys. They loved it, particularly his saying the people in SDS are "moral jocks."

Norman Mailer showed up at Dunster House to the surprise of everybody who thought the 25th would be beneath him, and he behaved himself to the disappointment of everybody, who hoped he'd do something outrageous. Nobody else in the class seemed able to.

The class of '43 wasn't running the course that way. They were subdued. "The central question is not what's happening to the world or where the country's going, but what's happening to our children," explained Paul Sheeline, senior vice president of Inter-Continental Hotels. He was having a preluncheon drink at Winthrop House, and there was nothing about this businessman to make you think of a guy running around under a paper hat blowing a kazoo. "Why are our children drifting away from us? That's the question that absorbs us."

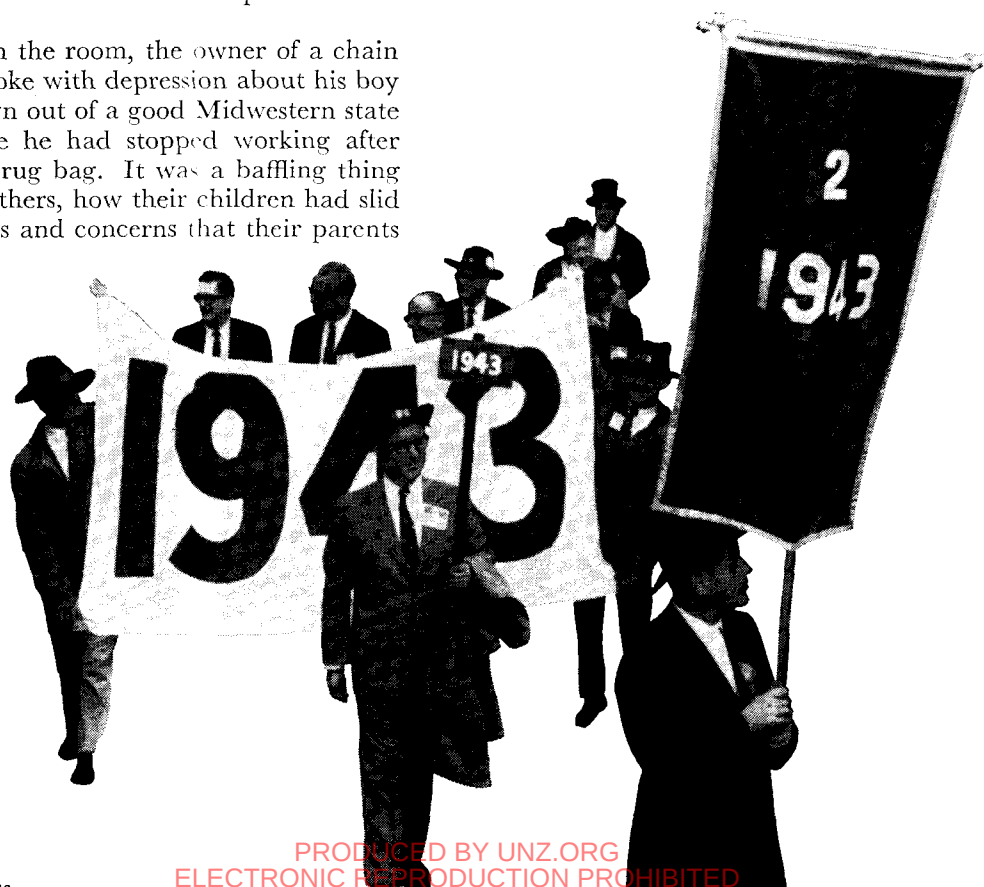
Another man in the room, the owner of a chain of retail stores, spoke with depression about his boy who'd been thrown out of a good Midwestern state university because he had stopped working after getting into the drug bag. It was a baffling thing for him and the others, how their children had slid away into passions and concerns that their parents

couldn't share. The parents had an air of suspicion about them, a mistrust of their children.

The class of '43 is part of the age group that marched back from the war to the suburbs. This was the do-it-yourself gang, the child-centered, family-oriented bunch who dominated the public awareness of the fifties. They may never have been as numerous as the people who built the shopping centers for them supposed, but for years the noise of the American night was them *en famille*, consuming barbecue and beer in their backyards. Before them, who'd really worried about crabgrass? They were the ones who turned away from the paramilitary Boy Scouts for the Little League, because the whole family could participate, and then read worrisome articles in the Sunday supplements accusing them of being overly competitive.

As a generation they have been accused of being apathetic and acquisitive, people who struck a devil's bargain with their government, by which, in return for full employment and a little domestic turf, they would occupy themselves with car payments and question neither the bomb-builders nor the bomb-droppers in the recurring anti-Communist wars. Plastic people is what many of their children call them, but of course the accusations aren't fair. The classmates grew up in the narrow, insecure decade of the Great Depression.

The pulling away of the fat, upper-middle-class margin marred these men for grand hopes and wide endeavors. Childhood and youth were lessons in



scheming in how to get it back or keep it. The war taught them how a small rock can provide a man with enough protection to live. It was not a beginning to encourage taking long-odds risks. "I am very cautious, and today we're becoming more unsure," Carlton Burr, a classmate who runs a small boat business on Cape Cod, remarked during the preluncheon talk in Winthrop lounge. "I've always felt that what's wrong with the world is that people don't care about their families."

THE Chief Marshal of the 25th Reunion Class lived at Winthrop as an undergraduate, so he was in the lounge too. The Chief Marshal is elected by his classmates; on Commencement Day he gets to wear a top hat and carry a gold-tipped baton while leading the returning alumni in *both* the morning and afternoon procession. This year's marshal, John Richardson, Jr., fit the feeling the classmates as a group conveyed — good prep school (Noble & Greenough), varsity oarsman, diploma cum laude, good war record (parachute drop behind German lines), Harvard Law, a job in John Foster Dulles' law firm, worked for Eisenhower against Taft, the head of Radio Free Europe (1961–1968), and a member of the Council on Foreign Relations and the Mount Vernon NAACP.

In the class report there are two pictures of him, one contemporary, one taken in 1943. He had more hair then, but he's kept his playing weight. His conversation comes in words spoken with a high order of cuteness, sometimes called discretion; he represents the responsibility — cold war abroad but no witch-hunting at home, Eisenhower taken over Taft, the corporate amalgam, team play against the dying virtuosity of Taft's last-century liberal mania. "We were all thrown into a war that was relatively easy for us to participate in; we didn't have the doubts and hesitations that some of this generation does," he said, nonvindictive, cautious, for fair play, free speech, and let's not judge too precipitously.

If the room hadn't been filled with Harvard men and their wives and mothers, it might have gotten rude; it almost did anyway. Harvard had supplied two graduating seniors to talk to the classmates, and in their polite way they shoved it up old E.D.P. Kilroy III.

The classmate chairing the meeting introduced the first speaker, Winthrop House's new master, "Dr. Dana Farnsworth, who will give us some advice on sex education and the handling of these matters." The master of Winthrop House is a psychiatrist and a member of a panel of distinguished outside academics invited in to investigate the insurrection at Columbia last spring. He

wasn't going to save anybody's virgin daughters and simply said, "Most of the people you deplore are your own kids. We here at Harvard appreciate your concern, but it's very difficult for us to do for 4600 boys what two parents can't do for one." He smiled as he talked, giving them lots of strokes while he tried to translate where the class of '68's head was at in words that '43 could understand. They were following along contentedly, but time gave out. He had to give up the floor to Dan McGraw, '68, president of the undergraduate council and a member of the swimming team.

"In the 1950s we saw Negroes being beaten and kicked on TV," he said, and he didn't have to ask, "What did you do about it? Join the Mount Vernon NAACP?" He did say to answers they would have made, "That wasn't the violence of Bonnie and Clyde, nor was the story of tragic assassination of Medgar Evers, President Kennedy, Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, and now this last one."

They weren't used to hearing Malcolm's name in the litany of political murders. He continued, pushing where they were least likely to feel sympathy: "Confrontation does seem to bring results . . . riots work . . . the alumni are mainly interested in (1) the political views of the faculty and (2) the sexual behavior of the students, but I'd like some of you to have some effect on the social injustices that are occurring in the United States."

The young man sat down to no applause as the chairman said, "I think half a dozen guys here would like to take you aside and talk to you." Then he introduced the next student, a young man of '68, who told them, "I'm a little right of center here at Harvard. I'm a liberal working, as the cliché goes, inside the system."

He explained what a liberal at Harvard is: "I'm opposed to LSD, but nobody has demonstrated that marijuana is harmful; I believe that Harvard should come out against the war; if drafted I would not fight, but I don't think I'd go to Canada . . . you feel threatened because you are losing your power, not that I'm suggesting that you will end up in camps for people without power."

"Well, well," the chairman said, glancing at the two properly dressed young men who looked orthodox enough. "We all have a lot to learn, but I want to thank you for your forthrightness. It's a shame there's nobody to defend our lousy generation."

Before the floor was thrown open to everybody, another classmate was asked to talk, Henry Heyburn, a lawyer from Louisville, Kentucky, who in the last twenty-five years has been the kind of model person a good college strives to graduate. It takes three inches of agate type in the *Report* to

list all the offices Henry has held: three terms as a Republican representative in the state legislature, chancellor of the Episcopal Diocese of Kentucky, vice president of the Community Chest, member of the board of regents of Kentucky State College and the Overseers Visiting Committee of the Harvard Divinity School. Yet he had to struggle to get anything out of his mouth that made any sense. "Not long ago," he said, "when we were at Harvard, when there was a debate on the radio it was at least twenty-four hours before the next speaker commented on it, but now with the television the commentators are out commenting on it right away and that may explain something. . . . We have a tremendous commitment to liberty in Vietnam. I even resent I'll have to pay taxes for these young fellows' upkeep in jail."

Al Casey, the president of the Los Angeles Times-Mirror Company, was disturbed by what he'd heard. The class of '43 was just as involved in politics, he argued, but it recognized a debt to the community that had nurtured it and paid that debt by accepting the will of the majority. "I accept the debt," one of the students answered him. "I accept it up to a point, but after that point, if there is a conflict between my will and the majority, I will not shoot someone to pay back what I owe the community. And in some cases in modern society the majority will is irrelevant. Is it the majority will that people in the ghetto pay higher prices for food than you do?"

Casey didn't respond. The student had moved the discussion into a perspective the classmates felt uncomfortable about, one that sees formal representative government as resting on a huge interlocking of small minority interests which very crudely conform to the will of a large, hypothetical, distant, and disinterested majority. As a system it works well enough for Stuyvie, although even he grumbles, but for the poor, the blacks, the people the two graduating students are concerned with, it mostly fails.

For the classmates of 1943 the system has imperfections, burrs on the welding of the social structure which can be ground down by orderly workmen, but that is not how their adversaries in Winthrop lounge look at things, and that is probably why Paul Sheeline, the hotel company vice president, got up and asked his accusatory questions. "I'd like to ask these students what led to the imprisonment at Harvard University of a recruiter from Dow Chemical. I'd also like to ask him about the burning of faculty research papers such as happened at Columbia University. How do you justify that?"

"I, too, feel horrified at burning a man's life-work," one of the students answered, "but the demonstration against Dow—it has to be compared to what you're protesting against. When a

lot of people here at Harvard compared holding a man for seven hours against the travesties and crimes of Vietnam, the differences in the two acts were quite clear. At Columbia, the people there felt there was no other way to get things done."

It was not a particularly persuasive argument to use on this group of classmates. Their experience has generally been getting the things done they wanted done; even more than that, many of the men in the room appeared to have had existences in which they never yearned to see things done, to see great changes made. Their fundamental social wishes had been anticipated; life had taught them to be oblivious, uncritical, imperceptive. Louis Cabot seemed to exemplify this attitude: Cabot, it was said by the other classmates, is gigantically wealthy, the richest man in the class. They also said he is a lot less stuffy than in his undergraduate days, but he was still having difficulty putting himself in the other man's position:

"I'd like to bring up this great concern for social injustice as if we'd never had it," he said. "We made a lot of things happen in our time, more things than have happened in any time short of revolution. Look at universal education, look at the redistribution of wealth, but you do have to have law and order. One reason we may have a bad image is the sort of insincerity with which we spew out garbage in the advertising world. Even so, you should stop and think, what if our fathers and mothers had allowed us all this self-examination and analysis you have today? I doubt we could have won World War II."

"I hope to God you were as analytical about Pearl Harbor as we are about Vietnam," one of the students answered him, but Cabot let the matter drop.

Yet the classmates aren't all or mostly multi-millionaires congratulating themselves on presiding over near revolutionary redistribution of wealth. One of the men in the room, at least, wished to make clear that he found being lumped with Lou Cabot and Al Casey uncomfortable. "I'm concerned that you homogenize all of us and fail to realize that some of us are on your side," said Dr. Herbert Weiner, a professor of psychiatry at Albert Einstein College of Medicine. "I suppose my concern is a twinge of resentment that you should think we didn't have the same ideals or that we are scared of you and what you believe."

He spoke in a careful way, inviting somebody to take up the idea of common interests, but nobody did and the time for the next planned activity was approaching. People left Winthrop almost depressed. The young ones had told them the familial bond of love wasn't enough for satisfactory human relationships. There would have to be power, too, and that seemed terribly saddening to some of the

older people, who wanted to give their children everything, their money, their power, their automobiles, and their crabgrass-less lawns — only with love, with the family closeness which is so much the mark of the generation of '43.

THE next two days were a nostalgic, introspective decline. The men were morbid, talking about their waistlines. Every inch is an inch closer to death, not that they ever mention it outright. Some people when they get older have interludes of satisfaction that are a mixture of fatigue and contentment, insights into how it could be that they might welcome old age and death, but these men show no signs of it. They act as if they have to be imperishable. Their women are more relaxed, more casual about the challenges and contests. "This is our last fling," said Nancy Putnam, in the lobby of the Copley (now the Sheraton Plaza), where the classmates and their older children were having a dinner dance. (Count Basie for the classmates, The Walk on Water for the kids.) "Five years from now we'll be in the repair era. Oh, you could write a novel about us here tonight . . . just us women seeing the girls we came out with and wondering if we can still compete."

It rained so hard on Commencement Day they had to take the most prideful pageant of American academic life inside. There was no room, so the classmates had to watch the Shah of Iran get his honorary degree on television. "Imagine, rain on a Harvard Commencement," said one of the hired serving ladies under the tent in Straus Quadrangle,

where the classmates were given their last and best feeding and boozing. "It's this modern religion."

It cleared up for the Commencement "spread" and afternoon speechmaking. Most everyone was beat; some, like Ben Bradlee, had left in a discouraged mood, but Andy Whiteside seemed to have been carried up to new levels of bonhomie. He pinned up the front of his E.D.P. Kilroy hat so he looked like a roughrider.

"Youth! *Agito ergo sum!* That's what they believe. Activist youth, short-sleeved shirts, open collars and closed minds; hobnailed boots and we shall overcome. All over the world it's the same, the same exhilaration of riding the wave of the future. 'These nineteen-year-olds need a good reaming.'"

A classmate in advertising came up and complained that a nephew with long hair had moved into his basement and "told my children I was a fool to get up and go to work at six o'clock in the morning."

The classmates and all the other classes lined up to march to the speechmaking. The fifty-year class was there. War cost them their commencement and their 25th. There was a banner at the very beginning of the line that said 1882, but that seemed impossible. The processions proceeded; a Saltonstall gave a speech praising the war on poverty; the Shah in dark glasses, looking like a roué from the Côte d'Azur, began his speech. A small group of students came down the center aisle to protest, but the Chief Marshal and his aides in top hats and striped pants had at them with their gold-tipped batons.

The best of the ordinary people sat in their chairs and seemed not to be aware.

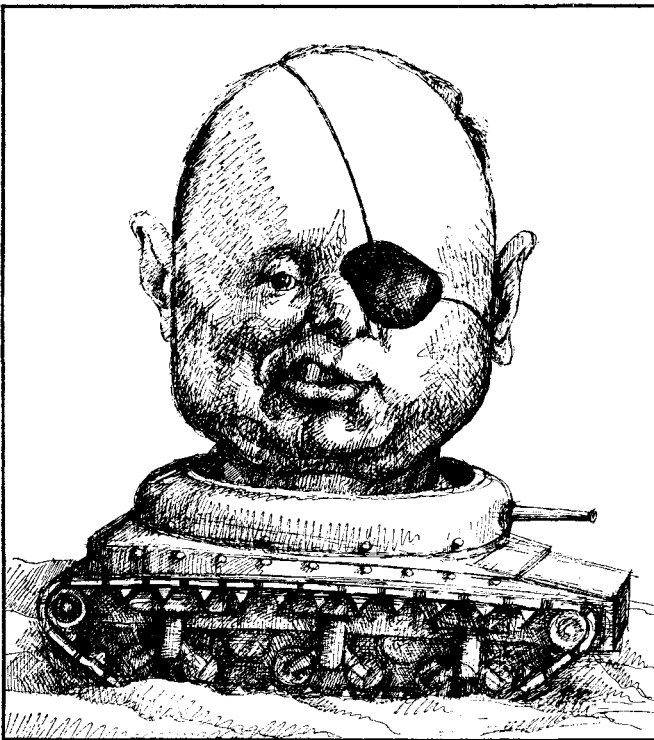
FROM AN IMAGINED LIFE

BY GREY RUTHVEN

Each time the tide comes in I'll marry you
again, Sorrowful. Wait till the moon lies down,
Sorrowful. We laugh ourselves to sleep
with a pint of applejack. Tomorrow morning

what if the ocean has withdrawn forever
and the sea serpents come tumbling round the house
for care and cookies? Come close to me.
Turn over then. Treat the poor monsters kindly.

SOREL'S UNFAMILIAR QUOTATIONS



I was only following marauders.



Truth is booty. Booty is truth.



Every clod has a silver lining.



To hare is human.

For identification see page 148.

THE INTRUDER

by Jorge Luis Borges

THEY say (improbably enough) that the story was told by Eduardo, the younger of the Nelsons, at the wake for Cristián, the elder, who died of natural causes around 1890 in the district of Morón. What is certain is that someone heard it from someone else in the course of that long and lost night, amidst numerous *matés*, and repeated it to Santiago Dabove, from whom I heard it. Years later it was told to me again in Turdera, where it had taken place. The second version, somewhat more lengthy, generally substantiated Santiago's, with the slight variations and divergences which are to be expected. I am writing it down now because in it, if I am not mistaken, one may discern a brief and tragic mirror of the nature of the *orilleros* of former times. I shall do this with all honesty, but I already foresee that I shall give in to the literary temptation of stressing or inserting some detail or other.

In Turdera they called them the Nilsens. The parish priest told me that his predecessor, not without some surprise, recalled having seen in the house of these people a worn Bible, bound in black and with Gothic characters; on the pages at the back he glimpsed handwritten names and dates. It was the only book in the house. The meandering chronicle of the Nilsens, lost as everything will be lost. The large house, which no longer stands, was built of unplastered brick; from the entryway could be seen one patio with reddish floor tiles and another of dirt. Few persons, moreover, gained entry there; the Nilsens protected their solitude. In the meagerly furnished rooms they slept on cots; their luxuries were horses, fine riding gear, the short-bladed knife, the ostentatious pomp of Saturday nights, and quarrelsome drink. I know they were tall, with red hair. Denmark or Ireland, which they had perhaps never heard of, flowed in the blood of those two *criollos*. The neighborhood feared the Redheads; it is not unlikely that each had killed his man. Once, shoulder to shoulder, they fought the police. It is said that the younger one had a run-in with Juan Iberra in which he did not come out second, a feat which, according to informed opinion, is of no mean consequence. They were herders, mounted road patrollers, cattle thieves, and on occasion, gamblers. They had a reputation for being tightfisted, except when drink-

ing and gambling made them generous. No one knows anything about their family, not even where they came from. They owned a cart and a yoke of oxen.

Physically they were different from the half-breeds who gave the Costa Brava its fierce nickname. This, plus other things we are not aware of, helps in understanding how close they were to one another. Cross one of them, and you ended up with two enemies.

The Nilsens were fond of women, but their amorous episodes up until that time had occurred in entryways and brothels. For that reason, there was no end to speculations when Cristián brought Juliana Burgos home with him. It was quite true that in this way he gained a servant, but it is no less true that he lavished on her gaudy trinkets and showed her off at parties—at the shabby tenement-house parties where several of the more daring dance steps were forbidden and where the dancing partners still had to keep a certain amount of daylight between themselves. Juliana was dark-skinned and wide-eyed; one need only look at her, and she would smile back. For a poor part of town where work and neglect took their toll on the women, she was not bad-looking.

Eduardo used to go out with them at first. Then he set off on some sort of business trip to Arrecifes; on his return he brought with him a girl he had picked up on the road, and after a few days he threw her out. He turned more sullen; he got drunk alone at the store and had not a word for anyone. He was in love with Cristián's woman. The neighborhood, which perhaps knew this before he did, foresaw with perfidious joy the latent rivalry of the brothers.

One night, returning from the corner store, Eduardo saw Cristián's dark horse tied to the hitching post. In the patio the older brother was waiting for him, dressed in his best clothes. The woman was coming and going with the *maté* in her hand. Cristián said to Eduardo: "I'm going to a brawl at the Farías' place. Here's Juliana; if you want her, use her."

His tone was half-bossy, half-cordial. Eduardo stood looking at him for a moment; he didn't know what to do. Cristián got up, said good-bye to Eduardo, not to Juliana, who was a thing, mounted

his horse, and went off at a trot, unhurriedly.

From that night on they shared her. No one will know the details of that sordid union, which outraged the decency of the slums. The arrangement went on for a few weeks, but it could not last. In each other's presence the brothers did not utter Juliana's name, not even to call her, and they sought out and found reasons for being at odds. They argued over the sale of some hides, but what they were arguing about was something else. Cristián would raise his voice, and Eduardo would remain silent. Without realizing it, they were watching each other closely. In the rough suburbs a man didn't say, nor would he admit to himself, that a woman could matter to him, beyond lust and possession, but the two of them were in love with her. This, in some way, humiliated them.

One afternoon, in the square in Lomas, Eduardo ran into Juan Iberra, who congratulated him for the beauty he had latched onto. It was then, I think, that Eduardo insulted him. No one, in his presence, was going to make a joke at Cristián's expense.

The woman waited on them with an animal-like submission, but she could not hide a certain preference, doubtless for the younger brother, who had not refused the sharing of her but who had not proposed it.

One day they ordered Juliana to bring two chairs out to the first patio and then go off because they had something to discuss. She expected a long talk and lay down to have a nap, but soon they wakened her. They had her fill a bag with everything she owned, including the glass rosary and the little cross her mother had left her. Without a word of explanation they set off on a silent and tedious journey. It had rained; the roads were very bad, and it must have been eleven o'clock at night when they arrived in Morón. There they sold her to the proprietress of the brothel. The deal had already been arranged; Cristián collected the sum and then divided it with his brother.

In Turdera the Nilsens, caught up until then in the entanglement (which was also a routine) of that monstrous love, tried to resume their former life of men among men. They went back to card-playing, to the cockpit, to the casual spreeds. Perhaps at some moment they thought they had freed themselves, but they fell into the habit, each one

by himself, of unjustified or only too justified absences. Shortly before the end of the year, the younger brother said he had some business in Buenos Aires. Cristián went to Morón; at the hitching post outside the house that we know he recognized Eduardo's horse. He went in; the other brother was inside, waiting his turn. It appears that Cristián said to him: "If we keep this up, we'll wear out the horses. It would be better if we kept her near at hand."

He spoke to the proprietress, removed some coins from his money belt, and they took her away. Juliana went with Cristián; Eduardo spurred on his horse so as not to see them.

They went back to what has been already described. The infamous solution had failed; they both had given in to the temptation to deceive. Cain was lurking about here, but the affection



This new story and three poems represent the second ATLANTIC appearance of the Argentinian master whose illumination of some of the mysteries of language and of the human spirit places him in the top rank of writers today.

between the Nilsens was very great — who knows what trials and perils they had shared! — and they preferred to give vent to their exasperation elsewhere. With a stranger, with the dogs, with Juliana, who had started the trouble.

The month of March had nearly ended, and the heat was unrelenting. One Sunday (on Sundays people customarily went to bed early) Eduardo on returning from the store saw Cristián yoking the oxen. Cristián said to him: “Come on; we have to drop some hides off at Pardo’s. I’ve got them loaded already; let’s get going while it’s still cool.”

Pardo’s store was located, I think, further to the

south; they went by way of the Camino de la Tropa; then they turned down a side road. The plain was growing larger with the night.

They came alongside a field grown over with tall grass. Cristián threw down the cigarette he had lit, and said unhurriedly: “Let’s get to work, brother. The buzzards will help us out later on. I killed her today. Let her stay here with her belongings, she won’t do anyone any more harm.”

They embraced, almost weeping. Now they were bound by one more link: the sadly sacrificed woman and the obligation to forget her.

Translated by Donald A. Yates

THREE POEMS

COMPASS

All things are words of some strange tongue, in thrall
To Someone, Something, who both day and night
Proceeds in endless gibberish to write
The history of the world. In that dark scrawl

Rome is set down, and Carthage, I, you, all,
And this my being, which escapes me quite,
My anguished life that’s cryptic, recondite,
And garbled as the tongues of Babel’s fall.

Beyond the name there lies what has no name;
Today I have felt its shadow stir the aim
Of this blue needle, light and keen, whose sweep

Homes to the utmost of the sea its love,
Suggestive of a watch in dreams, or of
Some bird, perhaps, who shifts a bit in sleep.

Translated by Richard Wilbur

EMPTY DRAWING ROOM

Amid the brocade’s dimness
the mahogany suite continues
its everlasting conversation.
The daguerrotypes tell their lie:
a false nearness
of old age cloistered in a mirror,
and when we look hard they elude us
like pointless dates
of murky anniversaries.
With a blurred gesture
their anxious almost-voice
runs after our souls
more than half a century late
and there it’s scarcely reached
the first mornings of our childhood.
Actuality, ceaseless,
ruddy and beyond doubt,
celebrates in the street’s traffic
its unassailable abundance
of present apotheosis,
while the light
slices through the windowpanes
and humbles the senile armchairs
and corners and strangles
the shriveled voice
of these ancestors.

Translated by W. S. Merwin

*A SAXON
(A.D. 449)*

By now it had gone down, the sickle moon;
Slowly in the dawn the man, blond and blunt,
Trode with a tentative bare foot
The fine and shifting sand grains of the dune.

Far off, beyond the pallor of the bay,
His eye took in blank lowlands and dark hills
In that first waking moment of the day
When God has not yet brought to light the colors.

He was dogged. His survival counted on
His oars and nets, his plough, his sword, his shield;
The hand that was hard in battle still was able
To carve with iron point a stubborn rune.

He came from a land of tidal swamp and marsh
To one eroded by relentless seas;
Destiny towered above him like the arch
Of the day, and over his household deities,

Woden or Thunor, whom with clumsy hand
He garlanded with rags and iron nails,
And on whose altar offered up, indifferent,
His animals — horses, dogs, fowls — and slaves.

To give a voice to memories or hymns
He coined laborious names and metaphors;
War was a coming face to face of men,
A crossing of swords, a colloquy of spears.

His world was one of wonders on the seas,
Of kings and wolves and an impervious Fate
Which grants no pardon, and of fearful spells
Lurking in the black heart of the pine wood.

He brought with him the elemental words
Of a language that in time would flower
In Shakespeare's harmonies: night, day,
Water, fire, words for metals and colors,

Hunger, thirst, bitterness, sleep, fighting,
Death, and other grave concerns of men;
On broad meadows and in tangled woodland
The sons he bore brought England into being.

Translated by Alastair Reid

BOBBY K. HAYES OF CALICO ROCK, ARK.

HE was two politicians down the hand-shaking line from J. William Fulbright of Fayetteville: Bobby K. Hayes of Calico Rock. It was June 1, 1968, three nights before Bobby Kennedy was shot. He had not been at the head table at the party dinner, but Fulbright had. He had not been asked to speak, because Fulbright would have been embarrassed. But he was down on the Benton County Fairground, Bentonville, Arkansas, and he was running against Fulbright for the Senate. The senator, home from Washington in a careful gray suit, would scarcely acknowledge he was there.

In a field of four, Fulbright was far in front, and Bobby K. — behind Justice Jim Johnson, the George Wallace man, and Foster Johnson, the retired encyclopedia salesman — was considered the last man in the pack. He had buttoned all three buttons of his powder-blue jacket, a black comb peeked out of his breast pocket, and his pants cuffs collapsed around his ankles. The senator's Philadelphia wife, Betty, was with him. Bobby K.'s Lorene, and the two kids, and Earletta, the girl who lived with them like a daughter, were far away, seeing the sights in Texas.

He lunged for people's hands, and squeezed hard, like an Indian wrestler. "How do you do," he said. "I want you to remember me: Bobby K. Hayes, candidate for the U.S. Senate." He had an Ozarks accent with odd peaks and valleys and curves. "Remember me." It was less an entreaty than a statement of fact.

"I'll get you something from the car." He excused himself and ran to the parking lot, head down and knees high, pumping his elbows. It was a 1967 Mustang Fastback, deep navy blue, with two big loudspeakers on the roof, pointed outward so the people could hear. And on the doors were words for the people to see: "Bobby K. Hayes Candidate for U.S. Senate."

His platform was mimeographed. He would bust up the big corporations and break up the plantations and redistribute the land; he would bring the boys home from Vietnam and find everyone jobs and fight for equal justice; he would stop all this foreign aid until we could build some bridges here at home, and pay at least \$2.50 an hour, and provide Medicare for everyone, old and young. And he would restore prayer to public schools.

The platform had a familiar ring. It was William Jennings Bryan updated, the Populist half of Huey P. Long. He had outlasted the New Deal and the

Fair Deal, the New Frontier and the Great Society, and he was still there. People said he had gotten rich.

"He's off his nut," one of the people said. Bobby K. Hayes was thirty-seven, a self-made-Ozarks-hillbilly-millionaire-with-hardwood-flooring-plants-all-over-the-map. He met payrolls and worked a few hundred hicks. "It don't make sense."

"I'm running for civil rights," he said as we stood by his car. "Fulbright never voted for a civil rights bill in his life. Fulbright is with the corporations. I'm hitting him on the issues." He doubled his fist. "He's anti-labor, and he voted against Medicare, and he's giving this money away. And there's this Vietnam stand: you take now, he just says stop the bombing — and you see what the headlines say today, our boys are still dying; and you can buy an M-16 rifle on the streets of Saigon for only eighty dollars."

Five days later, Bobby Kennedy was dead, and Bobby K. was home in Calico Rock.

CALICO ROCK

There were hills like worn knuckles, and mottled bluffs, a railroad track and a bridge and the White River, rushing and cold. There was Main Street, with its old building of sturdy native stone, and a flooring plant where white smoke rose; they stoked the boiler with sawdust. There were homes for 773 white people — the Indians had died off long ago, and the town was too poor for Negroes. It was an odd corner of the mountain South, far from the nation's heart. Bobby K. was in his office, once a funeral parlor. He seemed both older and younger.

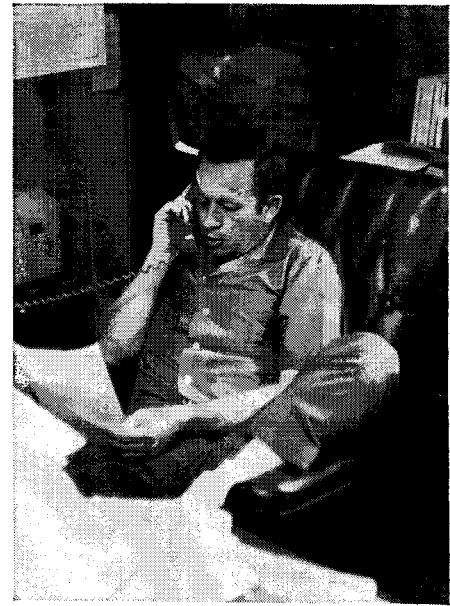
BOBBY K.

He waved while he talked on the phone; 2:10 P.M. Over his inner office was a sign: "Employees Only. No loafing or visiting. Bobby K. Hayes." Under a glass counter in the outer office were snapshots of him on a hunt, and there were antlered heads on the wall. There were ad layouts: "Now through the ideas of men comes the elegant new concept of Parquet Flooring by Hayes Bros." There was a notice from the federal government: "Equal Employment Opportunity is the Law. Discrimination is Prohibited." It was a small stone building, not unlike those in country towns like Johnson City, Texas. It didn't look like a mortuary.

A 24-Hour Biography

by Philip D. Carter

Though he went into Arkansas to write about a political campaign for a seat in the U.S. Senate, Philip D. Carter found himself fascinated by a way of life in "an odd corner of the mountain South, far from the nation's heart." Mr. Carter comes from Greenville, Mississippi, and recently left NEWSWEEK's Washington bureau to write a book about politics in the South.



He hung up. "That's my brother, J.W. He died in an airplane crash." He pointed at a tinted family photograph framed on the paneled wall.

"What did you think about Bobby Kennedy?" he asked, changing the subject. "I said don't be surprised if they kill him. It really took the pep out of me when it happened, though. You know, my name is Bobby too. I said after Oregon, I said just wait till after Tuesday. I know. I had a close call after I got in this race. A switchblade knife."

We got into the Mustang. "I'm thirty-seven, and I'm come from nothing. I was a twenty-dollar-a-week truck driver once." We drove through Calico Rock. "Look at this. This is where to live. Have you ever been to Los Angeles? They've got every ism and chism in the world. Bobby should've been more careful.

"I lived in California for two years, in and out of there. California is worse than New York City. You go to Stockton, and you see seven hundred or eight hundred in the park--drinking, sleeping on the ground. They've got no place to go. They've give up. I had a Negro foreman on a job out there once. It was a potato-picking job. I liked him; it was picking potatoes I didn't like. That's the only job I walked off from." He was proud of it.

"I'll tell you how I got into this situation. I said, 'Mother, I've been thinking a lot. I just had to get into this.' I went down there twice to file before I did it. I went to bed at night and got up in the morning just thinking about it. I just had to do it."

On the way to see his lumberyard, we passed a car with Illinois plates going up a hill, and the other car honked. Bobby K. waved and pulled over to

the shoulder, and the Illinois car drew alongside. "You're getting fat now, ain't you," Bobby K. yelled. He and the other driver bantered. "Bobby, I didn't know it was you till you passed with your name on the car." The couple in the other car used to work in Calico. They pulled away, and Bobby waved good-bye; he knew a lot of people.

"My daddy used to haul fence posts up in Missouri, haul them up to Iowa and Illinois and sell 'em to farmers. He was gone a lot." We drove into his lumberyard, down a dusty gravel road. The yard supplied his local flooring plant. "I tell you what I think. If the gap between the rich and the poor is not bridged, we'll have revolution. We've just got to."

Bobby K. showed off his flooring plant next. In one shed, he jumped in to help out, to show how it's done. He said, "Every piece we make has our name on it." The name was "Floor-Lock Brand Calico Rock, Ark. Made in U.S.A. Hayes Bros. Flooring Company Inc." There were signs: "Danger. Do Not Watch the Arc." And there were conveyor belts and exposed gears and flying splinters and invisibly whirling saws. Some men had fingers missing. Bobby K. pointed, sighting along his finger like the barrel of a crooked gun. "There are one hundred and twenty men and women at work," he said. "That's a lot of mouths for a little guy to feed."

HOME

We drove to his house; modern ranch style with carpets on carpets. "It's used," he said. "But

nobody ever lived in it before we moved in. We were in it a year before we could get the final papers on it. It was part of an estate, and they had about twelve lawyers on it, just showing how smart they were."

One bedroom was barren; they had not made up their minds how to furnish in case of important guests. In the living room, there was a towel draped on Bobby K.'s reclining chair to keep it clean, and a small red rocker, child's size, sat before the picture window. Stone bluffs rose like a wall across the White. Out the back window was an old log smokehouse with a tractor and mower in the attached shed. "I bought that tractor to play with, and the new worn off it, and I didn't have time to fool with it myself."

He was restless. He took out some old family pictures, and pored over them on the couch. "That's my older brother who got killed in the plane accident, J.W.," he said. "That's my daddy and me on the running board of Daddy's first truck — a '36 Ford with a grain bed." His dad wore overalls and a black trucker's cap. "T. Hayes Gainesville, Mo," read the sign on the door of the truck.

"In '31 or '32 when he went to get that job, he had a nickel in his pocket. That was back in Prohibition, when he was doing something he ought not to have been — but he quit that job where he was making fifty dollars a week and went to driving and cutting stove bolts for fifty cents a day.

"He had been moonshining in Fort Smith, hauling and delivering it. It just shows what a man will do, but my momma, she said, 'Yessir, I'm going home,' and he quit it."

He showed pictures from army days in Germany. "I was in a motor pool there, a corporal. You know who made those pictures there? I did myself. I made them and developed them myself." Most found him staring into the camera, arms akimbo, legs parted and planted, as though against a threatened attack. "It's a hobby."

There was also his marriage license; he had married Lorene Bean in 1951 in an Assembly of God church in Harrison, Arkansas. "In Bakersville, up in Ozark County, Missouri, we lived on the same forty acres," he said. "Dad had thirty-nine, and her dad had one off of it, and that's where I got her. I was married eleven months and they drafted me. I know how to sympathize with a young man when he gets married and goes off to war."

He thought he was going to Korea, but he went to Germany instead. "We was integrated then, Negroes and whites. When it came time to ship out, they sent all the Negro boys to Korea and all the white boys to Germany, and that's when I knew that something was wrong, that somebody was doing it that way."

He sat on his couch and reflected. "I slept in the same room with 'em, ate together, showered together. That's when I learned to judge a man on his merits and not on the color of his skin. And that's when I learned leadership. I couldn't have run my businesses without it." The color TV was on in the corner, the sound was off, and the picture looked like a snowstorm. The program was about Kennedy.

He turned it off and pointed to a shortwave receiver in a corner. "Have you ever listened to one of these? I can pick up Hanoi, and I think a lot of it is true. I can pick up Johannesburg, Moscow, London, Ecuador. I listen to it a lot at night late. I don't pick up till about two o'clock at night. My mind functions better late at night, and I read a lot: trade magazines, *U.S. News*, *Time*, *Life*, *Post*, *Wall Street Journal*, the *Gazette*, the *Democrat*, the *National Review* — I try to read both sides, digest all that. I actually read about twenty hours a week; I've always been a reader and a dreamer.

JACK

Then we left the house. In the car: "You know, I've been to Susanville, California, to an auction one time, and on the way back I landed at Salt Lake. Jack Kennedy was there at the airport to dedicate a dam — you know, he pushed a button — and I took my suitcase over there where he was at, and took off my coat and put it in there. I listened at him and seen how he . . . well, he reminded me a lot of my older brother. And I said, you may not agree with him, but you have to admire him. His hair was sunburned and bushy, you could tell he'd been outside a lot. And he got right down on the ground and reached people. But I said Jack could never live his term out." He paused. "I could have had a submachine gun in my suitcase, and nobody would have known it. Three weeks later he was dead."

THE PEOPLE

A pickup came toward us from town and stopped, and one of the men waved and shouted as Bobby stopped: "We can't send you off nowhere there's traffic because you'll end up killing somebody. You going to be at the ball game tonight?" Bobby K. said he hoped he could; he'd played second base, but dropped games for politics.

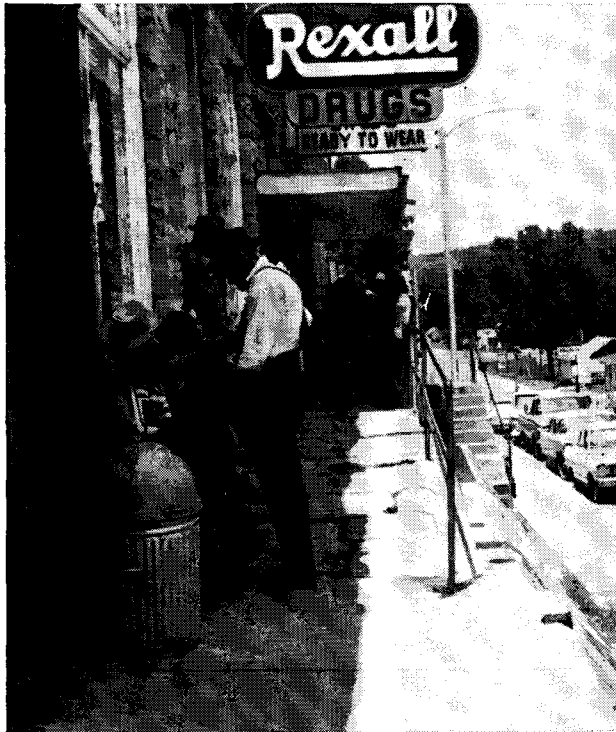
Bobby showed off the Webb Store, Calico's new grocery. "Here's what bothers me," he said. "Can you make a toothpaste and compete on the market? Can you make a hair spray? It would cost millions of dollars. Can you make flashlight batteries? You can't compete with these name brands." He got hot about it, then he collected himself. "But I can

make oak flooring and send it anywhere in the United States," he said, and winked.

"Here's Harold. Harold, tell him about your ticker. He was a carpenter until his old ticker went bad on him. Here's a good example of why I'm for Medicare."

Harold talked about his ticker. "I draw a VA disability, which makes it all right, but a lot of guys didn't pay it in."

It was 5:20 P.M. We moved on. Bobby K.'s shirt was wide open at the neck, his tie hung halfway down his chest, and black hair poked out from



under his shirt. "See her? She lost her husband. When I went up to see him in the hospital, I said, 'He'll never come home again.'"

We got back in the car and drove past the high school. "Well, look here. You've heard Mr. Fulbright talk about education, haven't you? Well, we don't have a band. And if they want to walk from one building to another, they have to walk in the rain. They built this part last year, but there's no heat or air conditioning."

We stopped at a house. "I want you to meet a woman whose husband worked for me." We stood on a bare front porch overlooking the highway. "Tell him about my stand on Medicare."

"Well, you was a lot of help for my husband." She lived on sixty dollars a month from Social Security.

"Now, this is what we've got here in America. Now, how do you expect a widow — what's your rent here?"

Photographs by Tom Davenport.

"Seventeen a month. I just stay weak all the time. I can't hold up." She had a wrinkled, puzzled face, and wore a dirty striped dress. "He was like myself, no education, and he couldn't get nothing but hard work, hard labor." She kept a neat yard, with a dead Chinese elm in the middle of it. She didn't know what had killed it.

We got back in the car and drove up Route Nine. He swerved, and pointed to another porch. "Now, this ole guy's got asthma. And then we give foreign aid."

We stopped at the clinic, a low modern building with several cars and pickups parked in the patient's area. A man named Herschel sat on the wall under the sycamore out front, and spat from time to time, waiting for his wife. "Tell him what happened to you, Herschel. Herschel got hold of a — what was it Herschel? About-a-hundred-thousand-volt high-power line, and it got him." Herschel showed the stigmata, red scars. "It got you, didn't it, Herschel."

"It did. They say it knocked the tacks from my boots into my feet."

Herschel had bad teeth. He told about family troubles. "My heart's turned hard, good hard," he said. "I couldn't have took what I did. It's a fulfilling of the Bible. The last days, brother against brother."

"Tell about the hospital."

"There was a nigger preacher up there with me, holding my hand. He was good to me. He stayed right by my side. I got out. But my wife's nerves went bad. Now she comes to the doctor for her shots, comes once a week. It cost ten dollars the last time we came down here and she got aggravated and we went down to Batesville and it just cost two. She gets aggravated with these doctors."

"I just don't think a doctor has a license to steal," Bobby said, "just because he has a license. This is America."

We headed back for his office. He showed a picture of himself in Alaska with a dead caribou, and an editorial from the *Pine Bluff Commercial* that described him as a latter-day Populist in the Bryan mold. It chided him for supporting Arkansas's "monkey law" prohibiting the teaching of evolution. "They taught me evolution," he said, "but it didn't affect me because I had a good God-fearing mother who brought me up right. That was in Missouri. I believe the deterrent that keeps people from crime more than any other is the belief in a hereafter."

The editorial also warned that many Populists of the past were anti-Semitic. "One of my best friends is one of the biggest builders in this country. He is a Jew. Ask him if Bob Hayes is a Jew-hater. Paul Greenberg wrote that editorial. He is a smart

young fellow in Pine Bluff; he is a Jew. I called him up and told him I didn't want my son to grow up and go on television and say he didn't believe in God like I saw one woman who was on the *Jack Paar Show* one night."

We got back in the car and drove for gas. A toothless man, small and battered, walked from the roadside to Bobby K.'s window. "Tell this man," Bobby said, "about that keg of dynamite that went off on you. Show him the hole in your head."

"I was dead for six hours," the man said. He had a large hole in his head, filled in with scar tissue, but he had a new story to tell. "A man threw me off the porch at the Bannister store."

Bobby K. changed the subject back. "Lum, tell him about that boomer that hit you between the eyes."

"I was nine days and nights coming to."

He wore a diamond ring, or good glass, his sleeves were rolled up, and oily black ringlets coiled on top of his head. One temple was bare and blighted. "See where he laid the skin off my head? He just scalped me."

"He used to be a boiler man at the mill. Now — what are you, sixty-three, sixty-four? — he works at the pool hall. Show him your money." Lum had sold out to the pool hall, but he had little to show for it. He had some deposit slips, though, and he proudly unfolded them: \$100, \$150. He put them back, and fastened his wallet shut with its two brass snaps.

THE SPEAKERS

We finished getting gas. "This ole world's in bad shape," Bobby K. said. We headed up Highway 5 to Mammoth, Missouri, to see the house where he was born. It was 6:45. "I don't think you have to be a college graduate to be President of the United States.

"Take Johnson. I saw him when he was Vice President make a little speech up at McCormick Place in Chicago. He was pretty arrogant that day. The photographers were taking lots of pictures, and the lights bothered him, you could tell. 'Boys, I didn't come all the way up here to take pictures,' he said. You could have heard a pin drop.

"Or you take Fulbright. The first time I saw him was at a church in Mountain Home; he made a little talk. I said to myself then, I said, 'Well, he's another human being.' The second time I saw him was at those hearings in Washington with Rusk. He looked sharp, he had on that blue shirt and that tie with doves on it. But it seemed to me his mind drifted. Maybe he just doesn't have a one-track mind; but it seems to me that if I was holding hearings I would concentrate on the hearings. I hold nothing against him personally, I think he's a

handsome man. But I don't think he was the Bill Fulbright of twenty years ago.

"Look at Bobby Kennedy, the other Bobby. I believe that he hated wealth, I believe that's what propelled him. Why should so few have the wealth and all the control? He never worked a day in his life to make a dollar. As I see it, his entire life was spent trying to help somebody, trying to redistribute the wealth in the country."

The sun was close to the cut-over hilltops, green with scrubby second growth. We drove into Norfolk, Arkansas. At the gas station, there was a man in denim overalls with a truckload of cedar posts. "His pocket is his bank," Bobby said. "He carries ten thousand dollars at a time." Bobby grabbed him by the hand and they Indian-wrestled, elbow high; they sawed and puffed a little and then backed off from each other, each careful to give way. They were only fooling.

We got into the Mustang to leave, but it wouldn't start; so we pushed it around in the road and rolled it off down the hill, while the men at the station laughed. It started, and we headed back north, Bobby driving faster now because he had lost some face.

"I tell you what's bad in a capitalistic society," he said. "It's the ups and the downs, the peaks and the valleys. If you're dealing with the big corporations, they can keep the valleys down as deep as they want. The deeper the valley, the more it insures they'll stay on top. If I wanted to be mean and dirty, I could break every one of the sawmills around."

It was almost dark. Bobby K. tailgated a 1959 Dodge up a winding road. "Watch this," he said, "this is something I do sometimes when I'm driving along." He picked up the microphone attached to the speakers on top, and blew into it with the volume turned so loud that it might have been the crack of a pistol. "Yes, yes, it is Hayes, Bobby K. Hayes, candidate for United States Senate, the people's choice, Bobby K. Hayes for the Senate." The Dodge swerved sharply to the shoulder, and the Mustang shot by, doing seventy along a rising curve.

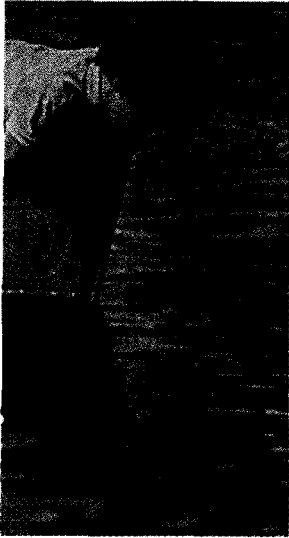
CHURCH

His birthplace was abandoned. "The house was broken down," he said. "They used the lumber and built it into a smaller house." We walked around it through high weeds. "Look out for copperheads there, look out for snakes. They like them kind of bushes."

The visit was short. Back in the car, we passed Mammoth, Missouri, Cemetery, still fresh with Memorial Day flowers, and Possum Mauk Creek. We pulled up in front of the white frame Mammoth Church of Christ. "Them big oak trees were my

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dad's," he said. "Something bad happened here." He told what it was.

"My grandpa was an industrious man, a good trader, a keeper of livestock. He had a hundred horses and fifteen to twenty span of mules. But they got to carrying tales back and forth between a couple of families here in Mammoth, and it just brewed and brewed. One night at church there it started. The girls started it first; they jumped on my momma and knocked her down under the seats, and my dad rushed to her aid. Then my two uncles jumped in, and there was a dozen of them. The others was prepared, they had ax handles with them, and they got my daddy and uncle out on the bank there, sticking knives in them. Granddaddy heard the noise and came over to see what was up. He seen it, and went back for his shotgun. He was my daddy's daddy. He blew a man in two in there in the church. The blood is still on the floor."

It was quiet outside, like a dark room. "It took everything he had for lawyers' fees, and he served eleven months in the state pen. When he went before the judge they asked him, 'Would you do this again?' and he said it was a difficult question, but 'If I had to do it over I would do it again, I would just as soon shoot a squirrel's head off.' Well, after he got out, he was deputy sheriff around here for years.

"Daddy was twenty when his pa went in; they had to start all over. Then the house burned down; then Daddy went to Detroit with me and J.W. to work in the Kroger warehouse; and then he brought us back to Fort Smith, to Momma; there he went to bootlegging."

A MILLION DOLLARS

Bobby said: "You know, I took my five-year-old son, Mark Anthony, down to the yard one day, and I told him, 'Mark Anthony, someday this will all be yours.' And then I thought, maybe I don't want to wish that off on him. The day he died, my brother wanted to retire. He'd been arguing with me for three months to take out a one-million-dollar policy. That would have paid off the debts we had. He had the letter and the proposal on his body when he was killed. There was blood all over it. He got in an airplane, and four hours later he was dead.

"He'd had truck accidents before, driving and falling asleep; in California, in Nebraska. He was just never afraid of nothing. Like that curve there — if he was in a big hurry, he would just cut across it. He never thought it would happen to him. But why else would a man take out a million-dollar insurance?

"And I'll tell you this: I doubt if I'll live to be forty." He stopped talking for twenty seconds.

"But I'll tell you this, I'm ready to die. I rededicated my life in February. Before, I felt like a just God wouldn't do these things. I felt like he died too soon. But one morning I got up. I'd been sick seven weeks with pneumonia and like to died; I've had it several times, but then it liked to got me; the doctors said it would kill me if I didn't stop worrying. I got to worrying about my little boy, some of the things I was doing wrong. I was afraid he would grow up to commit a murder.

"So one morning I woke up crying. I went to church and rededicated my life. I've felt like a million dollars ever since." We drove back to his office; it was late.

JAMES AND UNDERWOOD

He picked up a telephone, one of the two on his desk. "I've got somebody I want you to talk to on the phone. Give me information in Jacksonville, Texas." He looked in the mirror, then gestured toward the adjoining room, "Get on the line in there."

We talked to a Negro named James who had once been a foreman for Bobby at an East Texas sawmill; his wife, Teresa, was a schoolteacher in Jacksonville. "I was expecting to hear more about you in Arkansas now," James said. His accent was careful and refined. On the desk was a back copy of the *Arkansas Gazette*, a Little Rock daily: "Fulbright Declares Passing Laws Is No Way to Bring Racial Equality."

"James," Bobby said into the phone, "tell this man about me."

"Yes. I visited his home state. I couldn't have asked for better company; I spent the night with him in a lot of the smaller places."

"Whose room did you stay in, James?"

"Well, in Harrison we stayed at the Carson Motel, and in Calico Rock we stayed in the little motel there. You couldn't have told the difference from the way they treated me."

"James, you remember that time Hunter got his finger hurt? Tell him about what I did."

"Hunter jerked his finger in two on the feed table. He was an hour and a half in the emergency room. He is a Negro, you know, but Bobby raised hell and went off in the pickup and made them take Hunter in."

"Tell him what I said."

"He said, 'You can't treat that man that way, just because he's a Negro. You can't let him stay outside and bleed to death.'"

"James, call Monmouth and tell him to call me collect. I may want him to come up here in a while. I may want you to come up here, too, if you can get away for a weekend. I may send a trainload down there for you boys . . ." He stopped cold.

"You know, I've learned in this campaign you don't say 'boy.'"

"Well, we don't mind so long as we know how you're using it."

"Well, James, I just want to say that I've been around a lot of Negroes in the lumber business. And you're the smartest I've ever met, and you're 90 percent smarter than most white people I ever met."

"Well, uh huh."

"You know the reason I left down there: they organized against me, and I couldn't get my timber anymore."

"Well, I suspected something like that."

"Tell him what happened down there."

"Well, he was too straightforward, and I could feel the freeze-out coming from way back."

"James, I've rededicated my life."

"I'm glad to hear that, I really am."

"I'm happy, I'm living a clean life. You tell Monmouth to call me collect." He hung up.

"You see, this is what worries Bill Fulbright. He knows I've got real good standing with the Negro. They treat them down there like dogs, those lawyers and doctors." He picked up the phone again, and called Chicago.

"Let's go Underwood, let's go lay some flooring. Let's go, let's hit it. I'm right out here at O'Hare Field."

Underwood, a good ole buddy from the flooring business, had been fast asleep. "What, what? Oh. Where you at?"

"I'm at the office. Working, hustling, hitting it."

The voice came back, sardonic and Southern white. "Why?"

"Why? If you were at Las Vegas at the crap table, you'd be hustling wouldn't you?"

Underwood laughed. "I guess I would."

"Look I've got somebody on here, I want you to tell him about our relationship."

Underwood said: "Well, I don't know: He's always calling me at midnight. You don't know who you are talking to. He acts like he's at the airport, and most of the time he is at the airport. He's a pretty good boy. I guess he likes to make money, I guess he must have made a few dollars somewhere along the line. I guess he must have something." They joked a bit, then hung up.

We left the office for his house.

LORENE

Headlights jounced up to the driveway behind us, a Cadillac stopped, and Bobby K.'s wife, Lorene, got out. She announced: "We've just drove two thousand, four hundred, and seventy-something miles since we've gone." Little Mark Anthony was sprawled in thick, deep sleep on the front seat.

Earletta, curlers in her hair, was in the back seat with the baby, Bobbye Priescella. Earletta lived with Lorene and Bobby K. like a daughter. They all kissed, and we went in.

They had been gone six days, and Lorene told all about Six Flags Over Texas, and getting lost in Matamoros, Mexico, and all the No Vacancies in San Antonio because of the HemisFair. Lorene had a placid, full face, and wore a floral play dress with a deep neckline and frail gold slippers with the heel straps flopping off the heels.

Bobby K. sat on the living room floor with his photo albums, and showed pictures of himself and his family. We talked again about his brother's plane crash. "I suspicioned it was sabotage," he said, then changed the subject. "What do you think about that Kennedy murder?"

At 3:10 A.M., it was time to sleep. He joined Lorene in Mark Anthony's room. "Go ahead, you sleep in our bed."

ROSIE'S

While the others rested, we drove for breakfast at Rosie's, the place where the Lions Club meets. "We're not going to let them do him the way they did the other Bob," said a man on the sidewalk outside. Over eggs and country ham, Bobby K. talked to the people and read that morning's *Arkansas Gazette*. They would bury Kennedy the next day. James Reston had something to say:

A CLIMATE OF VIOLENCE IN AMERICAN CIVIL LIFE

Robert Kennedy is only the latest victim of a modern world that has turned loose greater forces than it can control.

George joined us in the booth. He used to be a trucker, and now he was an insurance man. "I'm not quite making a living at it."

"George has been sick a lot."

"I had an ulcerated stomach, and I kept going on it. I was riding those ole trucks and staying up most of the night."

"You know I'm for Medicare for all."

"Well, Bobby, I don't know. You give a man a free ride home, and he wants you to take him to town. It would be fine by me — and Homer Stone and Jack White. But, now, I'm not calling you a Communist, but pretty soon we're going to be under their control. Now, these people across the branch there, they need help — but they won't do anything to help themselves." He looked at Bobby. "Boy, you've changed fast. Me and him had two or three cuss fights, just like niggers, hadn't we?"

"I thought you was going to whip me."

"But I tell you, in a little town like this a bunch of men's wives will cause you more trouble than

anybody else. There was some trouble here one time, and women caused 90 percent of it."

"This used to be a violent town before I came down here, wasn't it?" Bobby asked. "They used to have duels on Main Street. How many shootings were there?"

"Oh, several, several." Then George said: "They gave me five and one-half months of infantry training, and all they did was show me how to kill and make my heart hard enough to do it."

"Well, there is a certain amount of mean streak in everybody. We just try to keep it hid." Bobby K. proceeded, picking his way through a mouthful of ham. "George and I were in Calumet City before they cleaned it up, weren't we George?" They both winked.

"That's one reason I respected Jack Kennedy so much," Bobby said. "He cleaned up Calumet City." He read the papers.

"Elect Edward Kennedy President Okla. Paper Urges in Editorial."

"I hope he doesn't run," George said. "We've had about all the killing we need. I hope he doesn't run. Look at that —

War Deaths Averaging 471 a Week	Yevtushenko Writes Poem About RFK	HHH Supporters Win in New Jersey
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"The *Gazette* ought to know better than that," Bobby said. "They ought not to be as cold-blooded as that." He looked at me. "Think about the one that killed him. He didn't have no daddy when he needed one."

We all left. "I'd be all for Wallace if he could do the things he said he could, and he can't," George said.

CALICO ROCK

After twenty-three hours, it was time to go. We were at Bobby K.'s office. "I'm going to move out of this office for the rest of the day," Bobby said, as we left together. "It used to be a funeral home, and it sounds like a morgue today. It must be the assassination."

We drove down to Main Street and parked. You could see it through his eyes.

"It was a woman who inspired me to go on my own," he said. "'Bob, what are you doing working for your brother?'" He looked and pondered.

"I find I can kid and cut up with Jews more than with anybody else. Kid 'em about their nationality." He was silent again.

"My brother Jerry is always kidding me about having a dual personality; real mean and real good." Main Street was sunny, hot, and quiet, and there weren't many people in the stores. On the

East Side there was Western Auto, Cheney's Shoe Store, Ideal Grocery, Lorene's Beauty Shop (no kin), the Home Variety Store, a Café and Pastime Pool Hall. And on the West, there was Perryman's Hardware, Matthews Insurance Agency, Rexall Drugs, Family Shoe and Ready to Wear, and the State Bank of Calico Rock. The town was pretty as a picture.

BOBBY K. HAYES

The steam whistle blew at the plant; it was 12:55 P.M., Friday, June 7, 1968. Bobby K. was in the middle of Main Street, leaning against the door of a green pickup, laughing with the driver, waving as a hay truck jolted through town from across the cold White River. It was time for our last talk.

"You know, my life has more or less been thirty-seven pages. I don't know how many pages in the book. I've seen so many men my age falling to the ground beside me: friends, business associates, political idols, a brother. I don't know what it means, no one knows. I'm a very restless man. I say I'm happy, but I've always been this way.

"If I lose this fight, it won't crush me. I've had defeats. Sometimes I've asked myself, Am I running for this job, or am I running from something? I think maybe it's both ways.

"My brother would have quit. He said he was. He wanted to fish and hunt and fly an airplane. Have you read this book *The Life Hereafter*, by Norman Vincent Peale? I think it's called that, I think he wrote it. He believes that when you die, you don't go right to heaven. Your spirit stays here on earth. Well, sometimes I get to thinking about J.W., because there's something there leading and guiding me. I think he would want me to be happy.

"Did you know this ole world is crying out for a leader? Someone who can unite the people? If there was such a man, he could get 90 percent of the votes.

"I know there is such a man, but I don't know where he's at."

LEAVING

The hitchhiker was an S.A.E. from the University of Arkansas, Fayetteville. He wore a sharp blazer, and his hair was carefully cut so that it would hang just over his eyes. He smiled and nodded at the mention of Calico Rock. "I've spent summers around there," he said. "That's a bunch of red-necks, no question about it. All they do is get in fights and mess around in cars."

In the end, Bobby ran third. Fulbright won.

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The mutinies of 1928. The incredible 6000-mile Long March that carried the Chinese Communists toward power. The first stirrings of the "cultural revolution" that now contorts China. These crucial moments are recaptured by André Malraux in this second and concluding excerpt from his ANTI-MEMOIRS, to be published later this month by Holt, Rinehart and Winston. The section ends with a rare conversation with Mao Tse-tung as he prepares to launch the cultural revolution, an act described by the psychiatrist and author Robert Jay Lifton as "the last stand of a great revolutionary against internal and external forces pressing him along that treacherous path from hero to despot." The translation from Malraux's French is by Terence Kilmartin.

"I AM ALONE WITH THE MASSES—WAITING"

Forty Years of Mao and Communism

by André Malraux

I AM alone in the drawing room of the consulate general. The entire gulf is framed in the windows. A warm haze bathes the aggressive skyscrapers which crush the imperial waterfront of the days of *Les Conquêteurs*; the mist transforms the ships and junks into gray silhouettes under a ruffled sky. I passed through Hong Kong in 1958 on my way from Nehru's India to Japan. The thick-leaved plants on the fretted balconies of the Chinese hotels in Queen's Road tumbled as of old over the thousands of little porcelains in front of the antique shops.

I remember a day in 1925 or 1926. The sun was shining over the gulf; the blue air quivered. The colonial administration had succeeded in preventing every printer in Saigon from printing the newspaper of the Young Annam movement, *L'Indochine*, at the time of the Bac Lieu spoliations. The militants had reassembled some old presses, and I had come to buy type from the only typefounder from

Ceylon to Shanghai: the Hong Kong mission. I returned to Saigon with some English type, without accents. Impossible to print the paper. One day, an Annamese worker came in, pulled out of his pocket a handkerchief knotted into a bundle, the corners standing up like rabbits' ears. "They're all e's," he said. "Grave and acute accents, and circumflexes too. The diacreses will be more difficult. Perhaps you can do without them. Tomorrow some press workers will bring all the accents they can." He emptied the characters, jumbled up like jackstraws, onto a press stone, aligned them with the tips of his expert fingers, and left. His comrades followed him. They all knew that if they were caught they would be sentenced, not as revolutionaries but as thieves.

Forty years ago. Below me now I can see the roofs of the mission. Still farther below, down as far as the seafront, the gigantic bamboo scaffoldings are being hastily dismantled,

for typhoons blow them down, and a typhoon is hovering around the island at the moment. I have seen again the Chinese women with their embroidered sheath dresses reminiscent of the days of Nanking; and the old tradeswomen with their stumps of feet. The adventurers who are no longer to be found in Singapore are here in plenty — they are all Chinese. And I have just been listening to stories like those I used to hear in Shanghai before 1930; the shipload of blind people arriving at the nuns' hospice after escaping from Canton, where the police no doubt organized the escape to get rid of them; the young Chinese from Borneo who came to participate in the building of the new China and, loathing it, have escaped penniless and taken refuge with the missionaries, who got them jobs in fireworks factories, where they steal the crackers to gamble; and the junks loaded with clandestine passengers which the captain scuttles (the bottom of the junk opens) if he is stopped by the People's police or the British police.

In front of me, across the bay, the "New Territories" stretch to the black bar which closes the horizon: Communist China. It is present even in the city, through its discreet control of all the unions, and through the spectacular department store it has just opened. Red China sells what it makes. It is not very much, but every little thing represents another battle won. In the background, the atom bomb; in the foreground, the Spartan smiles of the shop assistants. Even the toys are austere, and the trappings of the perfect Communist housewife seem like an offering before the portraits of Mao and the images of the Long March.

Above this accumulation of fiber suitcases and Thermos bottles, all the emporium goods of which the People's democracies are always so proud, these mythological images hold sway. The suitcases and furniture of the capitalists may be less crude than these, but then who was it who crossed the rivers, who was it who trudged through the Tibetan-snows? After a quarter of an hour, what is sold here pales before what is dreamed about. All the better for the fact that, though the brave militiaman and the heroic militiawoman of the posters are social-realist, nearly all the images of the Long March are in traditional Chinese style. For the millions conglomerated on the rock of Hong Kong, the vastness that stretches behind the black bar of the horizon is not the land of the People's communes, the individual blast furnaces and the giant factories, nor even of the atom bomb; it is the land of the Long March and of its leader; just as Russia, beyond the triumphal arch of Niegoreloic, was not the land of the kolkhozes but of Lenin and the October Revolution.

There are now no more than twenty thousand survivors of the Long March — and eight hundred

"responsibles," it is said. On the other side of the bay, it pervades the popular imagination as the *Ramayana* still pervades the imagination of India, as Olympus once pervaded the imagination of Greece.



Everything had begun with victories.

In the autumn of 1928 the Sixth Congress in Moscow finally recognizes the importance of peasant action in the revolutionary struggle.

It is the end of the first schism. Red armies spring up: mutiny after mutiny breaks out in the armies of the Kuomintang, and the mutineers join Mao in the Chinglang Mountains. But his supplies will not feed an army.

In January, 1929, Mao's principal general, Chu Teh, breaks through the blockade and joins up with other Red troops. In December, the whole of southern Kiangsi is conquered, and the first provincial soviet government proclaimed.

The Kuomintang, now the Nanking government, opens the first "Encirclement and Annihilation Campaign" with one hundred thousand men against Mao's forty thousand. By a war of maneuver, in which the bulk of the Red forces is always brought to bear on isolated columns which Mao has lured deep into his territory, and thanks to the support of the local population, the army of Nanking is scattered in two months.

Four months later, the Second Campaign commits two hundred thousand men in seven separate columns. Same tactic, same results.

A month later Chiang Kai-shek takes personal command of three hundred thousand men. Mao's forces attack five columns in five days, capture a considerable amount of war material, and in October Chiang withdraws the forces of the Third Campaign of Annihilation.

The Chinese Soviet Republic is proclaimed under the chairmanship of Mao.

In December, 1931, two hundred thousand men come over to him from Nanking. The Red Army starts offensive operations of its own. In 1933 Nanking opens the Fourth Campaign of Annihilation, loses thirteen thousand men in a single battle, and sees its best division destroyed.

But Chiang Kai-shek's advisers (among them Von Falkenhausen and Von Seeckt, former chief of general staff of the German Army) have taken part in the campaign and learned its lessons. For the Fifth Campaign of Annihilation, Nanking assembles nearly a million men, with tanks and four hundred airplanes. Mao has at his disposal one

hundred eighty thousand soldiers, about two hundred thousand militiamen — armed with pikes! — and four aircraft captured from Nanking. No fuel, no bombs, no artillery, little ammunition. Chiang Kai-shek no longer advances into Communist territory: he surrounds it with a ring of blockhouses, a new Wall of China hemming it in. The Red Army realizes that it is trapped.

Was it then that Mao thought of Yenan? Japan had declared war on China, and Mao wanted to become the symbol of the Chinese people's resistance to aggression, for Nanking was doing far less fighting against the Japanese than against the Communists. In that case it was essential to get to the north, the real battlefield; yet at first for thousands of miles, the Red Army thrust westward toward Tibet. In spite of all the obstacles, in spite of the opposition of various tribal chiefs, Mao remained confident that the whole of peasant China was on his side, provided the messages got through to the people. Somewhere or other a region favorable to the establishment of a Communist government would be found, as in Kiangsi. There was in the Long March an indubitable element of romantic adventure, reminiscent of Alexander's expedition, which is by no means foreign to Mao's character.

But first of all, *they must get out*. The Red Army, under constant bombardment, had already lost sixty thousand men in this vast siege.

Ninety thousand men, women, and children would attempt to break through the blockade, as Chu Teh had done in the Ching Kang Mountains. Little by little, the frontline army was replaced by partisans. On October 16, 1934, concentrated in southern Kiangsi, it took the enemy fortifications by storm, and veered westward. The Long March had begun.

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Mules were loaded with machine guns and sewing machines. Thousands of civilians accompanied the army. How many would remain in the villages — or in the cemeteries? How many of the dismantled machines carried on muleback would be found again one day, buried along the seven-thousand-mile route? The partisans with their red-tasseled pikes and their hats topped by leaves which shook like feathers would hold out for a long time yet, some of them for three years. The Nanking forces killed them, but Mao's army marched on.

In one month, harassed from the air, it fought nine battles, broke through four lines of blockhouses and a hundred and ten regiments. It lost

a third of its men, decided to keep only its military equipment and a few field printing presses, stopped advancing toward the northwest (which baffled the enemy but slowed its march considerably). Chiang Kai-shek had gathered his forces behind the Yangtze and destroyed the bridges. But a hundred thousand men and their artillery were awaiting Mao before the Kweichow River. The Reds wiped out five divisions, held a meeting of their Central Committee in the governor's palace, enrolled fifteen thousand deserters, and organized youth cadres. But the "golden sands river" of the poems had yet to be crossed. Mao turned southward, and in four days was fifteen miles from Yunnanfu, where Chiang Kai-shek had established himself. It was a diversion, for the main body of the Red Army was marching northward to cross the river there.

It was the Ta Tu River, no less difficult to cross than the Yangtze, and where the last army of the Taipings had been wiped out by the imperial forces. Moreover it could only be reached through the vast forest of the Lolos, where no Chinese army had ever penetrated. But a few Red officers who had served in Szechwan had once set free some Lolo chiefs, and Mao negotiated with these unsubdued tribes as he had done with all the villages his soldiers had passed through. "The government army is the common enemy." To this, the tribes responded by asking for arms, which Mao and Chu Teh ventured to give them. The Lolos then guided the Reds through their forests — where the Nanking Air Force lost all trace of them — to the Ta Tu ferry, which together they captured in a surprise attack.

It would have taken weeks for the army to cross the river by means of this ferry. Chiang Kai-shek's airmen, reconnoitering the river, had found the columns again. His armies had bypassed the forest and would soon be ready to give battle once more. This was the time when Nanking spoke of the funeral march of the Red Army.

There was only one bridge, much farther up the river, between steep cliffs across a rushing torrent. The army, exposed to continuous bombardment, advanced by forced marches through a storm along a narrow trail above the river, which by night reflected the thousands of torches tied to the soldiers' backs. When the advance guard reached the bridge, it found that half the wooden flooring had been burnt out.

Facing them, on the opposite bank, the enemy machine guns.

All China knows the fabulous gorges of its great rivers, the fury of the waters pent up by sheer peaks which pierce the heavy, low clouds under the echoing cries of the birds of prey. It has never ceased to picture this army of torches in the night,



THE LONG MARCH

October 16, 1934 — October 20, 1935

the flames of the dead sacrificed to the gods of the river; and the colossal chains stretching across the void, like those of the gates of hell. For the bridge of Luting now consisted of the nine chains which supported its plank floor and two chains on either side which served as handrails. With the wooden roadway burned, there remained these thirteen nightmare chains, no longer a bridge but its skeleton, thrusting over the savage roar of the waters. Binoculars revealed the intact section of the roadway and a voluted pavilion, from behind which came the crackle of machine-gun fire.

The Red machine guns opened up. Under the whistling hail of bullets, volunteers dangling from the freezing chains began to advance, link after enormous link, white caps and white crossbelts standing out in the mist, swinging their bodies to heave themselves forward. One after another they dropped into the raging waters, but the lines of dangling men, swaying from their own efforts and from the force of the wind whistling through the gorges, advanced inexorably toward the opposite bank. The machine guns easily picked off those who were clinging to the four supporting chains, but the curve of the other nine chains protected the men advancing below them, grenades at their belts. The most dangerous moment would come when they reached the fragment of roadway still in place and hoisted themselves onto it—which would only be possible, at best, for nine men at a time. The prisoners were later to declare that the defense was paralyzed by the sight of armed men suddenly springing up from the chains over the

middle of the river; perhaps most of Chiang's mercenaries, accustomed to fighting Tibetan "brigands" armed with flintlocks, had no stomach for hand-to-hand combat with soldiers who had carried out such a legendary exploit before their very eyes. The first volunteers to hoist themselves onto the bridge had time to fling their grenades at the enemy machine-gun nests, which were firing blind. The enemy officers ordered barrels of paraffin to be tipped over the remaining planks of the roadway, and set fire to them. Too late: the assailants dashed through the curtain of flames. The machine guns fell silent on both sides of the river, and the enemy retreated into the forest. The army crossed the bridge beneath the ineffectual bombing of the air force.

It is the most famous legend of Red China. In the memory of every Chinese, that string of dangling men swaying toward freedom seems to be brandishing aloft the chains to which they cling. Nevertheless, this famous episode cost the Red Army fewer men than those which followed. It reached a region where the blockhouses of Nanking were still few, and regained the military initiative. But it still had to cross the high snow-covered passes of the Chiachin Mountains. It had been warm in June in the Chinese lowlands, but it was cold at fifteen thousand feet, and the cotton-clad men of the south began to die. There were no paths; the army had to build its own track. One army corps lost two thirds of its animals. Mountain upon mountain, soon corpse upon corpse: one can follow the Long March by the skeletons fallen under their empty sacks; and those who fell forever before the peak of the Feather of Dreams, and those who skirted the Great Drum (for the Chinese, the drum is the bronze drum) with its vertical faces in the endless jagged immensity of the mountains. The murderous clouds hid the gods of the Tibetan snows. At last the army with the mustaches of hoarfrost reached the fields of Maokung. Down below, it was still summer.

There were forty-five thousand men left.

辜

The Fourth Army and the vague soviet authorities of Sungpan awaited Mao there. The Red forces now mustered a hundred thousand soldiers; but after a disagreement which allowed Nanking a successful offensive, Mao set off again toward the Great Grasslands with thirty thousand men. Chu Teh stayed behind in Szechwan.

The Great Grasslands also meant dense forest, the sources of ten great rivers, and above all the

Great Swamplands, occupied by autonomous tribes. The queen of the Mantzu tribe gave orders that anyone who made contact with the Chinese, Red or otherwise, was to be boiled alive. For once, Mao failed in his efforts to negotiate. Empty dwellings, vanished cattle, narrow defiles in which the tribesmen rolled boulders down on them. "A sheep costs a man's life." There remained fields of green corn, and giant turnips, each of which, Mao said, could feed fifteen men. And the Great Swamplands.

The army advanced, guided by native prisoners. Anyone who left the trail vanished. Endless rain in the immensity of the sodden grasslands and stagnant waters, under the white mists or the livid sky. No firewood, no trees — and the army had no tents. As protection against the rain, the white caps had been replaced with big sun hats. The clouds drifted low over the marshes, and the horses stumbled in the bottomless mud. At night the soldiers slept on their feet, tied together like bundles of firewood. After ten days, they reached Kansu. The Nanking forces had abandoned the pursuit, or were buried in the marshes. Mao now commanded no more than twenty-five thousand men. The field theater started up again, in front of soldiers dressed in animal hides turned inside out. And the ragged lines advanced at last among stones, their flags threadbare.

New forces were mustered by Nanking, supported by the Chinese Muslim cavalry who were to "finish the Reds off once and for all." But in spite of their exhaustion, no mercenary force could have beaten these volunteers who were only a battle away from the Red bases in Shensi. The horses captured from the Tartars of the Chinese steppes were later to form the cavalry of Yen-an. On October 20, 1935, at the foot of the Great Wall, Mao's horsemen, wearing hats of leaves and mounted on little shaggy ponies like those of the prehistoric cave paintings, joined up with the three Communist armies of Shensi, of which Mao took command. He had twenty thousand men left, of whom seven thousand had been with him all the way from the south. They had covered six and a half thousand miles. Almost all the women had died, and the children had been left along the way.

The Long March was at an end.

When you go into the Communist store, when you look at the mountains beyond the New Territories, People's China is the March. And Mao would be inconceivable without it. Nothing remained of the nation except shame, nothing remained of the land except famine. But while tens of thousands of dead men or deserters had been replaced, tens of thousands of absent comrades were neither dead nor deserters. They had stayed behind because they belonged to the third order of

peasant emancipation. In many regions, the guerilla warfare stirred up by the Long March was to last for two years, holding down whole enemy divisions, sometimes whole armies. The repression in Kiangsi — a million victims — had left the peasantry of that province without a voice, but not without hate. The Long March had brought hope to two hundred million Chinese, and this hope had not disappeared with the last combatant. This tattered phalanx, followed by its last stragglers, had played the role of the horsemen of Allah; on its arrival at the Great Wall, it declared war against Japan. The military retreat had ended in political victory. Wherever it had passed, for the Chinese peasants the Red Army had become the army that defended the peasants, and China.



PEKING was once orientated by the crossing of two roads without pavements, Tartar dust, in which the ramparts of the citadel and the voluted bastions of the gates appeared as if through rain. The haughty camels from the Gobi Desert loped past one after another, and their attendants accompanied them slowly. The dust, the caravans, and one wall of the ramparts have gone. Here are the gates, in the pale blue morning. The car passes enormous bamboo scaffoldings above tiny willows, then pink acacias which are not

acacias, and everywhere the scythelike swooping of the martlets. When the engine stops, a great chorus of cicadas fills the silence.

After innumerable seemingly empty rooms, the office of the minister, Marshal Chen-yi: wicker armchairs, wash drawings, undersecretaries, interpreters. The Marshal is jovial and smooth-faced (the Chinese often age within a few months), with a big piercing laugh. He wears the almost Stalinian costume of the cadres and seems, like the Soviet generals of yore, to have retained nothing of his origins (he is the son of a magistrate); indeed, to have no origin. He began his career as assistant to a Szechwan warlord. He went through the military college, joined Chu Teh in the darkest days of the struggle, then commanded the rear guard of the Long March under continual attack. Victorious over the Japanese, commander of the Fourth Army, then of the People's Liberation Army of West China, it was he who took Nanking and Shanghai in 1949.

"How is General de Gaulle?"

"Quite recovered, thank you. And Chairman Mao?"

"Very well."

The preliminary exchange of courtesies over, I realize I have forgotten the health of the President of the Republic, Liu Shao-chi. This does not appear to disturb the Marshal, who proceeds to expound the basic principles of Chinese policy. His interpreter, occasionally assisted by ours, translates:

"On the home front, the People's government is anxious to get rid of poverty and ignorance, to see to it that everyone is assured of the necessities of life and that there is a general blossoming of progress on the basis of the socialist system. Capitalism presents some interesting aspects, notably in the technical sphere, but it must be rejected as a system, because the director of an industrial concern ought not to be solely responsible for the fate of a million men. M. Malraux, who has studied Marxism as thoroughly as anyone, will understand that even though capitalism might have been able to obtain a few incidental results here, only Communism could ensure the progress and development of the country as a whole."

Quite so. As for Marxism, while we were indulging in our preliminary salutations, we had exchanged compliments on our respective works. Like Mao, the Marshal is a poet — and the husband of a well-known actress, who is working (as a propagandist?) in a People's commune.

"In short," he stresses, "the Chinese government is determined to build up China through its own efforts in a few decades."

To anyone who knew the China of old, the phrase, however jovially pronounced, takes on a historic grandeur.

"Externally, the Chinese government is pursuing a policy of peace. It wants a peaceful world in which the peoples choose their own political systems. China, which has borne its share of colonialist and imperialist exploitation, has the duty of supporting liberation movements everywhere. From 1840 to 1911, it suffered the ravages of British imperialism, then of Japanese imperialism, and now of American imperialism. Sato is a satellite of the United States; he cannot make a move independent of Washington. France withdrew from China after the Second World War; she has adopted a realistic policy. On the European front, as on others, she is pursuing a policy of self-defense with regard to the United States."

"Of independence, Marshal."

No doubt he has talked like this to a hundred left-wing journalists, and to all the ambassadors he has received. I have had enough experience of the Soviet Union not to be surprised by these phono-

graph records; but when the Marshal opens his mouth, I still half expect that he himself will speak. I felt closer to him when we were exchanging compliments on our writings. His genuine warmth enlivens what he says, but still . . .



Suddenly he becomes more animated. "The reports on Vietnam are contradictory," he says. "Mr. Harriman really did go to Moscow to talk about Vietnam! The American papers ought to get their facts straight."

"Don't you think there's far more to it than a disagreement between newspapers? People in France also talk of American policy as if there were only one; but the forces at work in the United States with respect to the Vietnam War are probably fairly divergent."

He looks at me as if to say, "It's possible," and inquires, with rugged affability, "Are you in favor of the neutralization of the country?"

"To begin with."

"Our Vietnamese friends are afraid that it would mean permanent partition. Ever since the Americans intervened directly, neutralization has become a hollow word. There is only one solution: the withdrawal of the American forces. Conditions are more and more favorable. This war is developing. The more it escalates, the more the obstacles multiply; the determination of the Vietnamese people is growing stronger, and will end by forcing the Americans to quit the country."

"Do you think it impossible for a great power to maintain one hundred and fifty thousand men in a theater of operations for ten years?"

"Ah! So there are one hundred and fifty thousand now!" (July, 1965)

He knows it as well as I do. Probably better.

"Soon there will be more," I say.

"The Americans have imposed war on the Vietnamese. We are taking Vietnam's side. If they leave, they will still be a world power. If they don't withdraw their forces, they will lose still more face. For the Vietnamese nation, it isn't a question of face, but of life or death. The Americans are bombing where they please."

"In their view, the whole of the policy in Asia is at stake."

"The loss of one Mah-Jongg domino doesn't finish off the game for the man who loses it. And the United States will not be able to keep troops stationed abroad indefinitely; sooner or later they will have to evacuate Taiwan and Berlin."

"Would their withdrawal from Formosa involve

a Russian withdrawal from Siberia, in your view? There are more open spaces in the North than in Southeast Asia."

The Marshal laughs, his mouth opening from ear to ear. "All the same," he answers, "Taiwan is not part of the United States; Siberia is part of the Soviet Union, and has never been Chinese."

On the subject of Bandung, I use the expression "China's global policy."

"In every sphere, China has considerable leeway to make up," he goes on, "and it will still require a big effort before she is capable of conducting a global policy. Meanwhile, we know whom we are with and whom we are not. What I told your ambassador on July 14 is still true. The Vietnamese have no other choice but to continue the fight. If the United States are sincere in their desire to negotiate, why do they talk about sending two hundred thousand men, a million men, to Vietnam? They have got into the habit of making threats. Ho Chi Minh and Pham Van Dong said in May and June that in 1960 they were not certain of the outcome of the war, but they are now. Our experience gives us the same certainty."

"The American forces are scattered all over the world. Look at a map: they are in Formosa, where they are propping up the dictator Chiang Kai-shek, in Vietnam with the dictator Ky after the dictator Diem, in Korea with the dictator Rhee and others, in Pakistan with the dictator Ayub Khan, in Laos with Phoumi, in Thailand with the king. Are we in Hawaii or Mexico or Canada?"

"Our experience with Chiang Kai-shek taught us that one must alternate periods of fighting with periods of negotiation. In Korea, fighting and negotiations took place simultaneously, to the point where the sound of the voices sometimes drowned that of the guns. The Vietnamese are wise and farseeing; they were Marxists before we were, we have every confidence in them. On the twentieth, President Ho Chi Minh proclaimed his determination to carry on the struggle for five, ten, twenty years until the last American leaves Vietnam and reunification is achieved."

For the rulers of China, escalation is the Long March of Vietnam.

"It's always the same thing," the Marshal continues. "Look at the Korean War, the intervention of the Seventh Fleet in the Taiwan Straits, the occupation of Taiwan — and then the UN rushing to the assistance of the capitalist aggression in the Congo! The aim of the American attack on North Korea was to threaten our security; we were forced to intervene to defend ourselves. Afterward, we set American prisoners free. Without reciprocation. After the Korean War, the Americans stepped up their meddling in Vietnam, where the situation is not dissimilar."

"But better for you."

"If the United States does not extend its aggression, it will not be necessary for China to take a hand in the operations; but if it does, she will."

"On Chinese territory?"

"And perhaps on Vietnamese territory also."

A pause.

I doubt this. Mao has always followed Lenin's maxim about the *defensive* tactics of revolutionary armies against the foreigner and has always stressed that Stalin only fought to defend Russian territory. Lenin said, "People who believe that the revolution can be launched to order in a foreign country are either fools or *provocateurs*." But in Vietnam it is no longer a matter of launching the revolution: the Marshal speaks as if he held himself responsible for the Vietnam War. Such a responsibility would redound to his credit. But what are the facts? The French attributed Dienbienphu to Chinese artillery, which was not there at all. Are the Viet Cong guerrillas armed by China? Partly, no doubt. But they have also been armed to a considerable extent by the Soviet Union and by arms captured from the French and the Americans, as the Chinese Communists were by arms captured from Chiang Kai-shek. Their ideology, their tactics, their confidence come from Mao; as do a certain number of their organizers and liaison officers. But no one here has asked me, "Do you believe that the guerrillas of the South are trained, or at any rate directed, by the Northern troops, who are satellites of the Chinese forces?" The Marshal would not be averse to giving me that impression. And yet? Vietnam seems incapable of producing a national government; the Americans are forced to intervene directly in the war; the prisoners are not Chinese. "It is a Western obsession," Nehru had said to me, "to believe that wars of liberation are conducted from abroad." I know from experience the limits of the help that guerrillas can receive, the "advice" they can accept. So I do not believe that escalation, even as far as Peking (nuclear war aside), can save a Saigon government which resembles that of Chiang Kai-shek, only worse.

"The Americans," the Marshal continues, "never cease to violate our air space. Do Chinese spy planes fly over the United States? They have declared that there can be no 'sanctuary' as there was at the time of the Korean War; very well. Under the pretext of supporting South Vietnam, they bomb the North. Who is to say that tomorrow they will not take the pretext of China's support for North Vietnam to bomb us? They think they can do whatever they like. We must weigh the consequences of future incidents. And in the end we shall win, as we did against the Japanese, and against Chiang Kai-shek."

"Look at their intrigues in the Dominican Re-

public, in the Congo: they stir up trouble everywhere, unlike Great Britain and France. They must be resisted. As soon as European colonialism leaves Asia, American imperialism takes its place. The Vietnamese are fighting not only for themselves but for China and for the whole world, and they deserve all our admiration and respect.”

精

When I met Gide for the first time, it was the author of *Les Nourritures terrestres* I saw, not the man waiting for me outside the Vieux Colombier munching a brioche; when I met Einstein, it was the mathematician, not the amiable, shaggy violinist who greeted me at Princeton. I am well aware that the Marshal is not Mao. But he is the foreign minister of People's China—one of the figures around whom history prowls; he commanded the rear guard of the Long March, under continual harassment. The writer quickly came to the surface in Gide, and the scientist in Einstein. In Chen-yi, where was the conqueror of Shanghai? China is conditioned to the phonograph record as she is conditioned to ceremonial; and in spite of a certain unbuttoned quality, the Marshal is obviously on the job. In the Marshal, everything springs from convention—and this is accentuated by translation. There is no real dialogue.

Obviously I cannot say to him, “Marshal, the United States only dominates the Vietnam game through their air power, and it is not the Chinese who are fighting that air power, but the Russians.” I retain only his mixture of firmness, caution, and quasiallusive pledges; the limits he sets, openly or tacitly, to the conflict between China and the United States. I only heard his real voice when he said, “And on Vietnamese territory too.”

“General de Gaulle is right to resist the United States in Europe. They are not omnipotent, but they have profited from two wars: in the First World War, they lost a hundred thousand men, in the Second, four hundred thousand. In Korea they lost three hundred thousand fairly profitlessly, so they made a miscalculation.¹ Now they are going to do their arithmetic in Vietnam.”

“Nehru felt that colonialism dies when the victory of a Western expedition over an Asian army ceases to be a foregone conclusion. I think so too.”

But why does the Marshal seem not to envisage the use of atomic bombs by the Americans if they came into conflict with China?

“We hope France will use her influence to get the United States to withdraw. We must face up to the Americans to bring them to leave the country. The American people are good; they have produced remarkable achievements in two centuries, but the policy of their recent leaders has gone against their deepest aspirations. China does not seek a large-scale war; she wants a coalition of peaceful forces to compel the United States to abandon its policy of aggression. This could only benefit the world, and the United States itself.”

The United States would find his solicitude touching. Our ambassador watches for my reaction. None of this is new to me. The Manichean monologue, which always seems to be addressed to the “masses,” still goes on. This intelligent man, a chess companion, at the peak of his dazzling career, is not talking to convince me. He is performing a ritual.

I tell him that the United States, as I said to Nehru, seems to me to be the only nation ever to have become the most powerful in the world without seeking to; whereas the power of Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, the great Chinese emperors was the consequence of deliberate military conquest. And that at present I cannot discern any American global policy comparable with that of imperial Britain, or the Marshall Plan, or what President Kennedy was after. That the United States seems to me, for the moment, to be repeating the mistakes which are all too familiar to us, for our Fourth Republic committed them before they did. I add:

“As for the influence we may be able to bring to bear on the United States, I believe that it is of the same order as that which you can bring to bear on the Soviet Union.”

“China adapts her feelings to the facts. After the October Revolution, under Lenin and under Stalin, the U.S.S.R. was sympathetic to the Chinese people, and we were to them. After the defeat of Japan, we became accustomed to the idea that the U.S.S.R., exhausted by the war, had no desire to intervene in Far Eastern affairs, and we did not pin any hopes on help from her. The socialist construction of China cannot be based on the assistance of the U.S.S.R., under whatever form. One must rely on oneself above all. The Russians got things under way, but we can carry on without them. And by 1964 we had paid all our debts. When Khrushchev tried to smother us . . .”

He stops, then resumes: “Since Khrushchev, the Soviet leaders have wanted the world to be dominated by two great powers, which is unthinkable, for every country, big or small, is equally a part of the world.”

I am surprised, not by these asseverations, but by the level of the conversation—as I used to be in the Soviet Union when I heard Marxists, intellec-

¹Official U.S. figures: Killed in World War I, 53,402; World War II, 291,557; Korea, 33,629.

tually rigorous or subtle in private, sink in public to the level of *L'Humanité*. Does the Marshal believe in the Manichaeism he professes? After all, Manichaeism works better in action than in speech. And for him the United States is not the nation that twice saved the freedom of Europe, but the nation that supported Chiang Kai-shek.

"General de Gaulle has never been in favor of a dual hegemony."

He laughs. "But neither do we support a five-fold hegemony" — no doubt he means the United States, Soviet Union, Britain, France, China — "with India scratching at the door!"

"Two's company, three's a crowd."

"However, there will never be too many allies on behalf of peace."

"If we were to combine our efforts to bring about peace, would you envisage negotiations after a pledge to withdraw or following an actual withdrawal of the American forces?"

The Marshal reflects. "The question must be studied; perhaps I shall be in a position to give you a reply in a few days. The decision is one for Ho Chi Minh and Pham Van Dong. As far as I know, they still insist on withdrawal as a prerequisite. Have you brought any proposals with you, Minister?"

"None, Marshal."

He was expecting one — in order to reject it? But no doubt he was also anxious to discover the nature of the discussions I am to have with Chou En-lai, with the President of the Republic, and possibly, with Mao.



THE same endless corridors as those I went through to reach the Marshal (it is the same building, the same succession of empty rooms, and in the Prime Minister's office, the same cane armchairs with the same covers, the same wash drawings, and the same photographers when we shake hands). The interpreter, this time a woman, speaks French without an accent (she is probably Tonkin Chinese), and the political vocabulary is familiar to her; the attitude of the Prime Minister is amicably distant; hers, almost hostile.

Chou En-lai has changed little, for he has aged naturally: the hollows in his face have deepened. He is dressed like the Marshal, but he is thin. It is difficult to guess the origins of

most of the Chinese leaders, but he is obviously an intellectual. The grandson of a mandarin, he was the political commissar in the Canton Cadet School when Chiang Kai-shek commanded it. Among his successive functions, including the premiership, he preferred that of foreign minister. I am reminded of a diplomat who welcomed me to Moscow around 1929: he was wearing a monocle, in a town where Lenin's wife wore a cap. I have known for a long time that diplomats are a race apart — a race to which Marshal Chen-yi does not belong but to which Chou En-lai, Mao's right-hand man on the Long March, does.

Neither truculent nor jovial: faultlessly urbane.

And as reticent as a cat.

"I was very struck by General de Gaulle's criticisms, in his last press conference, of the Russian and American plans for world hegemony. And also by the phrase: the Pacific, where the fate of the world will be played out."

A pause. I answer. "Lenin once said that joint action was perfectly conceivable provided the slogans and the flags are kept separate."

Chou, absently, "We haven't forgotten that you are familiar with Marxism, and with China. Nor have we forgotten that you were on the run at the same time as Nguyen-Ai-Qoc [Ho Chi Minh]. You wanted dominion status for Indochina: the French would have been well advised to endorse you."

"I am grateful to you for remembering. The more so because the other founder of the Young Annam movement, Paul Monin, died in Canton."

"Did you see Chiang Kai-shek again?"

"Never. It's a pity."

"Oh!"

An evasive gesture. I should have liked to ask him, "And you?" For nobody knows what happened at the "Sian incident." And that is not the least of the reasons for the complex feelings my interlocutor inspires in me.

In December, 1936, Chiang Kai-shek, while on an inspection tour of the anti-Communist forces in the north, was arrested by the leader of the Manchurian forces, the "Young Marshal" Chiang Hsueh-liang. It was generally assumed that he would be executed; but an envoy (from the Russians?) intervened, and the Generalissimo was released against his promise that at last he would fight the Japanese and not Mao's forces. On his return to Nanking he kept his promise, which flabbergasted everybody, not least the Americans. What pledge could possibly have bound him to this extent?

That envoy was Chou En-lai.

On my visit to Sian I saw the Baths of the Favorite, where Chiang Kai-shek was living at the time of his arrest. This palace, a copy of the palace

of a great emperor's favorite, resembles, like everything which was copied in the nineteenth century (especially the Summer Palace), a chinoiserie stage set. But on the little terraces, above the weeping willows, the pink summer mimosa bushes looked like those of the eighth century. There was a pagoda where a stage general had become an irrigation god. And in the distance, the burial mound of the founding emperor. The Generalissimo escaped into the wood which overlooks the pavilions and the marble junk, and was captured there.

"I was here at the time," the curator told me. "This is his bed." (It was a European camp bed.) "When we came in, with the captain and the soldiers, there was nobody here, but he had left his false teeth on the bathroom shelf.

"And I was on the big bridge over the river when the female student threw herself in front of Chiang Hsueh-liang's car and shouted, 'Don't let the Japanese crush China again! Blood will be shed here! Let our blood flow to stop our humiliation!' She was crying, and everyone who heard her was crying, and the Young Marshal started to cry as well."

The captive Generalissimo had begun by snapping at Chiang Hsueh-liang, who addressed him as "General": "If I'm your general, you can start by obeying my orders!" Then Chou En-lai had arrived.



"One of Chairman Mao's expressions," I said now, "has caught on in France, though the French are a little puzzled by it: that the United States is a paper tiger."

"The United States is a real tiger, and has shown its teeth. But if that tiger comes here, it will change into a paper one. Because the most powerful army in the world can do nothing against universal guerrilla action. Our rifles, our tanks, our aircraft are nearly all American. We took them from Chiang Kai-shek. The more the Americans gave him, the more we captured. Not all Chiang's soldiers were that bad, you know! The Americans are better? No matter. Every Chinese knows that the People's Army is the sole guarantee of the distribution of lands. And the war will take place here."

That war will be a continuation of the wars against Japan, Chiang Kai-shek, and the Americans in Korea, in Taiwan, in Vietnam. Although the minister thinks that negotiations on Vietnam are not even imaginable, he makes it clear that Ho Chi Minh could not be the sole representative of the anti-Saigon forces. "There must be negotia-

tions with those who are fighting — in other words the National Liberation Front and Hanoi, but the Front first."

It is a tactic similar to the one I saw the French Communist Party attempt in 1944: overall control of the guerrillas being out of the question, delegate guerrilla leaders of Chinese persuasion, who will keep a check on Ho Chi Minh.

He also talks about the United Nations, which he thinks China should not join before Formosa leaves, and he seems to be torn between an Afro-Asian organization more or less controlled by China, and the transfer of the UN from New York to Geneva.

I ask him, "Do you think the present policy of Japan can survive your possession of the bomb?"

He looks at me sharply. "I don't think so."

He knows as well as I do that in the United States he is thought to be the original of one of the characters in *La Condition humaine*. I am reminded of the photograph in the Canton Museum in which he alone remains visible among the Cadets, surrounded by blurred figures like the shades of Hades — who were Borodin, Galen, and Chiang Kai-shek.

"General de Gaulle," I tell him, "is of the opinion that the contacts established through our ambassadors are at a standstill."

His thick eyebrows, pointed toward the temples like those of the characters in the Chinese theater, underline his air of a studious cat. He muses, with a bizarre attentiveness, without any object.

"We are in agreement," he says, "on the terms which define our peaceful coexistence. We want independence, and we do *not* want the dual hegemony. You asked the foreign minister if we would agree to negotiations on Vietnam prior to the withdrawal of the American troops. We will not negotiate, either about Vietnam or anything else, until the Americans go home. That means not only quitting Saigon, but dismantling the bases in Santo Domingo, Cuba, the Congo, Laos, Thailand, and the rocket-launching sites in Pakistan and elsewhere. The world could live in peace; if it doesn't, it is because of the misdeeds of the Americans, who are everywhere, and create conflicts everywhere. In Thailand, in Korea, in Taiwan, in Vietnam, in Pakistan — to name but a few — they are subsidizing or arming against us 1,700,000 men. They are becoming the policemen of the world. What for? Let them go home, and the world will have peace again. And for a start, let them observe the Geneva agreements."

He throws up his hands, the image of the innocent man who calls on the whole world to witness to his good faith. "How can one negotiate with people who do not respect agreements?"

Grieved by so much perfidy, he is the perfect embodiment of the Confucian sage faced with the

regrettable barbarism of those who do not observe the rites. An unexpected mask, on that samurai face. As with Nehru some years ago, I notice that when a shamelessly realistic politician appeals to virtue, he goes to fetch the mask of his ancestors: Soviet Communists disguise themselves as priests of Holy Russia, Frenchmen as revolutionary democrats, Anglo-Saxons as ironclad Puritans.

He suggests that France should advise her ally Great Britain, as China might her ally the U.S.S.R., to take up a common attitude against the aggressive policy of the United States and the presence of American military bases on foreign soil.

And yet he is one of the premier diplomats of our age. As when I listened to the Marshal, I wonder what he is leading up to. Neither Great Britain nor the United States solicits our advice, and France's position is generally known. He makes



much of Chinese aid to the underdeveloped countries, and I point out to him that the percentage of our own aid to Africa is the highest in the world. But only Chinese aid is disinterested. In what sense, I ask him, is our aid to Algeria interested?

"Oil," he answers.

There is a strange remoteness in what he says, quite different from the impression of distance which General de Gaulle conveys. I am reminded of the withdrawnness of a man struck down by misfortune. His wife, one of the party's foremost orators, is gravely ill. When he says something conventional, he seems to be "putting a record on" so as not to have to think — in spite of his extreme courtesy. This discussion seems to tire him, but also to rivet him, as if he were afraid of finding himself alone again.

Drawings by Russell Carpenter.

"You were foreign minister for a long time," I say to him, "and you know better than I do that some positions are taken up as a basis for discussion, and others simply as a matter of principle. I don't believe that the United States has any intention of disputing yours."

He makes a dismissive gesture, and replies. "Do you believe in the atomic menace? The autonomy of the People's communes is assured. China would survive the death of a hundred million people. And sooner or later the Americans are bound to have to re-embark. China will never accept the return of Chiang Kai-shek. She has found freedom. It isn't America's freedom, that's all."

I think of Sun Yat-sen's lecture a year before he died: "If we spoke of freedom to the man in the street . . . he would certainly not understand us. The reason why the Chinese do not in fact attach the slightest importance to freedom is that the very word which designates it was only recently imported into China." The revolution freed the wife from her husband, the son from his father, the farmer from his overlord. But for the benefit of a collectivity. The individualism of the West has no roots among the Chinese masses. The hope of transformation, on the other hand, is a very powerful sentiment. A husband must stop beating his wife *in order* to become a different man, who will be a member of the Party, or simply of his People's commune, or of those which the army will set free: "Gods are all right for the rich: the poor have the Eighth Route Army."

Chou En-lai has resumed. "One of your generals in the 1914 war said, 'It is wrong to forget that gun-fire kills.' Chairman Mao has not forgotten. But that sort of fire cannot kill what it does not see. We will only commit our armies against the invading army at the right time and in the right place."

"Like Kutuzov."

"In the first place we will not forget that any invading army becomes less strong than the people invaded, if that people is resolved to fight. The Europeans have ceased to rule in Asia, and the Americans will follow them."

Does he believe there will be a war, or not? What puzzles me is that, like the Marshal, he does not seem even to consider the possibility of a war in which the United States — even without atom bombs — would be content with destroying the ten principal Chinese industrial centers, thus delaying the building of a new China by fifty years, and then go home without imposing a Chiang Kai-shek.

His thinking is based on a theory of Mao's which I am surprised not yet to have heard aired. Imperialism numbers six hundred million men; the underdeveloped countries, socialist and Commu-

nist, two billion. Victory for the latter is inevitable. They surround the last imperialism, that of the United States, as the proletariat surrounds capitalism, as China surrounded the armies of Chiang Kai-shek. "It is always men," says Mao, "who win in the end."



YESTERDAY evening I received a telephone call requesting me not to leave the embassy. At one o'clock this afternoon, another telephone call: they are expecting me at three. In theory, it is for the audience with the President of the Republic, Liu Shao-chi; but the "they" leads our ambassador to suppose that Mao will be present.

Three o'clock. The pediment of the Palace of the People rests on massive Egyptian pillars, with lotus capitals painted red. A corridor over a hundred yards long. At the end, against the sunlight (but in a room, I suppose),

about twenty people. Two symmetrical groups. No, there is only one group, which seems to be split into two because the people facing me are standing some way behind the central personage, probably Mao Tse-tung. As I enter the room I can distinguish the faces. I walk toward Liu Shao-chi, since my letter is addressed to the President of the Republic. No one moves.

"Mr. President, I have the honor of delivering to you this letter from the President of the French Republic, in which General de Gaulle empowers me to act as his spokesman with Chairman Mao Tse-tung and yourself."

When I reach the phrase which concerns Mao, I address it to him, and find myself in front of him, after handing over the letter, at the moment when the translation is completed. His welcome is both cordial and curiously familiar, as if he were about to say: "To hell with politics!"

But instead he says, "You have just come back from Yen-an, have you not? What is your impression?"

"A very powerful one. It is a museum of the invisible . . ."

The interpreter — the one Chou En-lai used — translates without faltering, but is obviously expecting an explanation.

"In the Yen-an Museum, one expects photographs of the Long March, Lolo tribesmen, mountains, swamps. But the expedition itself is relegated to

the background. In the foreground are the pikes, the field guns made of tree trunks and telegraph wire — a gallery of revolutionary penury. When one leaves it for the caves where you lived with your colleagues, one has the same impression, especially when one remembers the luxury of your opponents. I was reminded of Robespierre's room in the house of the cabinetmaker Duplay. But a mountain is more impressive than a workshop, and your shelter above the present-day museum is reminiscent of the tombs of Egypt."

"But not the Party assembly rooms."

"No. First of all, they are protected by panes of glass. But they give an impression of a deliberate, a monastic bareness. It is the bareness, reminiscent of our great monasteries, which suggests an invisible power."

We are all seated in wicker chairs with little white cloths on the arms. A waiting room in a tropical railway station. Outside, through the blinds, the immense August sun. Now I can make out Mao against the light. The same type of face, round, smooth, and young-looking, as the Marshal's. The famous wart on the chin, like a Buddhist sign. A serenity that is all the more unexpected because he is reputed to be violent. Beside him, the equine face of the President of the Republic. Behind them, a white-clad nurse.

"When the poor are determined to fight," he says, "they are always victorious over the rich: look at your own revolution."

The stock phrase of all our staff colleges rings in my ears: irregulars will never defeat a regular army in the long run. And how many jacqueries for one revolution! But perhaps he means that in a country like China, where the armies resembled our great medieval companies, what was strong enough to raise volunteer forces was also strong enough to ensure victory: one fights better to survive than to conserve.

After the crushing of the Communists by Chiang Kai-shek in Shanghai and Hankow in 1927, Mao organized peasant militias. Now *all* the Russians, basing themselves on Marxism-Leninism, and all the Chinese who were directly dependent on them, Trotskyists and Stalinists alike, laid it down as a basic principle that the peasantry can never win on its own. Mao's certainty that a seizure of power by the peasants was possible changed everything. How did it arise? When did he oppose the peasant multitudes armed with spears to all Marxists of Russian, hence Comintern, persuasion?

"My conviction did not take shape: I always felt it."

I remember General de Gaulle's answer to the question "When did you think that you would return to power?": "Always."

"But there is a rational answer all the same.



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

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After Chiang Kai-shek's coup in Shanghai, we scattered. As you know, I decided to go back to my village. Long ago I had experienced the great famine in Changsha, when the severed heads of rebels were stuck on poles, but I had forgotten it. Two miles outside my village there were trees stripped of their bark up to a height of twelve feet: starving people had eaten it. We could make better fighters out of men who were forced to eat bark than out of the stokers of Shanghai, or even the coolies. But Borodin understood nothing about peasants."

"Gorky said to me one day, in Stalin's presence, that peasants are the same everywhere."

"Neither Gorky, a great vagabond poet, nor Stalin . . . knows anything at all about peasants. There is no sense in confusing your kulaks with the poverty-stricken people of the underdeveloped countries. And there is no such thing as abstract Marxism, but only concrete Marxism, adapted to the concrete realities of China, to the trees as naked as the people because the people are busy eating them."

After "Stalin" he hesitated. What was he about to say? A seminarist? What can he think of him today? Right up to the Communist entry into Peking, Stalin believed in Chiang Kai-shek, who would crush this ephemeral, not even Stalinist, party, as he had crushed it in 1927. At the secret session of the Twentieth Party Congress in 1956, Khrushchev asserted that Stalin had been ready to break with the Chinese Communists. In North Korea, he had left the factories intact; in the regions which Mao was to occupy, he had destroyed them. He had sent Mao a work on partisan warfare, and Mao had given it to Liu Shao-chi: "Read this, if you want to know what we ought to have done — in order to end up dead." If he had to trust a Chinese Communist, Stalin preferred Li Li-san, who was Moscow-trained. Mao had probably been indifferent to the purges — more so than to the rejection of criticism, and to the contempt for the peasant masses. And no doubt he appreciates the immense services rendered to Communism by the campaign against the kulaks, the struggle against encirclement, and the conduct of the war. Above me, as in all official rooms, hang four portraits: Marx, Engels, Lenin — and Stalin.



Although Mao belonged to the group of young Chinese who were to go to France one after the other, after picking up a few words of French, to get their revolutionary training in French factories

(Chou En-lai founded the Chinese Communist Party at Billancourt), he never left China, and never abandoned his mistrust of most of the revolutionaries who came back from abroad, nor of the envoys from the Comintern.

"Around 1919, I was in charge of the students of Hunan. Before anything else we wanted autonomy for the province. We fought alongside the warlord Chao Heng-ti. The following year, he turned against us. He crushed us. I realized that only the masses could overthrow the warlords. At that time I was reading the *Communist Manifesto*, and took a hand in the organizing of the workers. But I knew the army; I had been a soldier for a few months in 1911. I knew the workers would not be enough."

"With us, the soldiers of the revolution, many of whom were the sons of peasants, became the soldiers of Napoleon. We know roughly how. But how was the People's Army formed — and reformed, since only seven thousand of the twenty thousand fighting men who arrived in Yen-an came from the south? People talk of propaganda, but propaganda produces supporters, not soldiers."

"First there were the Party cells. There were more workers than they say in the revolutionary army. We had a lot of people in Kiangsi: we chose the best. And for the Long March, they chose themselves. Those who stayed behind made a mistake: Chiang Kai-shek wiped out more than a million of them."

"Our people hated, despised, and feared soldiers. They soon realized that the Red Army was their own. Almost everywhere it had a friendly reception. It helped the peasants, especially at harvest time. They saw that there was no privileged class among us. They saw that we all ate the same food and wore the same clothes. The soldiers were free to meet and free to talk. They could inspect the accounts of their company. Above all, the officers did not have the right to strike the men or to insult them."

"We studied the relations between classes. When the army was present, it wasn't difficult to show what we were defending: peasants have eyes. The enemy forces were much more numerous than ours, and helped by the Americans; yet we were often victorious, and the peasants knew that we were victorious on their behalf. One must learn to wage war, but war is simpler than politics: it is a question of having more men or more courage in the place where you give battle. An occasional defeat is inevitable; you simply need to have more victories than defeats."

"You turned your defeats to great advantage."

"More so than we had foreseen. In some respects the Long March was a retreat. Yet its results were those of a victory, because wherever we went" —

“six thousand miles,” the interpreter interjected — “the peasants understood that we were with them, and if ever they doubted it, the behavior of the Kuomintang soldiers soon persuaded them. Not to mention the repression.”

Chiang Kai-shek's. But he might also mention the efficacy of his own: not only did the liberation army confiscate the big estates, it also exterminated the big landowners and canceled debts. Mao's war maxims became a popular song: “The enemy advances, we retreat. The enemy camps, we harass. The enemy tires, we attack. The enemy retreats, we pursue.” I know that his “we” includes not only the army and the Party, but the workers of today and those of eternal China. Death has no place there. The civilization of China had made every Chinese a naturally disciplined individual. And for any peasant, life in the People's Army, where you were taught to read, where there was great comradeship, was more honorable and less harsh than village life. The progress of the Red Army across China was more powerful as propaganda than anything conceived of by the Party; along the whole length of this trail of corpses, the entire peasantry rose when the time came.

“What was the pivot of your propaganda?”

“Just visualize the life of the peasants. It has always been unpleasant, especially when armies were living off the land. It had never been worse than during the last days of Kuomintang power. Suspects buried alive, peasant women who longed to be reborn as dogs so as to be less miserable, witches who invoked their gods by singing like a funeral dirge: ‘Chiang Kai-shek is coming.’ The peasants knew little of capitalism: they found themselves faced with a feudal state reinforced by the machine guns of the Kuomintang.



“The first part of our struggle was a peasant revolt. The aim was to free the farmer from his overlord; to win not freedom of speech, voting, or assembly, but the freedom to survive. Fraternity rather than liberty! The peasants had tackled it without us, or were on the point of tackling it. But often in a state of despair. We brought hope. In the liberated areas, life was less terrible. Chiang Kai-shek's troops were so well aware of this that they put it about that the prisoners and peasants who came over to us were buried alive. That is why we had to organize a war of slogans, having the truth propagated by people who were known to those who listened to them. And only by those who had left no relatives on the other side. It

was in order to sustain hope that we developed guerrilla warfare as much as we could. Much more than for punitive expeditions. *Everything arose out of a specific situation:* we organized peasant revolt, we did not instigate it. Revolution is a drama of passion; we did not win the people over by appealing to reason, but by developing hope, trust, and fraternity. In the face of famine, the will to equality takes on a religious force. Then, in the struggle for rice, land, and the rights brought by agrarian reform, the peasants had the conviction that they were fighting for their lives and those of their children.

“For a tree to grow, there must be seed, there must also be soil: if you sow in the desert, the tree will not sprout. The seed, in many places, was the memory of the liberation army; in many others, our prisoners. But everywhere the soil was the specific situation, the intolerable life of the villagers under the last Kuomintang regime.

“During the Long March, we took more than a hundred and fifty thousand prisoners, a few at a time; and many more during the march on Peking. They stayed with us for four or five days. They could see the difference between themselves and our soldiers. Even if they had almost nothing to eat — like us — they felt liberated. A few days after their capture, we would assemble those who wanted to leave. They would go off, after a farewell ceremony, as if they were our own men. After the ceremony, many of them gave up the idea of leaving. And with us, they became brave. Because they knew what they were fighting for.”

“And because you distributed them among experienced units?”

“Of course. The soldier's relationship to his company is as important as the army's relationship to the population. That is what I called the fish in water. An army of liberation is a soup into which prisoners dissolve. Likewise, new recruits must only be committed to battles they can win. Later on, it's different. But we always looked after the enemy wounded. We couldn't have dragged all those prisoners along with us; no matter. When we marched on Peking, the defeated soldiers knew that they ran no risk by surrendering, and they surrendered in droves. The generals too, in fact.”

To give an army the feeling that it is inevitably destined for victory is no mean feat. I remember Napoleon, during the retreat from Russia: “Sire, our men are being massacred by two Russian batteries.” “Order a squadron to capture them!”

I tell this to Mao, who laughs, and adds: “You must realize that before us, among the masses, no one had addressed themselves to women or to the young. Nor, of course, to the peasants. For the first time in their lives, every one of them felt involved.

"When Westerners talk about revolutionary sentiments, they nearly always attribute to us a propaganda akin to Russian propaganda. Well, if there is propaganda, it's more like that of your revolution, because, like you, we were fighting for a peasantry. If propaganda means training militiamen and guerrillas, we did a lot of propaganda. But if it means preaching . . . You know I've proclaimed for a long time: we must teach the masses clearly what we have received from them confusedly. What was it that won over most villages to us? The expositions of bitterness."

The exposition of bitterness is a public confession in which the speaker confesses not his sins but his sufferings in front of the whole village. Most of the listeners realize that they have undergone the same sufferings and recount them in their turn. There is a familiar poignancy in many of these confessions, the immemorial lament of immemorial misery. Some of them are appalling. (I was told of the one by a peasant woman who goes to ask the warlord what has happened to her imprisoned husband: "He is in the garden." She finds the body there, decapitated, with the head lying on the stomach. She takes the head, which the soldiers try to snatch from her, cradles it, and defends it so fiercely that the soldiers recoil as if the woman were the object of a supernatural possession. This story is very well known, because the woman repeated this exposition of bitterness many times — and because when the warlord was brought to public trial, she tore out his eyes.)

"We organized these expositions in every village," Mao says, "but we didn't invent them."

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"What discipline did you have to impose in the early days?"

"We did not impose much discipline over the settling of that kind of score. As for the army, its three principles were no individual requisitioning; all goods confiscated from landlords to be handed over to the political commissariat; immediate obedience to orders. We never took anything from the poor peasants. Everything depends on the cadres: a soldier attached to a disciplined unit is disciplined. But all militants are disciplined, and ours was an army of militants. It was the famous 'brainwashing' that brought most of our prisoners over to us. But what did it consist of? Saying to them, 'Why are you fighting us?' and telling the peasants, 'Communism is first of all an insurance against fascism.'"

I think of the men eating the bark of trees, and

of what Nehru said to me about famine. But I know that brainwashing was not limited to these manifestations. The sessions of self-criticism were often sessions of accusation, followed by expulsions, arrests, and executions. "Turn resolutely against the enemy lurking inside your skull!" In 1942, at Yen-an, Mao ordered the militants to become like the workers and the peasants. (I was shown the field he himself used to cultivate in the valley.) Later he was to order the "reconditioning" of all the Chinese. When he enjoined them to "surrender their hearts," there began the ritual oaths of the crowds "whose hearts beat only for the Party," and the ecstasies of big Red hearts, some of which became kites.

"We lost the south," Mao continues, "and we even abandoned Yen-an. But we recaptured Yen-an, and we recaptured the south. In the north, we had the possibility of direct contact with Russia, and the certainty of not being encircled; Chiang Kai-shek still had several million men. We were able to establish solid bases, develop the Party, organize the masses. As far as Tsinan, as far as Peking."

"In the Soviet Union, it was the Party which made the Red Army; here, it seems as if often it was the liberation army which developed the Party."

"We will never allow the gun to rule the Party. But it's true that the Eighth Route Army built up a powerful Party organization in northern China — cadres, schools, mass movements. Yen-an was built by the gun. Everything can grow in the barrel of a gun."

"But in Yen-an we came across a class we had hardly ever come across in the south, and not at all during the Long March: the bourgeois-nationalists, the intellectuals,¹ all those who had sincerely accepted the united front in the struggle against Japan. In Yen-an we were confronted with the problems of government. What I'm going to tell you will surprise you: if we hadn't been forced to it by the enemy offensive, we would never have attacked."

"Did they think they could wipe you out?"

"Yes. Chiang Kai-shek's generals lied to him a great deal, and he lied a great deal to the Americans. He thought we were going to give battle in the traditional manner. But Chu Teh and Chen-yi refused to take up the challenge except when our forces became superior to his. He immobilized a lot of men for the defense of cities, but we never attacked cities."

"Which was why the Russians . . . neglected you for such a long time."

"If revolution can only be brought about by the workers, obviously we couldn't bring about revolu-

¹ By this, Mao means, apart from the liberal professions, students and teachers, technicians and engineers: the mass of those who are neither workers, peasants, nor former *compradores* or capitalists.

tion. The Russians' friendly feelings were for Chiang Kai-shek. When he escaped from China, the Soviet ambassador was the last person to wish him good-bye. The cities fell like ripe fruit."

"Russia was mistaken, but we too would have been mistaken. Nineteenth-century Asia seems to have been stricken with a decay which colonialism doesn't sufficiently explain. Japan was the first to Westernize herself, and it was prophesied that she would very quickly become Americanized. The truth is that in spite of appearances, she has remained profoundly Japanese. You are in the process of restoring Greater China, Mr. Chairman; that is evident in all the propaganda pictures and posters, in your own poems, in China herself, with the military adjuncts of which tourists are so critical."

Here the ministers, sitting in a circle, prick up their ears.

"Yes," he replies calmly.



"You are hoping that your ancient agriculture, in which manual labor is still so widespread, will catch up with mechanization?"

"It will take time. Perhaps decades. We shall also need friends. First of all there must be contacts. There are various kinds of friends. France is one kind. Indonesia is another. Aidit¹ is here. I haven't seen him yet. There are still some points in common between him and us, and others between you and us. You said very" — the interpreter is trying to think of the French — "pertinently to the foreign minister that you did not want a world subjected to a dual hegemony of the United States and the Soviet Union, who will end up, in fact, by establishing what I called two years ago their Holy Alliance. You have shown your independence with regard to the Americans."

"We are independent, but we are also their allies."

Since the beginning of the interview, he has made no other gesture than to raise his cigarette to his lips and put it down on the ashtray again. In the general stillness, he does not seem a sick man, but a bronze emperor. Now, suddenly, he raises both arms in the air and lets them drop.

"Our allies! Yours and ours!"

As much as to say, a fine lot they are!

"The United States simply means American imperialism, and Great Britain is playing a double game."

For the first time, the Marshal takes the floor: "Britain supports the American imperialists."

Almost in the same breath as I reply "Don't forget Malaysia," Mao says, "Returning the compliment." But he lowers his voice as though talking to himself as he goes on. "We have done what had to be done, but who knows what will happen in a few decades?"

I am thinking not of what will happen tomorrow but of what happened yesterday, when the Russians, at the same time as they were constructing giant steel plants, were moving the frontier posts on the Turkestan steppes while all the Chinese guards were dead-drunk, in order to lay hands on the uranium mines — the frontier posts returning to their original positions a little later on as a result of a comradely tit for tat which had put the Russian guards to sleep.

"Is the opposition still powerful?" I ask.

"There are still the bourgeois-nationalists, the intellectuals, and so on. They are beginning to have children."

"Why the intellectuals?"

"Their thinking is anti-Marxist. At the time of the liberation, we welcomed them even when they had been involved with the Kuomintang, because we had too few Marxist intellectuals. Their influence is far from disappearing. Especially among the young."

I suddenly notice that the paintings on the wall are traditional scrolls in the Manchu style, as in the Marshal's office and Chou En-lai's. There are none of the social-realist pictures which cover the walls of the town.

"The young I have come across in the course of my travels," says our ambassador, "are nevertheless deeply devoted to you, Mr. Chairman."

Mao knows that Lucien Paye was minister of education and rector of Dakar University. He also knows that he takes every opportunity to make contact with teachers and students. The ambassador speaks a little Mandarin, which several of the members of our embassy, Chinese-born, speak fluently.

"One can see things in that way also."

It is not a polite phrase meant to ward off discussion. Mao attaches the same importance to youth as General de Gaulle or Nehru. He seems to think that there can be several opinions on the youth of China, and to wish that some other view than his own were tenable. He knows that our ambassador has studied the new Chinese educational method: the "half work, half study" system, and the system whereby students are allowed to bring their textbooks with them for examinations. He questions the ambassador closely. "How long have you been in Peking?"

"Fourteen months. But I have been to Canton by train; I have visited the central south, which

¹ Leader of the Indonesian Communist Party.

enabled me, Mr. Chairman, and not without emotion, to see the house where you were born, in Hunan; I have seen Szechwan and the northeast. And we saw Loyang and Sian on our way to Yenan. Everywhere, I have been in contact with the people. A superficial contact; but the contact I established with teachers and students was a real one — and in Peking, fairly durable. The students are oriented toward the future which you envisage for them, Mr. Chairman."

"You have seen one aspect. Another could have escaped you. And yet it has been seen and confirmed. A society is a complex organism. Do you know what the chrysanthemums were called, at the last Hangchow show? The drunken dancer, the old temple in the setting sun, the lover powdering his fair one. It is possible that the two tendencies coexist, but there are many conflicts in store."

In this country where people talk of nothing else but fraternity and the future, how lonely his voice sounds when confronting the future! I think of a childish picture from my first history book: Charlemagne watching the first Normans in the distance sailing up the Rhine.

"Neither the agricultural nor the industrial problem is solved. Still less the youth problem. Revolution and children have to be trained if they are to be properly brought up."

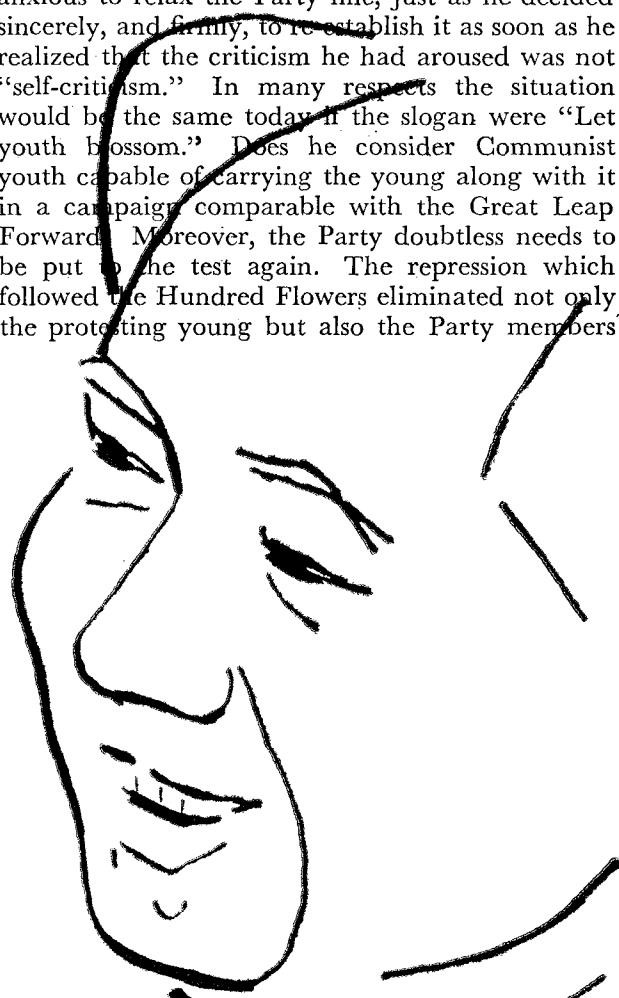
His children, entrusted to peasants during the Long March, were never found again. Somewhere, perhaps, in a People's commune, there are two young men of thirty, left behind years ago with so many others, alive and dead, and who are the nameless sons of Mao Tse-tung.

"Youth must be put to the test."

A sudden change in the atmosphere seems to intensify the stillness of our audience. Something very different from the uneasy curiosity which set in when they were waiting to hear what he would say about the resurrection of China. It is as if we were talking about secret preparations for an atomic explosion. "Put to the test." There are twenty-five million young Communists, of whom nearly four million are intellectuals; what Mao has just said suggests, and surely heralds, a new revolutionary development comparable with that which instigated the Hundred Flowers campaign and its subsequent suppression.

"Let a hundred flowers bloom, let a hundred schools contend!" Mao launched this slogan, which seemed to be a proclamation of liberalism, at a time when he believed China to have been "re-modeled." The kind of criticism he was inviting was the "constructive" criticism so dear to Communist parties: his intention was to use it as a basis for necessary reforms. He found himself faced with a mass of negative criticisms, which even went so far as to attack the party itself. The return to

Sparta was not long delayed; the intellectuals were sent to remodel themselves in People's communes. Critics of the regime have seen in the Hundred Flowers campaign a bait intended to lure opponents out into the open. But Mao had been sincerely anxious to relax the Party line, just as he decided sincerely, and firmly, to re-establish it as soon as he realized that the criticism he had aroused was not "self-criticism." In many respects the situation would be the same today if the slogan were "Let youth blossom." Does he consider Communist youth capable of carrying the young along with it in a campaign comparable with the Great Leap Forward? Moreover, the Party doubtless needs to be put to the test again. The repression which followed the Hundred Flowers eliminated not only the protesting young but also the Party members



who had allowed them to protest: two birds with one stone. The whole of Chinese youth must be worked upon, in order to put the Party to the test. The beleaguerment of the West by the underdeveloped nations to which Chou En-lai alluded — "hence," says Mao, "the fate of the world" — is inseparable from the youth of China.

Does he really believe in the liberation of the world under the leadership of China? Revolution brought about by the evangelists of a great revolutionary nation certainly seems a more grandiose and thrilling policy than that of the United States, which can be defined simply as the prevention of such an expansion. Borodin, the Soviet envoy to Sun Yat-sen, answered the Hong Kong *Times* interviewer: "You understand the behavior of the Protestant missionaries, don't you? Well then, you understand mine!" But that was in 1925. Two

thousand dancers and three hundred thousand spectators are mobilized for the President of Somalia — and then what? Stalin believed in the Red Army, not the Comintern, and perhaps Mao believes in the seizure of world power by the underdeveloped countries only in the same way that Stalin believed in the seizure of power by the international proletariat. The revolution will conquer; but in the meantime, Somali presidents, Vietnam War, war propaganda down to village level, these are the justification for Sparta. Mao blesses Hanoi, Somalia, Santo Domingo, and “liquidates” his Tibetan adversaries.

The defense of Vietnam and the communization of Tibet are connected, at a far deeper level than the symbolic aid to the Somalis or the Congolese, like twins at the breast of the Old Empire. Every Vietnamese guerrilla fallen in the bush around Danang vindicates the toil of the Chinese peasants. China will go to the aid (up to what point?) of all the oppressed peoples struggling for freedom, but the struggle of these peoples is the cement that keeps her together. “Strategically,” says Mao, “imperialism is doomed — and no doubt capitalism with it; tactically, it must be fought as the troops of the liberation army fought those of Chiang Kai-shek.” And tactically, the decisive battles will take place in China, because Mao will not commit himself decisively outside. But already the Long March has taken on the aura of a legend, and the survivors of the end of the war against Chiang Kai-shek are called the Veterans.

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Mao said that the industrial problem was not yet solved, but I do not believe he is worried about it; in his mind, China’s conversion is already a fact. He said that the agricultural problem was not yet solved; yet there are those — he himself first and foremost — who maintain that nearly all the arable land in China is under cultivation, and that its yield can only be increased to a limited extent; while others proclaim the imminent development of the steppes, and a doubling of the yield. The atom bomb and the handcart will not always coexist. But Mao envisages the modernization of agriculture, and industrialization, only in terms of the powerful Chinese structures in which the Party expresses, guides, and directs the masses as the Emperor directed the forces of the earth. Agriculture and industry are linked, and must remain so; politics comes before technology. Perhaps the Soviet state is strong enough for Russian youth to become to some extent indifferent to a policy which

nevertheless fills them with pride; but the Chinese state is still no more than the daily victory won by China in the glorious struggle. Like the Soviet state before the war, China needs enemies.

Was the austerity which brought with it the daily bowl of rice really austerity, compared with the poverty which brought hunger? But poverty is receding, the landowners of the days of the Empire and of the Kuomintang are dead, the Japanese and Chiang Kai-shek have gone. What is there in common between the illiterates of Kiangsi, who still resemble the Taiping revolutionaries, the Tibetan serfs freed by the liberation army and trained by the School of National Minorities, and the students interrogated by Lucien Paye? The menace of revisionism of which Mao speaks surely lies there, far more than in nostalgia for a past of which only the worse aspects are now known. More than two hundred and eighty million Chinese under seventeen years of age have not a single memory prior to the capture of Peking.

Since the interpreter’s last sentence, no one has spoken. The reaction which Mao inspires in his companions intrigues me. There is first of all a kind of friendly deference: the Central Committee around Lenin, not Stalin. But what he has been saying to me sometimes appears to be also addressed to an imaginary contradictor, to whom he is replying through them. He has a slight air of saying, this is how it will be, whether you like it or not. As for them, their attentive silence gives them, fleetingly, the aspect of a tribunal.

“By the way,” says Mao suddenly, “a few months ago I received a parliamentary delegation from your country. Do your Socialist and Communist parties really mean what they say?”

“It depends what they say. The Socialist Party is primarily a party of white-collar workers, whose influence is exerted through the unions of the Force Ouvrière, which have a considerable membership in the administration. It is a liberal party with a Marxist vocabulary. In the south, there are quite a few vineyard owners who vote socialist.”

My interlocutors seem thunderstruck by these elementary truths.

“As for the Communist Party, it still has a quarter or a fifth of the vote. Brave and devoted militants, under the apparatus which you know as well as I do. Too revolutionary a party for another militant party to develop, too weak to bring about revolution.”

“The revisionism of the Soviet Union may not make it lose votes, but it will make it lose teeth. As a party, it is against us. Like all the others, apart from Albania. They have become social-democratic parties of a new type.”

“It was the last great Stalinist party. Individually most of the Communists would like you to kiss



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them on one cheek and the Russians on the other.”

He is not quite sure he has understood. The interpreter enlarges. He turns toward the Marshal, the President, and the other ministers. Mao's laugh is said to be infectious. It is true: they all roar with laughter. Serious again, he says, “What does General de Gaulle think of it?”

“He does not attach any great importance to it. It is nothing more than an electoral factor. At present, the destiny of France is being worked out between the French people and him.”

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Mao reflects. “Plekhanov and the Mensheviks were Marxists, even Leninists. They cut themselves off from the masses and ended up by taking up arms against the Bolsheviks — or rather, they mainly ended up exiled or shot.

“There are now two paths for every Communist: that of socialist construction, and that of revisionism. We are beyond the bark-eating stage, but we have only got as far as a bowl of rice a day. To accept revisionism is to snatch away the bowl of rice. As I told you, we made the Revolution with peasant rebels; then we led them against the cities ruled by the Kuomintang. But the successor of the Kuomintang was not the Chinese Communist Party, however important that may be: it was the *New Democracy*.

“The history of the Chinese Revolution, like the weakness of the proletariat of the big cities, forced the Communists into collaboration with the petty bourgeoisie. For that reason, too, our Revolution, in the last analysis, will no more resemble the Russian Revolution than the Russian Revolution resembled yours. Even today, broad layers of our society are conditioned in such a way that their activity is necessarily orientated toward revisionism. They can only obtain what they want by taking it from the masses.”

(I think of Stalin: “We did not bring about the October Revolution in order to give power to the kulaks!”)

“Corruption, lawbreaking, the arrogance of intellectuals, the wish to do honor to one's family by becoming a white-collar worker and not dirtying one's hands anymore, all these stupidities are only symptoms. Inside the Party and out. The cause of them is the historical conditions themselves. But also the political conditions.”

I know his theory: you begin by no longer tolerating criticism, then you abandon self-criticism, then you cut yourself off from the masses, and, since the Party can draw its revolutionary strength only

from them, you tolerate the formation of a new class; finally, like Khrushchev, you proclaim peaceful coexistence on a durable basis with the United States — and the Americans arrive in Vietnam.

I have not forgotten his old saying: “Here seventy percent of the people are poor peasants, and their sense of the Revolution has never been at fault.” Just now he said how he interprets it: one must learn from the masses in order to be able to teach them.

“That is why,” he says, “Soviet revisionism is an . . . apostasy.” (The interpreter hit on the word “apostasy” almost at once. Brought up by the nuns?) “It is moving toward the restoration of capitalism, and one wonders why Europe isn't satisfied with it.”

“I don't believe they are contemplating a return to private ownership of the means of production.”

“Are you so sure? Look at Yugoslavia!”

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I have no desire to talk about Yugoslavia, but it crosses my mind that the two major rebels, Mao and Tito, are both strangers to the cadres of the Gray House in Moscow — both guerrilla leaders.

“I believe that Russia wants to extricate itself from Stalinism without returning to straight capitalism. Hence a certain liberalism. But this entails a metamorphosis of power; there is no such thing as liberal Stalinism. If what we call Russian Communism means Stalinism, we're facing a change of regime. The end of encirclement and of the primacy of heavy industry, the abolition of the political police as a fourth power, the victory of 1945 have brought about a metamorphosis in the Soviet Union at least as radical as the transition from Lenin to Stalin. Brezhnev is the successor of Khrushchev, and so will all the Brezhnevs be. I remember a time when one didn't talk politics even with one's wife; when I heard that people were daring to make fun of the government in the underground, I realized that there hadn't simply been a ‘softening’ of what I had known, but a radical transformation.”

“In other words, you think they are not revisionists, because they are no longer even Communists. Perhaps you're right, if one thinks of” — the interpreter cannot think of the word; “Hurly-burly,” our interpreter suggests — “if one thinks of the hurly-burly which reigns over there, and which has no other aim than to deceive the whole world! Yet the ruling clique allows the formation of strata of the population which are not yet classes, but which influence Communist policy.”

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Rome betrays as soon as it eliminates Sparta. For a Chinese Sparta cannot comfortably be maintained beside a Rome, which in any case it identifies with Capua. I know the exasperated answer of the Russians: "Mao is a dogmatist and a visionary. How can revolutionary fervor be maintained fifty years after the revolution! There are no Czarist defeats or capitalists or landowners to revive the feeling of October, 1917. China is going through the trials we went through thirty years ago. She has nothing, whereas we have something, and we cannot return to nothing. A new factor outweighs all ideologies: nuclear war will annihilate every nation involved in it. Khrushchev put an end to the terror and the concentration camps, and believed in the possibility of disarmament agreements. He governed injudiciously, but we too, like him, want to establish Communism in the world while avoiding war."

I also know Mao Tse-tung's answer. He will quote Lenin on his deathbed: "In the last analysis, the success of our struggle will be determined by the fact that Russia, China, and India constitute the overwhelming majority of the population of the globe." He will recall that the Chinese Party has accumulated more experience than all the others. He will think of the saying of the man beside him, Liu Shao-chi: "Mao's stroke of genius was to transpose the European character of Marxism-Leninism into its Asian form." He will repeat that Khrushchev's abandonment of China over the affair of the offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu was a betrayal, and that Soviet support for the United Nations action in the Congo was another. That the conditions of the recall of the Russian experts were calculated to force the relinquishment of all the public works that had been begun. That every intervention of the United States makes them an object of hatred for the poor and revolutionary majority, and that the disintegration of the colonial world now demands rapid action. That Khrushchev was a non-Leninist petty bourgeois, who graduated from fear of nuclear war to fear of revolution — and that the Soviet government is henceforth incapable of appealing to the masses because it is afraid of them.

The sending of city-dwellers, of engineers and factory managers, into the People's communes here is as banally rigid as was compulsory military service in Europe. The Party's slogans are never questioned, not even the absurdities which accompany an epic, such as the campaign "against bourgeois sentiments such as love between parents and children, or between people of opposite sexes when they are carried to extremes of emotional feeling." But slogans are followed only if the masses remain mobilized. Mao can only build China with volunteers. He is more anxious to make

China than to make war, and he is positive that the United States will not use nuclear weapons in Vietnam any more than in Korea. He still believes in the permanent revolution — and what most separates him from it is Russia.



For the third time, a secretary has come to speak to Liu Shao-chi, and for the third time the President has come to hold a low-voiced conversation with Mao. The latter makes a tired gesture, and levers himself up with his hands on the arms of his chair. He is the most upright of us all: monolithic. He is still holding a cigarette. I go to take leave of him, and he holds out an almost feminine hand, with palms as pink as if they had been boiled. To my surprise, he accompanies me out. The interpreter is between us, a little to the rear; the nurse, behind him. Our companions precede him, the French ambassador with the President of the Republic, who has not said a word. Some distance behind us is a younger group — high officials, I presume.

He walks one step at a time, as stiff as if he were not bending his legs, more than ever the bronze emperor in his dark uniform surrounded by light-colored or white ones. I think of Churchill at the time he received the Cross of the Liberation. He was to review the guard which had just presented arms to him. He too could only shuffle forward step by step, and he stopped in front of each soldier to examine his decorations before going on to the next man. He seemed, then, to be at death's door. The soldiers watched the stricken old lion pass slowly by in front of them. Mao is not stricken: he has the uncertain equilibrium of the statue of the Commendatore, and walks like a legendary figure risen from some imperial grave. I quote to him Chou En-lai's remark a few years back: "We began a new Long March in 1949, and we are still only on the first lap."

"Lenin wrote: 'The dictatorship of the proletariat is an unrelenting struggle against all the forces and traditions of the old society.' Unrelenting. If Khrushchev really believed that all the contradictions had disappeared in Russia, it was perhaps because he thought he was ruling a revived Russia."

"Which Russia is that?"

"The Russia of victories. That can suffice. Victory is the mother of many illusions. When he came here for the last time, on his return from Camp David, he believed in compromise with American imperialism. He imagined that the Soviet government was that of all Russia. He imagined that the contradictions had almost dis-

appeared there. The truth is that if the contradictions due to victory are less painful than the old ones, luckily they are almost as deep. Humanity left to its own devices does not necessarily re-establish capitalism (which is why you are perhaps right in saying they will not revert to private ownership of the means of production), but it does re-establish inequality. The forces tending toward the creation of new classes are powerful. We have just suppressed military titles and badges of rank; every 'cadre' becomes a worker again at least one day a week; whole trainloads of city-dwellers go off to work in the People's communes. Khrushchev seemed to think that a revolution is done when a Communist party has seized power — as if it were merely a question of national liberation."

He does not raise his voice, but his hostility when he refers to the Russian Communist Party is as obvious as Chou En-lai's hatred when he refers to the United States.

"Lenin was well aware that at this juncture the revolution is only just beginning. The forces and traditions he was referring to are not only the legacy of the bourgeoisie. They are also our fate. Li Tsung-jen, who was vice president of the Kuomintang, has just come back home from Taiwan. Another one! I told him: 'We still need another twenty or thirty years of effort to make China a powerful country.' But is that merely in order that this China should become like Taiwan? The revisionists mix up cause and effect. Equality is not important in itself; it is important because it is natural to those who have not lost contact with the masses. The only way of knowing whether a young cadre is really revolutionary is to see whether he really makes friends with the workers and peasants. The young are not Red by birth; they have not known Revolution. You remember Kosygin at the Twenty-third Congress: 'Communism means the raising of living standards.' Of course! And swimming is a way of putting on a pair of trunks! Stalin had destroyed the kulaks. It isn't simply a question of replacing the Czar with Khrushchev, one bourgeoisie with another, even if it's called Communist. It's the same as with women. Of course it was necessary to give them legal equality to begin with! But from there on, everything still remains to be done. The thought, culture, and customs which brought China to where we found her must disappear, and the thought, customs, and culture of proletarian China, which does not yet exist, must appear. The Chinese woman doesn't yet exist either, among the masses; but she is beginning to want to exist. And then, to liberate women is not to manufacture washing machines — and to liberate their husbands is not to manufacture bicycles but to build the Moscow subway."

I think of his own wives, or rather what one hears

about them. The first had been chosen by his parents. It was under the Empire — Mao could have seen the last Empress. He draws aside her veil, finds her ugly, and has not stopped running since. The second was the daughter of his master. He loved her, and refers to her in a famous poem as "my proud poplar" (a play on her name). She was taken as a hostage by the Kuomintang, and beheaded. I remember the photograph in which he is seen raising his glass face to face with Chiang Kai-shek at Chungking: much icier than Stalin face to face with Ribbentrop. The third was the heroine of the Long March: wounded fourteen times. He divorced her (divorce is rare in the Chinese Party); today she is governor of a province. Finally he married Chiang Ching, a Shanghai film star who found her way to Yenan through the lines to serve the Party. She directed the army theater. Since the capture of Peking she has lived only for Mao, and has never again appeared in public. She has since played an important role in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution.

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"Proletarian China," Mao goes on, "is no more a coolie than it is a mandarin: the People's Army is no more a partisan band than a Chiang Kai-shek army. Thought, culture, customs must be born of struggle, and the struggle must continue for as long as there is still a danger of a return to the past. Fifty years is not a long time, barely a lifetime; our customs must become as different from the traditional customs as yours are from feudal customs. The basis on which we have constructed everything is the real toil of the masses, the real struggle of the soldiers. Anyone who does not understand that puts himself outside the Revolution. It isn't a victory, it is a mixing of the masses and the cadres over several generations."

Thus, doubtless, did he speak of China in the cave at Yenan. I think of the poem in which, after evoking the heroes of Chinese history and Genghis Khan, he adds, "Look rather in the present."

"And yet," I remark, "it will be the China of the great empires."

"I don't know; but I do know that if our methods are the right ones — if we tolerate no deviation — China will be restored to greatness."

Once more I am about to take my leave of him: the cars are at the bottom of the steps.

"But in this battle," he adds, "we are alone."

"Not for the first time."

"I am alone with the masses — waiting."

The tone is a surprising one, in which there is

bitterness, perhaps irony, and above all pride. One might think he had spoken these last words for the benefit of the others, but he has only spoken with passion since they moved out of earshot. He is walking more slowly than his illness compels him to.

"What is expressed in that commonplace term 'revisionism' is the death of the Revolution. What we have just done in the army must be done everywhere. I have told you that the Revolution is also a feeling. If we decide to make of it what the Russians are now doing — a feeling of the past — everything will fall apart. Our Revolution cannot be simply the stabilization of a victory."

"Doesn't the Great Leap Forward seem much more than a stabilization?"

Its edifices surround us as far as the eye can see.

"Yes. But since then . . . there is what one sees, and what one doesn't see. Men do not like to bear the burden of the Revolution throughout their lives. When I said, 'Chinese Marxism is the religion of the people,' I meant — but do you know how many Communists there are in the countryside? One percent! — I meant that the Communists express the Chinese people in a real way if they remain faithful to the work upon which the whole of China has embarked as if on another Long March. When we say, 'We are the Sons of the People,' China understands it as she understood the phrase 'Son of Heaven.' The People has taken the place of the ancestors. The People, not the victorious Communist Party."

"Marshals have always liked stabilizations; but you have just eliminated ranks."

"Not only marshals! Besides, the survivors of the old guard have been molded by action, like our state. Many of them are empirical, resolute, prudent revolutionaries. On the other hand, there is a whole generation of dogmatic youth, and dogma is less useful than cow dung. One can make whatever one likes out of it, even revisionism! Whatever your ambassador may think, this youth is showing dangerous tendencies. It is time to show that there are others."

He seems to be struggling simultaneously against the United States, against Russia — and against China: "If we tolerate no deviation . . ."

Little by little we approach the front steps. I look at him (he is looking straight ahead). What an extraordinary power of allusion! I know that he is about to intervene anew. Through the young? Through the army? No man will have shaken history so powerfully since Lenin. The Long March portrays him better than any personal trait, and his decision will be brutal and ruthless. He is still hesitating, and there is something epic in this hesitation whose object I do not know. He wanted to re-create China, and he has re-created it; but he

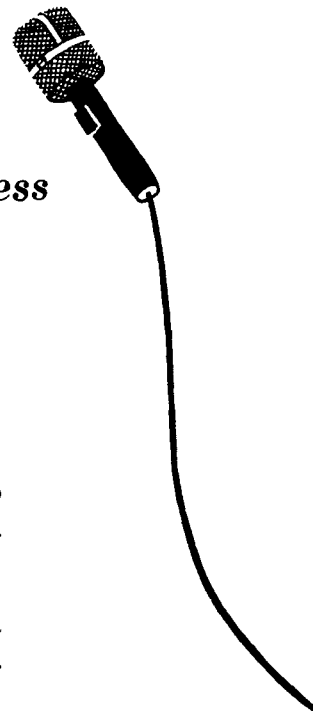
also wants the "uninterrupted revolution" with the same determination, and it is essential to him that youth should want it too. I think of Trotsky, but the "permanent revolution" related to a different context, and I only knew Trotsky after his defeat (that first evening, at Royan, the shock of white hair, the smile, and the little wide-apart teeth in the glare of the car headlights). The man walking slowly by my side is haunted by something more than the uninterrupted revolution; by a gigantic conception of which neither of us has spoken: the underdeveloped countries are far more numerous than the countries of the West, and the struggle began as soon as the colonies became nations. He knows that he will not see the global revolution. The underdeveloped nations are at the same stage as the proletariat in 1848. But there will be a Marx (he himself first and foremost) and a Lenin. A great deal can be done in a century! It is not a question of the alliance of such and such an external proletariat with an internal proletariat, the alliance of India with the British Labor movement, of Algeria with the French Communists; it is a question of the vast tracts of misery against the little European headland, against hateful America. Proletariat will unite with capitalism, as in Russia, as in the United States.

But there is one country dedicated to vengeance and justice, one country that will never lay down its arms, will never lay down its spirit, before the global confrontation. Three hundred years of European energy are now on the wane; the Chinese era is dawning. He reminded me of the emperors, and he now reminds me, standing there, of the rust-covered shields of the army chiefs which belonged to the funerary avenues of the emperors, and are to be found abandoned in the sorghum fields. Behind our entire conversation the hope of a twilight world stood watch. In the vast corridor, the dignitaries have stopped, without daring to turn around.

"I am alone," he repeats. And suddenly he laughs. "Well, with a few distant friends: please give General de Gaulle my greetings. As for them" (he means the Russians), "the revolution doesn't really interest them, you know."

The car drives off. I draw back the little curtains on the rear window. As when I arrived, but this time in broad daylight, he is alone in his dark costume at the center of a slightly withdrawn circle of light-colored suits. Silky tufts of mimosa drift past on the wind like snowflakes, like the tufts of kapok above the queen of the Casamance. Overhead, an airplane flashes past. With his hand to his forehead in the age-old gesture, the Old Man of the Mountain watches it recede, shading his eyes from the sun.

SPEAK INTO THE CUPCAKE, PLEASE



A primer on how to read the pols and the press

by **Martin F. Nolan**

"I had always thought of cliché as a suburb of Paris until I read the political reporting in America," a visitor to these shores is said to have remarked, bringing to mind the newspaper editor who proclaimed to his staff assembled: "What this newspaper needs is some new clichés." In this presidential year, the boys in the press room and those in the camera lenses are fulsomely obliging. Martin Nolan, formerly national correspondent for the defunct REPORTER and now a Washington correspondent for the Boston GLOBE, finds, however, that for all their energy the campaign reporters are mostly telling readers what might happen at the expense of telling them what has already happened.

Reagan Is Unquestioned Star at Conference," said the headline in the Great Falls, Montana, *Tribune*, assessing the 1967 Western Governors Conference. "Romney Is Given a Mixed Review," said the *New York Times* on February 26. "Views on Romney Tour Mixed," said the *Washington Post* on the same day. This copydesk coincidence labeled a tour of Western states as something less than a smash hit. The headlines also enshrined theatrical metaphor as the dominant theme of this year's political reportage.

The theater has replaced the racetrack as the arena of political discourse. The "front-runners" and "dark horses" who were "groomed" for the "presidential sweepstakes" survive only as mezzotint clichés. Now, a candidate's "performance," how he "comes across" or "projects his image," is something more complicated than judging horseflesh. This year, reporters have been constructing "scenarios," a harmless endeavor that often cloaks long-shot predictions.

The shift from stable to stage came about largely because presidential politics has become inherently more dramatic since the atomic bomb. The drama has heightened, too, with the spreading permeation of radio and television, still primarily agents of entertainment rather than information or enlightenment.

The dramatic process, however, was helped along by the power of the press. In the new dispensation, after all, reporters are more powerful, just as surely as drama critics are more influential, than handicappers. Of this increased power, there can be no doubt. Governor Romney, the original closed-out-of-town flop of the season, thinks that reporters are burdened with what he calls "the Teddy White syndrome." The accusation is a tribute to Theodore H. White, whose gifts for capturing drama in politics helped push back the timetable for "the making of a President." White himself has complained that politicians who once treated him as a man with a notebook now clear their throats before speaking for the ages.

Romney's complaint is the obverse of White's. The Michigan governor's tour of the West early in 1967 should have been conducted in obscurity since Romney was unprepared to grapple with the issue of Vietnam and other problems far from Lansing. As his bizarre syntax and contradictions flowed into dispatches back East, Romney's fate was sealed.

His wry appraisal of his fate will surprise those who thought Romney couldn't tell a syndrome from a Chevrolet. This surprise obtains largely because of the governor's ineptitude with the English language but partly from reporters' attitudes

toward governors and state government. "No good can come out of Lansing" remains the thought of many Washington-based reporters despite an awareness of the resurgent importance of state government within the federal system. The changing dateline of a political trip is far more glamorous than a week in Lansing, Albany, or Sacramento. This failing focuses on one aspect of a candidate — can he win? — at the expense of another question — what sort of man is he? Most political reporters in Washington are graduates of state capital coverage and do not choose to go back to its routine of humdrum and high jinks. Rather than Washington snobbery, the feeling is contempt for one's origins, similar to the sentiment of Groucho Marx when he refused to join a club that would have him as a member.

It's been a bad year for institutions, and the press is no exception. Proof of this institutional decay may be seen in the proliferation of the word *new* attached to familiar nouns. The new politics, the New Left, and the new Nixon are sometimes hedged in quotation marks, but they stand as monuments of escape from more accurate descriptions. Genuine phenomena provide genuine excuses, but this year's semantic difficulties are also grounded in the Teddy White syndrome. White made history and literature out of the stuff of politics. By doing so, he helped make politics a more self-conscious enterprise and its mechanics more momentous than they need to be. A seismographic quiver in a public-opinion poll is subjected to as much rigorous attention as, say, a candidate's housing policy.

The self-conscious glare of history blinds politicians as well as reporters, Lyndon B. Johnson being Exhibit A. His obsessive attention to detail in matters dealing with the press was an effect as well as a cause of the credibility gap which has obscured the enduring achievements of his Administration. And any one of the President's four press secretaries could have told him who wins in any sustained argument between the press and a politician.

The power of the press over politics is institutionalized. Three presidential primaries, in fact, are based on this power. Election officials in Oregon, Wisconsin, and Nebraska make their ballot selections from press, radio, and television reports. An affidavit abjuring further political activity is required from a candidate before he can escape the stigma of ambition given him by the press.

This power is not necessarily bad by any means. The press has helped fill the place abdicated by convention delegates who once gathered every four years for relatively sober consideration of the best man for the job. Now, delegates gather for fun and ratification, their minds already made up. H. L. Mencken's view of conventions — quadrennially

quoted — deemed them "as fascinating as a revival or a hanging." But Mencken spoke of gaudy, multiballot affairs in an age of less dramatic politics. Today, conventions and elections are more denouement than climax. The dramatic action takes place on that hackneyed boulevard, "the campaign trail."

THE physical conditions of American campaigning are important since they are so unlike the carpeted luxury to which elected officials and political reporters are accustomed. Traveling scribes, even in this jet age, spend as much time in bouncing buses as any minor-league ball team or small-time dance band. The day is long; the typewriter — or camera or microphone — becomes heavy; and the atmosphere is somewhat like military life, punctuated with endless griping and moments of exhilarating absurdity, but enriched with quickly made friendships.

It helps to travel with a millionaire. In Nelson Rockefeller's entourage, a bar magically appeared at every other stop; on the plane, the Heineken's flowed like buttermilk. As part of an austerity effort midway through his campaign, the governor's staff dispensed with the hiring of a bartender for the press bar, and reporters had to pour their own. This hardship never confronted those traveling with Senator Eugene McCarthy. In the early days of the senator's campaign, the press found that food was seldom advanced or scheduled. There was no time to buy it or eat it, and the peanut-butter sandwiches sustaining student volunteers back at headquarters seemed like ambrosia to reporters on the open road.

Men, not mechanics, still dominate political reporting, and the candidates vary in their dealings with the press. Vice President Humphrey has been aided by two press staffs, his own and that of his campaign organization. The Vice President is quite as jolly with reporters as with everyone else. He has driven reporters to distraction, however, with the looseness of his private conversations. These conversations are the staple of every reporter's think piece. Whether in trench-coat eloquence before the cameras, or in a Sunday editorial page spread or woven into a newsmagazine portrait, a reporter's conjectures are nourished by quiet seminars with the candidate.

The rules for the game are either "off the record" — that is, unprintable or not for any attribution, — or "for background" — attributable not to the candidate but to a "well-informed source" in the candidate's camp. Humphrey, partly from natural amiability and partly as a hangover from his early vice presidential days, when very few reporters sought his views, has often told reporters to "use

your own judgment.” This is torture for most, resulting in giving the candidate the benefit of the ethical doubt and the reporter a dull story. When reporters covering Humphrey hear him utter the same off-the-record declarations a day later before a stadium full of people, they mutter into their Smith-Coronas and vow never again to keep his secrets for him.

The bond between Robert Kennedy and reporters who followed him was strengthened during his last campaign. Kennedy always did reporters a favor during tours of shopping centers and American Legion halls by giving a consistent cue to the approaching end of the speech. Every time the candidate said, “As George Bernard Shaw once said . . .,” reporters folded their notebooks and began a dash to beat the crowd to the press bus. Kennedy once mystified an audience by saying with a leprechaun grin, “As George Bernard Shaw once said, ‘Head for the bus!’”

Senator Edward M. Kennedy cited the Shaw quote as the peroration of his eulogy to his brother: “Some see things as they are and ask why; I dream of things that never were and ask why not.” For each reporter in the grieving hush of St. Patrick’s Cathedral, the senator’s translation of this little ritualistic joke was uniquely moving.

NO CANDIDATE has been more solicitous of reporters than the former voodoo doll of the press, Richard M. Nixon. It’s a dullard indeed who fails to catch a new lead in a Nixon speech. The former Vice President pauses, begins emphatic gestures, and practically constructs a billboard for every new idea in his rhetoric. Afterward, the word is passed that Nixon himself is available for clarification or for writing a headline. Not only has he acted as his own press secretary during the campaign, he is his own press conference and his own political analyst. In speeches and conversations, he asks himself questions, then answers them, adding an interpretation as candid and as probing as could be offered. During one speech, for instance, he ticked off six reasons why he couldn’t answer three questions he had asked himself, then said: “Now, you see, despite all the talk you’ve heard about ‘the new Nixon,’ he still approaches problems in the same lawyerlike, on-the-other-hand fashion.” Such tactics leave reporters and commentators frustrated: could Eric Sevareid have analyzed the candidate any better? Not only is the keenness of Nixon’s commentary remarkable. His speed and agility on any political subject produce instant analyses. He is truly the Polaroid candidate.

The speaking styles of Nixon and Humphrey obviously differ, one grave and cautious, the other

giddy and garrulous. Yet for reporters, as for so many citizens, the prospect of their confrontation was less than exciting because both men are predictable, even in their possible indiscretions.

Senator McCarthy began his campaign with the goodwill of most Washington reporters. In the Senate, he was an accessible coffee companion who gave witty, incisive accounts of what went on inside the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. A man at home in the world of words, McCarthy was *sympatico* with reporters. Even to those who had never covered him, McCarthy aroused admiration for his singular struggle and his quiet fortitude. The more famous he became, however, the more the friendship soured due to mistrust on both sides.

A landslide majority of columnists had ignored McCarthy for months, and he defined their role in society as hapless entrail-readers. To reporters asking about changes in his staff, he said, “I think you fellows are really frustrated campaign managers.” He compared the press to blackbirds on a telephone wire: “One flies off and they all follow; one comes back and they all fly back.” On several occasions, when reporters would seek clarification on a speech item, McCarthy was rude in his own gentle way: “What difference does it make what I say? You’ll print what you want to, anyway.” McCarthy, it must be noted, invoked off-the-record restrictions less frequently than any candidate. And he was acidly aware of which publications had treated him seriously and which had not.

McCarthy baffled reporters with his approach to politics and his creation of a political force. The quiet candidate and his fervent student armies and volunteer brigades ran up against the conservative customs of politics and political reporting. In the McCarthy campaign, there was no Larry O’Brien or Len Hall or Jess Unruh whom reporters could seek out for an estimate of the campaign. McCarthy’s objection about reporters as frustrated campaign managers was less accurate than a charge that reporters are frustrated prophets. The self-fulfilling prophecy is a landmark in an era of self-conscious politics; had McCarthy depended on the press instead of his student armies to spread his word, he probably would have ended up a Lar Daly, or at best a Harold Stassen.

It’s been a bad year for prophets; so few politicians consulted them before announcing surprises. Despite a series of embarrassing pratfalls, the press played the prophecy game after every primary, every state convention, every major speech of a candidate. Even if politicians regard political reporters as drama critics (smug, inbred, piranha-like), most readers — and editors — still want the handicapper’s forecast of who will win the race.

The double dozen or so reporters who form the

spearhead of the loosely organized "national press corps" appreciate the problems wrought by their own increased influence and the changing ways of politics and technology. Alas, they are mortal, too; a readiness to adapt to change can involve missing the story. Take television, for instance. The message seen by millions is far more important than the set speech heard by a few thousand at a whistle-stop or shopping center rally. But to cover the television campaign presents several practical problems. One is that advertising agencies regard press queries as industrial espionage. They insist, for instance, that the "spontaneous" taped commercials of a candidate talking with voters be conducted in secrecy, with no press "to interfere." (Barring the press from these sessions endangered press relations for Nixon on his very first day of campaigning in New Hampshire.)

Even if reporters overcome these obstacles, the editor back in the office is displeased when his reporter misses a major policy statement or even a minor peccadillo by a traveling candidate. Reporters, too, have a Puritan ethic; sitting in a motel room making notes from a television screen hardly seems like work, and the event covered hardly seems like news.

Among the nonelectronic press, a gnawing feeling grows that their efforts are becoming obsolete. This is hardly so, as the sales of Theodore White's books can attest. But the fear of being McLuhanized into irrelevance has forced the pen-and-pencil men to fight back. John J. Lindsay of *Newsweek* frequently carries a chocolate cupcake with which to interview the local citizenry during a candidate's visit. The experiment is an exquisite psychological test. After several reporters use notebooks as weapons on the mood of a voter, along comes the cupcake man, serene and smiling. The subject of the interview is a bit suspicious, but exhortations of "Speak into the cupcake, please," invariably produce profound and forthright statements on the candidate. The experiment is thus a success, although it falls short of proving that the world is artificial or that a microphone is a confection.

That the competing media act as checks and balances is a fact. Newspapers themselves are changing, too. The much deplored trend toward chains and mergers has produced better reporting for small-city dailies. The readers of *Newhouse*, *Gannett*, *Scripps-Howard*, *Knight*, or *Hearst* papers can often read as sophisticated an analysis of a political event as the readers of bigger, more prestigious dailies. This small army, in alliance with the legions of *Walter Cronkite*, helps keep the power of the press safely fragmented.

A multimedia mix is indeed the best protection against the forces of glibness and sham. Television is no objective boon or bane. Ask Richard Nixon,

now facing his third test against the tube. His "Checkers" speech saved him in 1952, but his debates in Kennedy's milieu ruined him in 1960. Ronald Reagan, a walking theatrical metaphor, used extraordinarily slick methods with the press. To any substantive question on his political future, he replied with a telegenic grin, "Well, I'm not going to write your leads for you, fellas." Reporters may have generally bought the line, but voters outside California have not.

The struggle of concentration between the message and how it's received goes on in reporters' dispatches. In one of the weirdest interludes of this year's politics, the several weeks of Governor Rockefeller's announced noncandidacy and determined availability, the lines of this struggle were drawn on the front pages of the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*. Rockefeller's apparent aim in this curious stage in his career was to galvanize public opinion into forcing him to accept his party's nomination. So he gave speeches, one of them on his ideas on rebuilding city slums. The governor's text was interesting and indeed refreshing to read. To listen to these original ideas, however, was an ordeal.

The audience, the American Society of Newspaper Editors, was enveloped in torpor throughout the talk. The next day, the two leading American newspapers covered the story, the *Post* barely mentioning the substance of the speech and dwelling on its hypnotic delivery, the *Times* sketching the content of the address while ignoring its enervated audience. These stories, written by peerless reporters, typify the polarization in political reporting between form and substance, policy and politics, medium and message. Waged in editors' memos and reporters' gripe sessions, the contest is not likely to be resolved soon.

The change in metaphor from the racetrack to the theater has not made politics easier to write about or read about. Politics is becoming less and less a spectator sport and more and more an endeavor of widespread citizen participation. Political scientists have noted an evolution of the patronage-drenched "politics of distribution" to the more disinterested "politics of innovation." In all political discourse, there is more emphasis on the quality of American life than on the quantity of its material wealth.

"Participatory politics," however, is still a long way from fruition. Until that time, the press must serve as the crucible for candidates. And for those who worry that current practices of the press reward the glibness of form at the expense of the substance of achievement, there is the question: if a candidate cannot meet the minimal standards of intelligibility for a night lead, how can he make himself clear to, say, the Premier of the Soviet Union?

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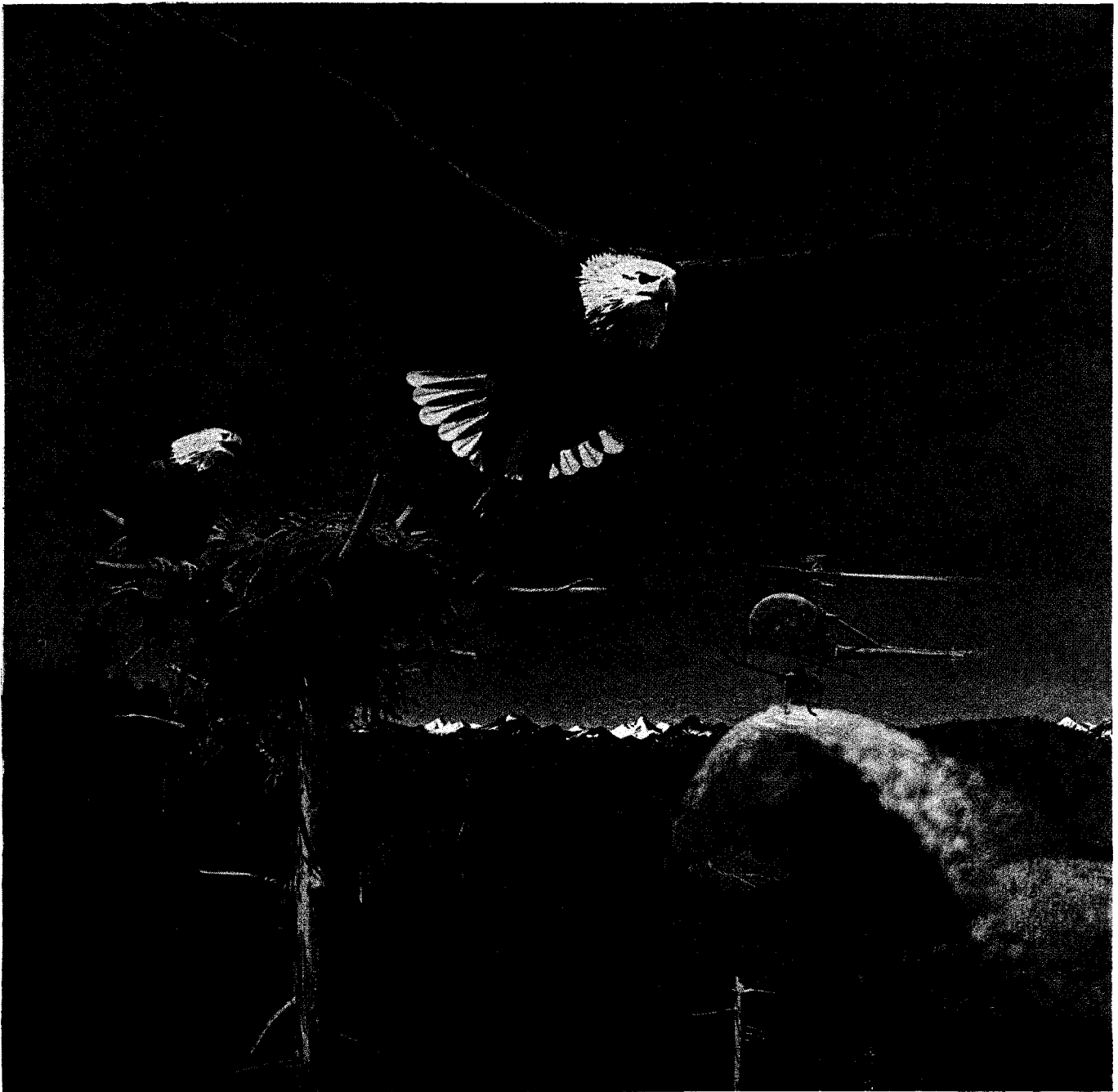
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Arts and Letters

Justice and Psychiatry

by Thomas S. Szasz

To restrain individuals from violating the persons and property of others, every society has developed a body of rules and procedures, usually called the criminal law, setting forth the proscribed acts and the penalties for them. Assault, battery, and murder are, of course, high on this list of proscribed acts.

In Western societies, injurious acts generally fall into one of two categories: felonious offenses or justifiable acts of self-defense (including protection of self and community). In modern times, a third, or intermediate, category (whose ancestry may be traced to the Renaissance and beyond) has gained increasing recognition. In it are placed the offenses of persons said to be insane or mentally ill. Acts and actors so classified form a bridge between prohibited and permitted acts, criminally guilty and innocent persons. Like all hybrids, this category exhibits characteristics of both of its parents; the upshot is that the people classified as mad rather than bad are considered at once not blameworthy but in need of restraint by organized society, and blameworthy but nevertheless not appropriate subjects for the penalties of the criminal law.

The principal aim of the editors of *The Battered Child* is, as I see it, to enlarge this intermediate category of violent acts and malicious actors

The Battered Child
edited by Ray E. Helfer
and C. Henry Kempe,
foreword by
Katherine B. Oettinger
(Chicago, \$12.50)

by including in it all the physical injuries which parents inflict on their children, and all the persons who engage in such conduct.

The book treats mainly two topics. One is the awful things parents do to their children's bodies (the editors do not deal with the awful things they do to their children's personalities); the other is what ought to be done about these things. Helfer and Kempe — respectively, assistant professor, and professor and chairman, in the department of pediatrics at the University of Colorado School of Medicine in Denver — assume, and indeed insist on, two quite unrelated propositions: one is that the apparent victims of “the battered child syndrome” — that is, the chil-

dren — are physically ill and hence require pediatric care; the other is that the accused victimizers — that is, the parents — are mentally ill and require psychiatric care. That injured children need medical care is irrefutable. That the parents also do is, however, less obvious. Yet everything the editors say about battering parents and do with them rests on this unexamined and unproven premise.

“Children who have been abused,” writes Katherine B. Oettinger, chief of the children's bureau, Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, in the foreword, “require protection and rehabilitation, and their parents need professional guidance to help them understand, accept, and cope with their parental roles.” But is it not morally objectionable to tell adults that they need “professional” (meaning “psychiatric”) guidance when they themselves not only do not ask for such guidance but explicitly reject it?

Although not a single one of the battering parents described in this volume requested psychiatric help, Helfer asserts — and this assertion is repeated by other contributors until it becomes their veritable battle

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(Each month in this space we ask our editors to tell the world about some of our recent books)

Some publishing is done for the sake of information, some for argument, some for entertainment. Then, occasionally, a book is published for the sheer donnybrook of it. Such a book is **DEMOCRACY AND THE STUDENT LEFT**, written by **George F. Kennan** and students and teachers from more than twenty colleges.

Last fall Mr. Kennan delivered a speech at Swarthmore which was later published in the *New York Times Magazine*. The editors were swamped with mail, as was the author. Mr. Kennan, who thought he had made a modest enough plea for traditional education, was greeted with replies like, "Mr. Kennan's legalistic concerns will earn him the scorn which history will someday heap upon those who worried in 1968 about the sanctuary of the ivory tower." Hundreds of angry letters, from which we selected thirty-nine, persuaded us only a book could adequately embody the exchange.

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cry — that the physician "must realize the parents usually want help." Since this is not true, and since Helfer knows it isn't, he resorts to a psychiatric redefinition of "help." "In regard to the parents' desire for help," writes Helfer, "it must be admitted [sic] that there are times when they do not demonstrate this desire too clearly." One mother countered Helfer's offer of "help" with: "You can go straight to hell!" But Helfer remains unmoved, secure behind his professional barricade: "If the physician is convinced that this fact [that all battering parents want help] is true, the parent will eventually demonstrate, in some manner, his or her rather desperate longing for some form of assistance."

Now it seems to me that when physicians (or priests or politicians) assure people that they are trying to help them, that is not very interesting, because obviously they would not say that they are trying to harm them, even if this were the case. Why, then, this recurrent emphasis on helpfulness, not only in this volume, but in all psychiatric propaganda? And why are such thera-



peutic promises so gullibly accepted? I think because the rhetoric of helpfulness conceals, as almost nothing else does, the perennial conflicts and tragedies of human life — the conflicts between parents and children, husbands and wives, teachers and students, whites and blacks, men and women, capitalists and Communists — and makes it appear as if these could be resolved if only everyone showed a little goodwill. Utter nonsense? Of course. But that does not

matter. Hope springs eternal. If not God and the priest, then surely Science and the physician will relieve man of his awful burden — the freedom to manage his own life at the responsibility for what he do with it.

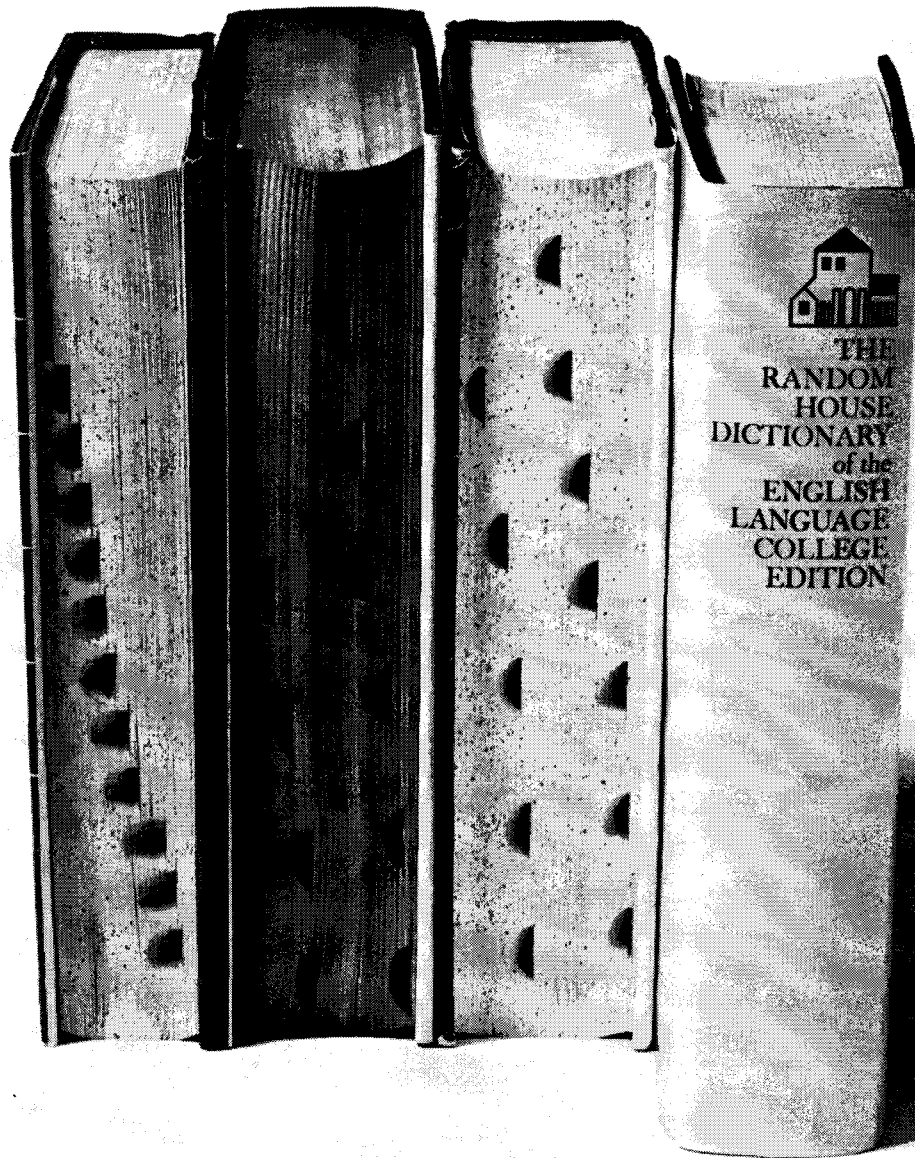
As one would expect, this rhetoric of scientific salvationism is displayed most brilliantly in the chapter on the psychology of battering parents written by two psychiatrists. Brandt F. Steele, a professor of psychiatry at the University of Colorado Medical Center and a training analyst, and Carl B. Pollock, an assistant professor of psychiatry at Colorado, begin anecdotally by telling us how "... unwittingly [they] were launched on a long-term investigation" of battering parents because their "first patient, an effusive, hysterical woman with a vivid, dramatic history and way of life, turned out to be a challenging 'gold mine' of psychopathology. Our feelings alternated between horror and disbelief that she had actually fractured the femur and skull of her three-month-old daughter."

Terence (the philosopher) said: "I am a man, nothing human is alien to me." This maxim was embraced by and became the motto of the leaders of the Enlightenment. The leaders of the new psychiatric Dark Ages have inverted this so that it reads: "I am a (normal) man, nothing alien (abnormal) is human to me." Thus do mental health workers (and their faithful followers) impart meaning to their lives by depriving the lives of "mental patients" of theirs.

"Rarely," Steele and Pollock continue, "a patient [sic] was lost because we had no way of holding on to anyone who was extremely recalcitrant or uncooperative." To the authors, a person is a "patient" even if he is not physically sick and rejects the sick role. Moreover, he is a "voluntary" patient even if he is compelled to see a physician.

By and large the involvement in our study of parents was quite voluntary on their part, even though on first referral they were "told" to see us. In a few instances, maintenance of contact with us depended upon the admonition from a judge that the parents' probation or the return of their child to them was contingent upon seeing us and a report from us.

When even these measures fail to ensure "cooperation," Steele and



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Pollock employ other methods of coercion.

All of them [the parents], even those who came voluntarily asking for help, were quite reluctant and evasive and contact had to be contrived [sic] by whatever possible means and on ad hoc basis. . . . Several attacking parents were hospitalized in our psychiatric unit. Hospitalization was determined as much by a desire to have the opportunity for close observation as by medical necessity.

If such mental hospitalization is not a way of holding on to a recalcitrant patient, what is it?

If this book doesn't put the fear of psychiatric meddling in the reader, nothing will. He cannot say he hasn't been warned. Elizabeth L. Davoren, a psychiatric social worker at the Colorado Medical Center, reports that home visits "involve driving long distances to find nobody at home. Home visits are having the door shut in your face on cold, windy days. . . . Home visits are attempting to get some semblance of a dialogue going above a blaring television set. . . . But home visits are gold mines of useful information."

And so it goes through most of the volume, except for the two concluding chapters on the legal aspects of child abuse, one written by Monrad G. Paulsen, professor of law at Columbia University, the other by Jack G. Collins, an inspector in the Los Angeles Police Department. These authors emphasize, first, that parents who assault their children are, whatever else they might or might not be, lawbreakers; and second, that the relationship between such parents and their children is antagonistic rather than cooperative, so that what is beneficial for one might be harmful for the other.

Each of these chapters (but none of the others) is followed by rather tasteless "Editors' Notes" in which Helfer and Kempe reiterate their rejection, as immoral and impractical, of the adversary model and judicial procedure for arbitrating human conflicts, and their preference for the therapeutic model and bureaucratic procedure. For example, they assert that "every person involved must constantly keep in mind the child's best interests." What they evidently mean is that even a defense attorney retained by a parent accused (conceivably falsely, by neighbors, relatives, physicians,

or social workers) of battering his child must *not* place his loyalty to his client above his loyalty to the child's "best interests" (as if the child's best interests could not be secure the acquittal of his innocent parent). "In our experience," write Helfer and Kempe, "more satisfactory dispositions are made when attorneys, parents, welfare personnel, and physicians meet together in the judge's chambers and, using proper legal formality [sic], discuss all the aspects of the case in question."

What "case"? Helfer and Kempe seem quite unaware how, in their zeal to protect the injured child and to claim his mother and father for the benevolent ministrations of psychiatry, they deprive the parents of their right to prove themselves innocent! I need hardly argue that for persons accused of crime, as parents of allegedly abused children are, a psychiatric star chamber camouflaged behind "legal formality" is no substitute for the protections of a truly adversary system of criminal law. "The right to representation by counsel," observed Justice Abe Fortas in *Kent v. Uni States* (1966), "is not a formality. It is not a grudging gesture to a ritualistic requirement. It is of the essence of the justice." Of course, Fortas means judicial justice. But to the editors of *The Battered Child*, this kind of justice is nothing but a hindrance to the proper performance of their work, much as a dirty operating room might be to surgeons. In short, their goal is not judicial, but psychiatric, justice.

Inevitably, the reader's opinion of this volume will depend almost entirely on his concepts of the individual and the state, and the means the state ought to use to restrain the individual from harming his fellows. If the reader believes that there are two kinds of human beings, sane and insane, two kinds of harmful acts, bad and mad, that there ought to be two systems of social controls utilizing the police power of the state, judicial and medical; and, most important, if he reserves to himself the right to determine which acts and persons should be placed each class, then he will regard *The Battered Child* as an important contribution to the protection of both battered children and battering parents: the former from the latter, and

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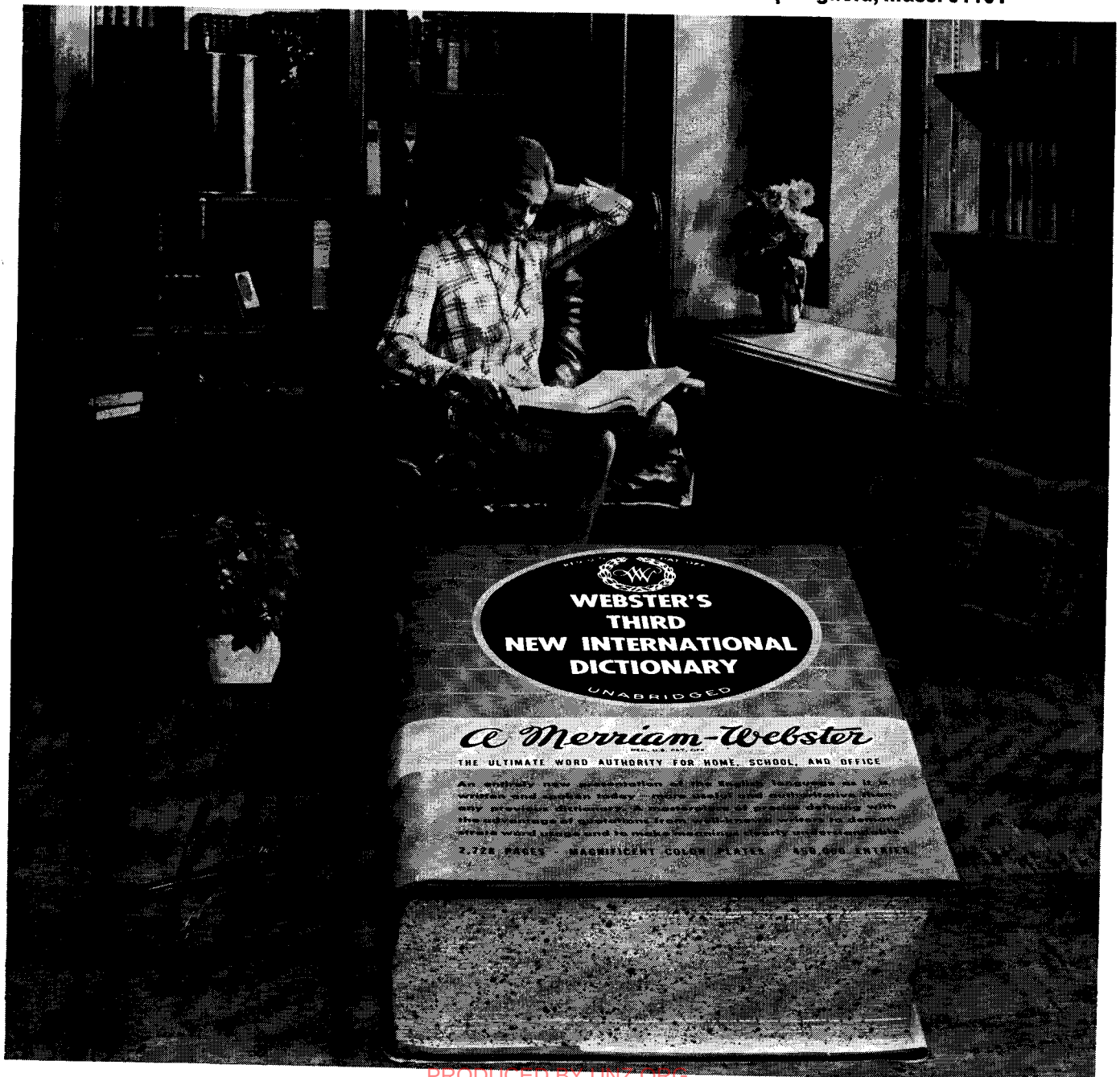
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the latter from the consequences of their mental illnesses.

On the other hand, if the reader believes that all human acts are motivated and understandable; that from the point of view of formal social controls, acts are either legal or illegal; that there ought to be only a single system of social controls utilizing the police power of the state, judicial; and, most important, if he believes that the state has a

duty to treat the citizen with dignity and respect — eschewing coercing him if he obeys the law, and prosecuting him as an accused criminal if he is suspected of breaking it, even if the victim happens to be the alleged victimizer's child — then he will regard *The Battered Child* as still another disastrous addition to the growing contemporary literature on man's dehumanization of his fellow man in the name of mental health.

Victorians, Edwardians, Historians

by Steven Marcus

Most intelligent modern historians pursue their work in the awareness that they are continually reinventing their subject. The past, dead and immutable though it may be, is at the same time in a state of unvarying

Victorian Minds
by Gertrude Himmelfarb
(Knopf, \$8.95)

The Edwardian Turn of Mind
by Samuel Hynes
(Princeton University Press,
\$10.00)

flux. Sustained in the present, existing as a mode of present consciousness, it registers with what sometimes seems uncanny precision and foresight the alterations of thought, attitude, and interest that occur in its future. Regarded in this light, the past appears to be a real masquerade, an interminable impersonation of the present; and the historians who lead us through the changing steps of this unending dance are not imposters but masqueraders — their masks, however, are their actual faces as well.

Considerations such as these apply with special relevance to the nineteenth century. The relevance has to do with the proximity of that era, or series of eras, to our own; with the fact that most of the larger social and intellectual problems that vex us today may be understood to have their distinctive origins then; and with the further fact that the leading analyses of and contending solutions to those problems about which we still argue today are also to be located in their first, and often their most im-

portant, occurrence during that span of years. The length of that span is itself a subject of interest, and one of the few matters upon which historians seem generally agreed is that the nineteenth century begins in the neighborhood of 1789 and ends somewhere around 1914. That consensus is less the sign of an impulse among historians to aggrandize for themselves a larger territory of time than it is an indication of their sense of the immensity of the epoch. And that sense is in turn compounded by a further sense of the diversity and complexity out of which the immensity is constituted.

Indeed, students of the middle and later decades of the century all



play by common consent a game called Selective Victorianism. The conditions of this game stipulate that any work about the period that aspires to large and generalizing conclusions must contain an awareness that it omits as much if not more material than it includes, that every significant theory about the

age admits to a countertheory, and that no account is ever really substantial enough to support the generalizations it offers. It is a game that nobody can win, and the only way to play it is by consistently breaking the rules.

The distinguished intellectual historian Gertrude Himmelfarb is very much alive to these constraints, difficulties, and contradictions. Her new book, *Victorian Minds*, a collection of essays upon a number of figures and themes from the century, exemplifies her style of dealing with such problems. Although, she remarks, an alternative title for her volume might be "Varieties of Victorianism," she has nonetheless a specific and coherent vision or interpretation of the era and its culture — "conservative revolution," as she calls it. And she is equally committed to a particular point of view, that of a modern, enlightened Conservative, in the English rather than the American sense of that term. In this connection, the figures in this volume that are of chief importance to her are Burke and Bagehot, and to a lesser degree parts of Disraeli and moments of Lord Acton. The firmness and vigor of her commitment, moreover, lead her to insights of great value. For example, in "The Haunted House of Jeremy Bentham" she is able to demonstrate how Bentham's scheme for the Panopticon — a monstrous public building that was to serve with equal efficacy as a prison, factory, school, hospital, workhouse, and lunatic asylum — was by no means a momentary aberration of a capacious and benevolent reforming intellect. In her view, this tyrannical structure (Bentham proposed to run it as a capitalist enterprise, with himself as chief capitalist) is "nothing less than the existential realization of Philosophical Radicalism," a judgment whose merit is to be found not so much in its final persuasiveness as in the challenge to argument it candidly extends.

Similarly, because she is unencumbered by reverence for the liberalism of John Stuart Mill, she is able to write with striking effect about the influence on him of his companion and wife Harriet Taylor. That influence may not be so malign as Miss Himmelfarb is convinced that it was — in general it was in the direction of further liberality of opinion — but after reading her

account and the material upon which it is based, one can no longer overlook the fact or magnitude of the influence. And after studying her long and intricate discussion of the machinations that led to the Reform Act of 1867, one is equally unable to overlook the errors and inconsistencies of the liberal politicians at the time, or the inconveniences and torments that confront liberal and leftist historians who try to interpret these events in accordance with orthodox presuppositions.

To be sure, not all of the essays collected here are moved by ideological intentions. Miss Himmelfarb's excellent pieces on Leslie Stephen and James Anthony Froude, for instance, are sustained by other, and equally interesting, preoccupations. And in one chapter, which is devoted to an analysis of the moral and intellectual dilemmas of the historian Lord Acton, her inwardness with her subject is so complete, and her sympathies so vividly engaged, that she writes an essay of surpassing intelligence in which her ideological allegiances are dissolved in her commitment to her subject and transcended in forty pages of lucid and complex analysis conducted throughout at an extraordinary and uninterrupted pitch of intellectual intensity. It is intellectual history of the first order.

For the largest part, however, these essays are informed by the energy of Miss Himmelfarb's engagement to her cause, and if party spirit can sometimes provoke original insight, it can also lead to restriction. The Bentham of her representation, to take the simplest instance, bears almost no resemblance to the Bentham, say, of Mill's great essay, a work that Miss Himmelfarb both praises and, in my judgment, misreads. Her animus against Mill himself is at moments so pronounced that she treats a number of his perplexities and confusions as evidences of disingenuousness and bad faith, a lack of generosity not to be found when she deals with similar circumstances in the careers of figures with whose opinions she agrees. She leans upon Bagehot for support he cannot give, and mistakes the irony of his cynicism for the irony of intelligence. And though, as I have said, it is inevitable, I still sometimes find it disconcerting to see the cold war being fought out with such invincible



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ANDRÉ MAUROIS

gives his final assessment of the activities of the human mind

ILLUSIONS

Shortly before his death, the renowned French Academician completed this manuscript for the George B. Pegram Lectureship at the Brookhaven National Laboratory. The lectures were delivered posthumously by Jacques Barzun last April. Divided into three main parts—*Illusions of the Senses and Sentiments*; *Illusions of Science*; and *Willful Illusions or The Fine Arts*—it amounts to a cogent re-examination of a broad theme which concerned M. Maurois throughout his life. He summarized his purpose as follows: "...Our subject, Illusions, is important in that it embraces all the activities of the human mind, from perception to dreams, from sentiments to intelligence, from politics to science itself. We shall have to determine the part played by illusions in the life of man, to what extent they are dangerous and whether, on the contrary, they are not, in certain cases, salutary."

ILLUSIONS, by André Maurois, is the latest in the Pegram Series, sponsored by the Brookhaven National Laboratory and published by Columbia University Press.

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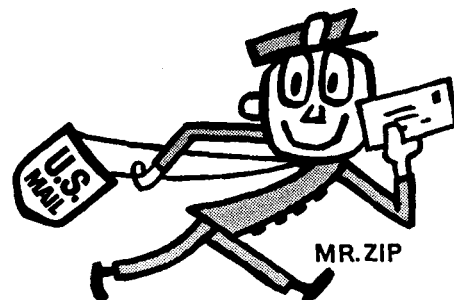
pertinacity over the bones of the venerable dead.

These reservations and disagreements are, nevertheless, relatively minor. The richness and complexity of the age, and of Miss Himmelfarb's apprehension of it, remain compelling; even the lesser or secondary figures with whom she deals often have a greater specific gravity, a more thickly textured responsiveness of mind, than the best minds of other periods and places. In this regard, however, it is important to observe that nothing is more characteristic of Victorian England than that it did not and could not produce a Nietzsche or a Baudelaire. The immense social density and resonance of the great and even the less than great Victorian figures were regularly purchased at the price, as it were, of refusing to "go all the way." As the traditional spiritual and intellectual certainties continued to be eroded, the Victorians applied themselves with steadily increasing rigor to problems of social morality and to the imperatives entailed in the reformation of social life. "I now believe in nothing," wrote Leslie Stephen, "but I do not the less believe in morality. . . . I mean to live and die like a gentleman if possible." And George Eliot, who had lost her religious beliefs, translated from the German a volume which discredited the divine and asserted the mythological nature of Jesus with a crucifix on the table before her. Behavior such as this was of a piece with her later utterance that God was inconceivable, immortality was unbelievable, but that duty was nonetheless still "peremptory and absolute." Strategies and solutions of this kind helped to create the extraordinary social interest, the complex connectedness, of the great Victorians; but they helped as well to create and to define the farther limits beyond which they were unable to conduct their intellectual and literary explorations.

Mr. Hynes picks up at about this point in the spiritual chronology. In his original and important book, he undertakes to do for the end of the period, roughly from 1895 to 1914, what Walter Houghton, in *The Victorian Frame of Mind*, did for the middle decades of the century—to describe, by drawing upon a wide variety of firsthand sources, the cultural temper of the age. To



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this end, he writes chapters on such subjects as the fear of national decline that received widespread currency toward the end of the century and that led among many other things to the founding of the Boy Scouts); the failure of both the Liberal government and liberal thinkers such as Masterman or Galsworthy to deal convincingly with the problems confronting them; the vicissitudes of socialism and the Fabian Society; spiritualist theories and the new sexology; the feminist movement, including conflicts over divorce and birth control, as well as female suffragism; censorship in the theater and in literature, and the attempt officially to organize morality; English provinciality in painting, music, and the dance; and the gradual permeation of new European influences during the years immediately before the war. It is a most impressive survey and succeeds in bringing coherent conceptual organization to a formidable mass of material that hitherto has largely been dealt with in separate and unrelated categories.

And yet, as Mr. Hynes himself realizes, it is impossible to write out these years with the centrality of command that one can exercise in relation to the earlier decades. For the Edwardian period is characterized precisely by the breaking up of the diverse yet essentially solidary Victorian arrangement, by the splitting off and increasing estrangement of the intellectual elites and vanguards from the established social order. Thus, the creative figures of first magnitude of the period—James, Conrad, Hardy, Yeats, the early Joyce and Lawrence—get performance almost no mention in Mr. Hynes's pages.

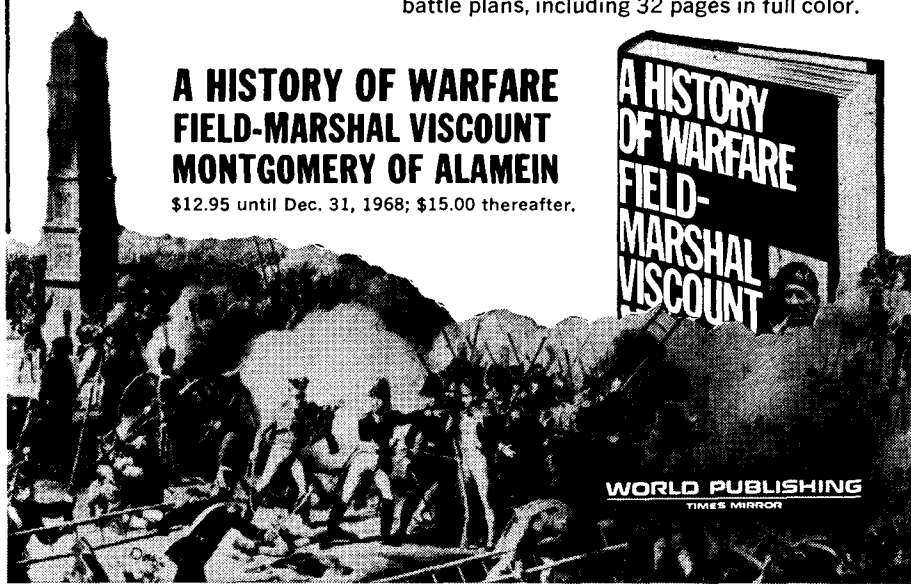
The intellectual personage who appears with greatest frequency in this account is H. G. Wells (Kipling and Shaw figure less prominently, and, I believe, Mr. Hynes is correct in this proportioning). If one simply juxtaposes this Edwardian prophet with any of his counterparts among the Victorian sages, with Carlyle, Mill, Ruskin, Arnold, or Newman, one gets an ineffaceable sense not merely of how authentically second-rate a mind Wells was, but of how radical a constriction had taken place in the possibilities of the official or public culture. But that is the very point of the sad history that Mr. Hynes has composed with such

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distinction. It is the history of the extinction of the Victorian cultural model and of its gradual replacement by a model which, if it does not follow the French or European arcs

of development — if anything about the English is immortal, it is their particularism — is at least more familiar to us and recognizably modern.

That Crystal Teardrop

by Robert Coles

For some reason Joan Baez decided or was persuaded to write something called *Daybreak*, which is called "a unique self-portrait" by her breathless publishers, who at least have the candor to acknowledge the book's "informal structure." Since the book is a slim 160 pages long, that informality of structure is no mean achievement, though I fear on other counts I will have to be a little less generous — less generous too than the editors of the *Atlantic*, who published excerpts of the book in the August issue. *Daybreak* is a sloppy, confusing, and at times foolish book, which, however, is not without interest as an example of how liberal pieties and banalities can exist side by side with obvious talent in a given person.

Appropriately enough, *Daybreak* opens with a dream that Miss Baez can't seem to forget. She is watching a carnival and sees thousands of colored balloons, and attached to them "about three children in all." A little later, of course, we learn that Miss Baez is one of three daughters, and that her sister Mimi was married to Richard Fariña, who was killed in a motorcycle accident, but not before he wrote *Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up to Me*.

Like those balloons, the girls have wandered a good deal. Their father is a physicist, and has taught on the East Coast and the West Coast and abroad. (For a while under the auspices of UNESCO he took his family to Baghdad.) We are told that he was born in Mexico and brought up in Brooklyn; that he studied hard, loved his parents and God and people; and that "he's good, he's a good man." Of course in the middle of the twentieth century an enlightened liberal like Joan Baez knows that life is more complicated than that, even for good men. Her father has to be declared a "compulsive worker," and it has to be acknowledged that "he will

never stop his work long enough to have a look at some of the things in his life which are blind and tragic." On the other hand, the author is capable of awe and ambiguity as well as careful observation: "About me and my father I don't know. I keep thinking of how hard it was for him to say anything nice about me to my face. Maybe he favored me and felt guilty about it, but he couldn't say anything nice."

Miss Baez is very strong on that kind of thinking. She is at ease with glib, psychoanalytic "interpretations" that lend an aura of "depth" to essentially trite and boring re-

Daybreak
by Joan Baez
(Dial, \$3.95)

marks. She knows how to look back, how to find all those important truths of early childhood — and the earlier the better. She knows about dream symbols and rejection and anxiety and fear and all the rest. She knows that her maternal grandfather had a "weakness for marrying domineering women." She knows about "sadistic energies" and schizophrenia. And she knows that someone like her virtually has to have a neurotic symptom, a hang-up, a "problem" for which she can consult a psychiatrist — and believe me, only four or five visits a week will work.

So once again in our time we are asked to take notice of memories knowingly and ostentatiously recited. It must sound like this every day in Beverly Hills and on Park Avenue, where well-to-do, progressive, and avowedly sensitive Americans by the hundreds lie flat on their backs and await the next interpretation: "The major part of my childhood was spent in fighting off terror of things which don't exist, and I don't think my father ever

understood that kind of fear. The overriding and most terrifying boogeyman of my life, which has been with me since my earliest memories, and remains faithfully with me though now it seldom puts me out of commission, has been a fear of vomiting."

Naturally there is much, much more to say about all that, and we are spared very few of the details. Mother Baez constantly had to reassure her vomit-prone daughter, and Father Baez couldn't see why they both became so worked up, and why so many psychiatrists had to get into the act. "What's so bad about throwing up?" he once asked. And another time he used the Arabs instead of the proverbial Chinese: "Right now there must be a hundred sick Arabs throwing up this very minute. It's nothing. You just blugh, and it's over, and then you feel great."

I regret that Miss Baez has now chosen to throw up a good portion of this book, which is dedicated to "the flower children." Her appreciative publishers have set aside some of her stories and her trashy, silly thoughts as if they were Pascal's *nécesses* or fragments from Kafka's *Great Wall of China*:

"Only you and I can help the sun rise each coming morning. If we don't it may drench itself out in sorrow."

"You — special, miraculous, unrepeatable, fragile, fearful, tender, lost, sparkling ruby emerald jewel, rainbow splendor person. It's up to you."

"I live on a hill covered with oak trees and I have two goats — Daisy and Cassandra. Cassandra's face is cockeyed, and her eyes are very strange. One night I dreamed she was a Mexican Gypsy telling fortunes."

"My life is a crystal teardrop. There are snowflakes falling in the teardrop and little figures trudging in slow motion. If I were to look into the teardrop for the next million years, I might never figure out who the people are, and what they are doing."

So speaks Miss Baez, whose "unshakable belief in non-violence" prompted her to found in lovely Carmel an Institute for the Study of Non-violence. Like many another radical who is convinced that brutish, cruel people run America, she is capable of being spiteful, cruel,

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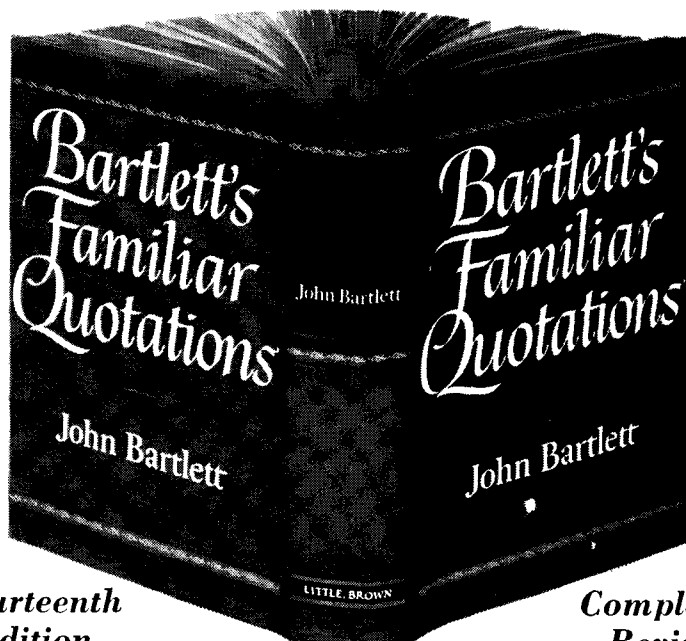
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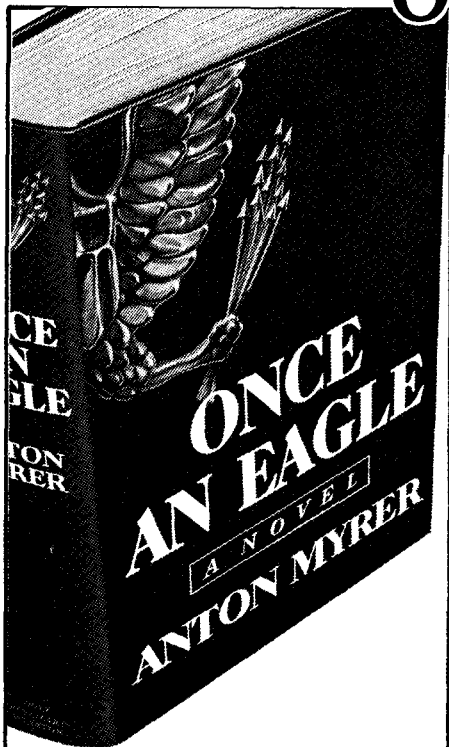
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narrow-minded, callous, arrogant — and ready at all times to escalate her smug, liberal nastiness into this kind of thoughtless violence:

"A friend of mine told me it would be risky to write about Jesus. I'll risk it. I wonder if Jesus knows what's happening on earth these days. Don't bother coming around, Jesus."

And other things come out, too, things that reveal how quick Miss Baez was to begin earning her credentials as a tolerant one — and how cleverly and ambitiously iconoclastic she has come to be, starting from way back: "Mother tells me that I came from the first day of kindergarten and told her I was in love. I remember a Japanese boy who looked after me and wouldn't let anybody knock me around. When they gave us beans to eat in the morning I told him they'd make me sick, and he buried them under the table for me.

"A Saint Bernard tried to play with me one afternoon and he rolled me down the hill. I was so terrified that I wet my pants.

"There was a boy who drank milk with me. He picked flowers a lot, and I always wanted to pat his head. The kids called him a she-she boy. . . .

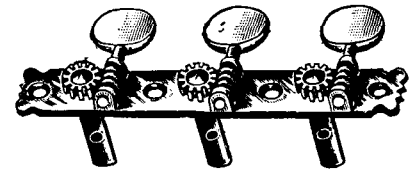
"I hated first grade. I hated 'Red Rover, Red Rover, let Joanie come over,' because it was easy to get hurt, and because I hated to be on a losing side, so I'd do anything, even cheat to win."

There she is — full of unprejudiced love right from the start; ready to let foreigners help her; very much one who encourages the weak, though from a position of strength and power, which she will get to, one way or another. Today she can talk about political activities like a dowager who knows her Europe. ("We did civil disobedience together at the Oakland induction center.") But once upon a time there were those Quaker meetings, which she hated, and those coffeeshouses near Harvard Square, where she might meet a blind girl and talk with her about a school for blind children, which has "stuffy housemothers and overeducated teachers"; and turns out "nice clean well-behaved blind types."

And that's what is so terribly and instructively awful about this book. Amid all that talk of "listening to the Fauré Requiem" or "dancing

to soul music" or "singing in a Mississippi church," we hear about "blind types," perhaps a manner of expression picked up in the "group therapy" that Miss Baez talks ab-

endlessly. Until *Daybreak* came along. I thought that Walker Percy (in *The Last Gentleman*) had once and for all applied to psychiatrists and their "groups" the satire they so urgently require. But Mr. Percy is a wry and gentle man. He is not afraid to be astringent, but he would rather smile and shrug his shoulders. On the other hand Miss Baez is deadly serious. She knows that people have to *confront* one another, and become *mature*; that they need "the group" in order to find out about their *feelings*. She is not about to



let us forget how sly and evasive a "group-member" can become. Yet somehow we learn from one another and become better in those sessions and better outside, where groups turn into reading audiences: "You, Dear Reader — You are Amazing Grace. You are a Precious Jewel — would it embarrass you very much if I were to tell you . . . that I love you?"

The three dots that Miss Baez felt constrained to put in that plaintive question indicate that even she, for all her therapy, both "individual" and "group," knows what a moment of doubt is like. I wish she had been even more hesitant, and not bothered us readers at all. We do, after all, have ears. We can listen to her beautiful voice, full of power and delicacy. We can hear her mind and soul as well, as they go to the Appalachian Mountains ("Wagoner's Lad") or to Mississippi ("Old Blue" and "Lonesome Road"). As a singer, a balladeer, a gifted artist, she needs no defense or further praise, particularly the kind that may somehow have prompted her to write this completely ridiculous failure of a book. Only the whole thing was meant to be a put-on. But alas, Joan Baez speaks in great earnest, and we have no reason to believe that her way of thinking is unusual in this nation.

The Miracles of Muriel Spark

by Peter Davison

Muriel Spark's publishers have this year accorded her the privilege usually reserved for major writers: they have reissued her minor work, to make all available. Perilous though it be, a writer wants his every word preserved, if only because every scrap of finished work discarded is a possibility foreclosed. Could he have performed better as a poet, or a critic, or a biographer, or a chronicler? Those unfinished meals indicate what a chef was lost

Collected Poems: 1
by Muriel Spark
(Knopf, \$4.00)

Collected Stories: 1
by Muriel Spark
(Knopf, \$6.95)

The Public Image
by Muriel Spark
(Knopf, \$4.50)

when a surgeon was made: they are interesting as a professional man's hobbies are interesting.

It was as a poet that Miss Spark opened her career, and the body of work she has chosen to preserve is now gathered in *Collected Poems: 1*. Her poems are curiosities of the sort written by an author who takes literature seriously as a vehicle, but poetry, not quite. They are technically very skillful indeed, adept with the materials of verse but not approaching the commitment that gives poetic artifice its ultimate truth. She feels at ease with poetry as a form but not as a mode for her ultimate expression. So she writes in strict measures about distant emotions.

Capacity, I understand,
Is limited by fixed precision,

Being a measure of displacement:
The void exists as bulk defines it,
The cat subsiding down a basement
Leaves a catlessness behind it.

"Perfect things in poetry," Jorge Luis Borges has said, "do not seem strange, they seem inevitable." Miss Spark's poems only seem strange. The reader is aware of a consistent

voice throughout, but somehow he seldom manages to absorb Miss Spark's images into the imagination. It is as though the medium of poetry allowed her insufficient time to transform her images into living creations.

In her *Collected Stories: 1* the process is carried a bit further. These stories, also mostly written some time ago, vary in quality as widely as the poems, but the best of them are better. There are twenty-one altogether, almost a third of which are set in Africa. (Africa for Miss Spark is the home of violence, and almost all her African stories end in death by shooting.) Many of them — the least successful — rest on the artificial conventions of fantasy; if ballads, nursery rhymes, and the strictly channeled music of the quatrain dominate the poems, so do a number of the stories move in the ghost-story vein. Their characters have returned from the dead to haunt the living or are at once alive and dead, familiar themes rehearsed on a player piano.

In the stories, too, it is the image that dominates, even when it is not wholly absorbed, although the most successful stories do of course bring about the miracle of absorption. In "Alice Long's Dachshunds," "The Black Madonna," and in the concluding and most spacious item, "The Go-Away Bird," there seems to be no escape for the heroines from recapitulating their most desperate necessities, even to the point of self-extinction.

In "Bang-bang You're Dead," a story of sexual jealousy, the time dimension begins to operate in the short story as it might in a novel, and the central quality of Muriel Spark's fiction begins to display itself as a series of economically conveyed images, connected in time and interacting between past, present, and future. Only a writer whose imagination operates under the over-arching assumptions of religious belief can move so confidently in the time dimension, *knowing* that the past is never forgotten, that the future is never isolated.

Two awful themes — the fulfillment of fatality and the ruthlessness

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of miracles — have been dominant in Muriel Spark's novels, but in them the theme opens out to tragic dimensions, the dimensions of Christian tragedy. Christian tragedy, as W. H. Auden once pointed out, is tragedy made poignant by choice. Oedipus cannot choose: his choices are wholly governed by the fates and the oracles; but the Christian hero, in the drama of light against dark, has choices to make that govern the destiny of his soul as well as of his life.

In Muriel Spark's recent novels particularly, the same powerful ritual has been at work. *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* dramatized the miracle of education, as evinced in the words of St. Ignatius almost (and as they come rolling from the stage in the fruity voice of Zoe Caldwell): "Give me a girrl at an impressionable age — and she is mine, for life!" In *The Girls of Slender Means* the ritual imposed the tragicomic image of the rich man, like the camel endeavoring to go through the eye of a needle, literally on the bodies of girls trying to escape through the exiguous window of a burning boardinghouse. The biblical texts leap out of the ringing first paragraph: "Long ago in 1945 all the nice people in England were poor, allowing for exceptions. . . . All the nice people were poor; at least, that was a general axiom, the best of the rich being poor in spirit." It is an astonishing book, imbued throughout with poetry, for one of the minor characters in the boardinghouse is an elocutionist, and the sound of her voice reciting poetry fills the ears of the reader until the very end, when it is discovered that all the important spiritual crises in the narrative have taken place silently, under cover of the sound of poems. Here, as in her best work before and since, Miss Spark located her true genius as a novelist, which was the elaboration of a central sacred image throughout the meanderings of time.

The Mandelbaum Gate (1965) may stand as the classic novel of the Holy Land during its partition. Dealing with actual events of 1961, during the Eichmann Trial, the long narrative winds back and forth through the gate that serves as the passageway between Israel and Jordan and also as the central image of the heroine's life — half Gentile, half Jew by birth, Catholic by faith and choice. *The Mandelbaum Gate*

was grossly underestimated on its American publication, partly because editors usually assigned it to Jewish reviewers, who were annoyed (as were the book's Israeli characters) that the heroine, a woman with a Jewish mother and therefore a Jew by the Law, could actually have chosen Catholicism. It will be a long time before *The Mandelbaum Gate* can be read as a work of literature and faith as it deserves: such is the paradox of fiction that is set at the gates of history.

Miss Spark's newest novel, *The Public Image*, is a short book, like *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* or *The Girls of Slender Means*. Like them it contains miracles and melodrama, but then so does life — people do sometimes die on their birthdays, or of a "broken heart," but literary



critics have been known to resent the fact, and even more to resent the use of the fact in art. *The Public Image*, for the first third of its length, traces the development of Annabel Christopher, "a puny little thing . . . with a peaky face and mousey hair," into a world-famous movie star, the "English Tiger-Lady," because she happens to photograph well and has enough sense to pose properly:

Luigi looked at her with the expert intelligence which first perceived her possibilities in that scene at the fountain — a fugitive governess in the part, hunted between the carved monsters and the great heroic figures of Bernini's fountain in the Piazza Navona, with the hot camera lamps on her and the young men and girls of the piazza looking on. He had noticed, not Annabel, but her recordable image, eyes that would change with the screen's texture, something sheerly given in the face, like a gift that could be exercised. It was a limited provincial look, the semi-detachment of daytime propriety that constrained a savage creature.

Annabel, so ruthless about life, so squeamish about death!

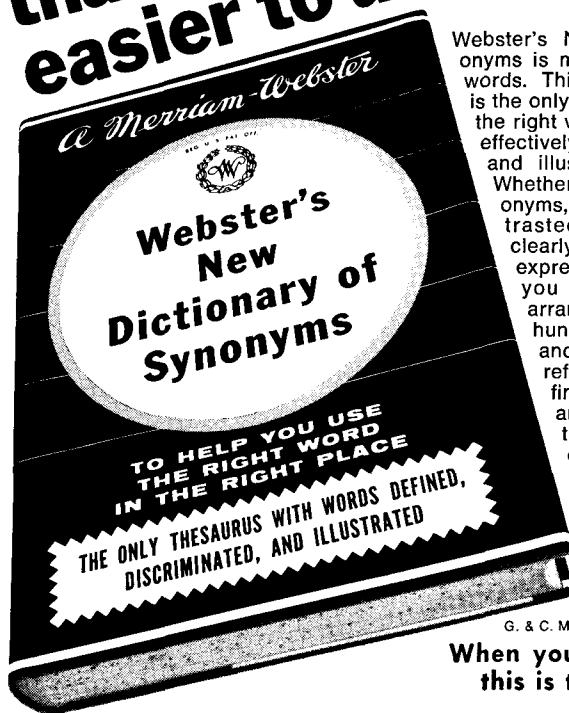
Annabel's husband, an unsuccessful actor and writer, considers himself a serious man, and he cannot tolerate the ease and thoughtlessness with which she manages to coast to her great success; nor, most of all, the likelihood that future success will require even greater thoughtlessness.

Frederick's revenge is as ingenious as it is serious, and as serious as it is melodramatic: he commits suicide, ostentatiously; he arranges for Annabel to be involved against her will in an "orgy" at the very hour of his death; and he leaves behind a chain of spurious and steamy suicide notes. The revenge is appallingly effective. "Sometimes, after his death, it was possible for her to think of his death apart from its relation to the effect of his death upon herself; but not always."

At first Annabel acts the bereaved part perfectly, as for a camera: "She craned forward her head to sip the wine over the baby's body. The doctor put the aspirins half by half into her mouth and she washed them down with the warm wine and let her tears splash on to the side of the glass." But eventually, as Frederick's plot drives her to the wall, it also begins to exercise its effect. In one of his suicide notes Frederick had written: "You are a beautiful shell, like something washed up on the sea-shore, a collector's item, perfectly formed, a pearly shell - but empty, devoid of the life it once held." Frederick's, and Muriel Spark's, evocation of Venus arising from the sea is intended; but the image is turned over and over again as the book's action develops among its *paparazzi* and press agents and inquests and lawyers, against the background of the city of the Seven Capital Sins. Eventually Annabel, surrounded by forces beyond her understanding, is driven to make a decision, a serious one which does not seem serious.

In fact she had felt, as she still felt, neither free nor unfree. She was not sure what those words meant. But she was entirely satisfied, now to be waiting with the baby at the airport for a plane to Greece. . . . Nobody recognised her as she stood, having moved the baby to rest on her hip, conscious also of the baby in a sense weightlessly and perpetually within her, as an empty

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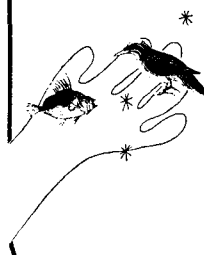
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"How pleasant it is to encounter the simple people who occupy this landscape, each one of them drawn by Mr. Ford with rare fidelity and a kindness born of a dispassionate sense of justice."
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ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

shell contains, by its very structure, the echo and harking image of former and former seas.

Just so Muriel Spark, utilizing the empty shell of her verse, has managed to bring her gift of poetry to the novel. There it has scope to travel around its images, as a camera travels around the face on which it has focused and views it from near and far, while time passes,

and the light changes, and the present turns into the future. The poetry in her novels carries echoes and overtones more musical than those of most poetry, for Miss Spark's novels manage to contain in themselves the passage of the years, as though the images that lie cold in her poems were at last given time to engender, fertilize, and develop in the womb of time.

The Peripatetic Reviewer

by Edward Weeks

Few who went to France in the A.E.F. in 1917 could have imagined that they were at the beginning of a Fifty-Year War. But after the resurgence of the German Army under Hitler, after the early Japanese victories and the new slogan "Asia for the Asians," and after it became clear that Stalin was our enemy, not ally, strategists emerged in our military establishment, heady with power, who saw us holding Communism at bay in every hemisphere, whatever the cost. The ensuing struggle between Command in the Armchair and combat veterans like General Gavin is the theme of an ambitious, magnificently vivid novel, *Once an Eagle*, by a Marine veteran, Anton Myrer: a masculine story and a compelling reminder of where we as a people have gone wrong.

The hero of *Once An Eagle* is Sam Damon, an all-American boy, big, dedicated, and a natural leader in his hometown in Nebraska. He

hankers for an appointment to West Point, but when notified that he must wait for a year, he impulsively enlists for service on the Mexican border, where, as a private, he feels the growing conviction that foot soldiering is where he belongs.

Sam is in the first contingent of American infantry to be paraded down the Champs Elysées by General Pershing. With his sergeant's stripes and his two musketeers, Devlin, the black fighting Irishman, and Raeburne, the impudent, garrulous Tarheel, he has what he needs to train the best damn company in the A.E.F.

During the German breakthrough in the spring of 1918, at Brigny, where his regiment is overrun, Damon rounds up a few stragglers, single-handedly captures two machine-gun nests, and reversing the guns, wipes out a company of Prussian Guards. When relief arrives, the officer he most admires, Major Caldwell, promotes him to lieutenant on the spot; and so begins the valourous career of Sad Sam the Night Clerk (he'd worked nightly in a hotel back home), a "mustang" up from the ranks, winner of the Congressional Medal, a legend, and with his Frank Merriwell honesty, a prodding conscience wherever duty takes him. After the Armistice his father-in-law, now Colonel Caldwell, persuades him to stay on in the Army, for both men are apprehensive that Versailles has settled nothing and that the German Army has not really suffered defeat.

For the political side of soldiering Sam Damon has no tact, and it was bad luck that he should have antagonized from their first meeting a

suave, power-seeking Courtney Massengale. Massengale would always be one jump ahead of him in rank, and during the tedious tours of duty which Sam (still a lieutenant after twelve years) and his wife, Tommy, experience in the dusty, ragtag Army posts, there is the temptation to chuck the whole thing for some more rewarding occupation. Those humiliating years, so full of the disparagement with which America treats its military establishment in times of peace, are what George Patton and Omar Bradley and George C. Marshall also endured. And like them, Sad Sam Damon was needed for Pearl Harbor.

The battle scenes in this big panorama are some of the finest I have ever read, charged as they are with Sam's audacity and the fealty which binds him so closely to his men: to Devlin, whom he saves from a court-martial; to little Brewster, the string bean from Yale whom he inspires; to Brand, his Indian orderly, who saves Sam's life in the Philippines; and to vinegar Ben Krisler, his dearest friend, who with so many of Sam's division is sacrificed deliberately by Lieutenant General Massengale. The Army wives, what we see of them, are well sketched, but essentially this is a story about men, and the phony among them is Massengale, a character as potent in scheming as he is impotent in bed, who stands as a symbol of military madness; he is the villain, the flint on which Sam strikes his sparks. Although he has always wangled the choice plums in Washington, Massengale has never led men in combat, until at last he is given command of an Army Corps in the climactic stage of the Philippine campaign. I question in reality if this would ever have been sanctioned by Marshall.

Hans Koningsberger is that rarest of travelers, a painter in words. He is a Dutchman, now dwelling in New York, whose first five novels were written in English. He uses his adopted language with the tube-squeezing economy and elegance of an artist, and in his travel books, *Love and Hate in China*, which he published after his visit to Mao's kingdom in 1965, and in his new one, *Along the Roads of the New Russia* he is sophisticated, unquarrelsome, and gregarious, liking people, measuring what he sees by what he has

Once an Eagle

by Anton Myrer
(Holt, Rinehart and
Winston, \$7.95)

Along the Roads of the New Russia

by Hans Koningsberger
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$4.95)

Summertime Island

by Erskine Caldwell
(New American Library, \$4.95)

The First Circle

by Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn
translation by Thomas Whitney
(Harper & Row, \$10.00)

read and by what he experiences on the spot, and always vigilant to discover how human nature adapts itself to the inexorable changes of this century.

Last year Mr. Koningsberger entered the Soviet Union through the Finnish portal, driving from north to south along a 2000-mile arc in an old Italian army truck, a resourceful way to explore as it admitted him without question to the truck drivers' canteens, which of course have the best food, and to out-of-the-way places of which an Intourist guide might have disapproved. It also permitted him to sense the steppes, the forests, and the river villages unhurriedly. He is very good about the steppes, where the air is so clear and dry and one has the sensation of moving through a sea of wheat or of corn — or cabbages — for fifty acres; he wonders why no trees flourish in this black soil where everything else will. This brings him to Stalin's plan "to change nature" now being revived and to the observation that the most cheerful thing about the somber villages is the well-cared-for horses — "I've never seen a sad-looking nag in the Soviet Union." He speaks of the peasants' need for private incentive — at least an acre to plant and reap as they please — and of a recent experiment in a kolkhoz where 2000 acres were rented to fourteen farmers to be worked according to their own judgment. The Russian who reported this concluded: "We must not leave the land depersonalized."

In Moscow he goes to the Novodevichevo cemetery to ruminate on how the Russians look upon death, he visits the Turgenev Museum in Orel and Yasnaya Polyana, Tolstoy's fastidiously restored country house, and rightly guesses that these shrines are a sign of inextinguishable piety. His chapter on the idealism and rebelliousness of the young people is illuminating, as is his speculation of what will happen when the Russians get the cars they yearn for. He works in vignettes, and in place of maps and itineraries he uses the human touch. As with other fine travelers, Freya Stark and Alan Morehead, I trust his judgment and enjoy his company.

Summertime Island by Erskine Caldwell, a short story in extended form, is a morality play in primitive colors that make the gorge rise. The old pro knows exactly what he is

doing and does it well. The setting is a sandbar island on the Mississippi where for three days in June a likable teen-ager named Steve is taken on a camping trip by his Uncle Guthry. Their aim is to catch and stuff themselves on catfish taken on a many-hooked trotline, and with them go Troy Pickett, who owns the truck which transports their tent, canvas cots, and supplies, and Duke Hopkins, a Negro schoolteacher, who will help with the boats and the dirty work. Along with his truck, Troy contributes a supply of good red bourbon and a ceaseless flow of abusive profanity; his education, if one can call it that, stopped at the fourth grade, and in his boastful, bullying, whoremastering way he is the embodiment of all that is wrong with the poor white, South and North. Uncle Guthry is well aware of the ignorance and inferiority that are eating off Troy, and as far as he can he acts the part of the pacifier in Pickett's vindictive persecution of the young black, who is anathema to the bully because of his learning and his restraint. As if they did not have enough trouble in camp, the island on their second day is invaded by another party, two burly whites and a pretty, seemingly tireless young tart who is out to seduce everyone with the exception of Troy.

The island and the catfishing are described by one who knows, and the outrage of Troy's persecution is akin to the beatings, the bombings and killings we have seen accelerated since 1954. The moral is clear for those who need it, but whether they can or will read this book I question.

An American reader may wonder why it is of interest and importance for him to submerge himself in such a foreign and demanding book as *The First Circle* by Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn. The answer is simply that this is the most powerful and ironic denunciation of Stalin, the most eloquent affirmation of a man's capacity to stand up under punishment that has been written by a Russian. The novel has been withheld from publication in the Soviet Union; but the author, who was permitted to publish a short book about his penal servitude, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, still resides in Russia, and no matter how much the Kremlin hates to see its

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ALFRED A. KNOFF 

dirty linen in public, I doubt that he will suffer the fate of Pasternak.

In the First Circle of Dante's Hell the souls of the pre-Christian philosophers were doomed to exist throughout eternity, a form of graduated punishment without reprieve. Solzhenitsyn has used the metaphor to identify those scientific centers which under Stalin were staffed largely with political prisoners — captured German scientists, Russian war veterans who were imprudent, and highly trained engineers who had been falsely accused. Such a prison institute was known colloquially as a "sharashka," meaning "an operation based on bluff or deceit," the prisoners who worked in it were known as "zeks." Solzhenitsyn himself was imprisoned during the great purge and eventually did time in a *sharashka*, and the experiences of Gleb Nerzhin, a political prisoner and the hero of the novel, are said to resemble closely the author's own. It is quite certain that the sense of outrage and poignancy which inform the narrative could not have been written by someone on the outside.

The story begins in the Mavrino Institute in the outskirts of Moscow on Christmas Eve of 1949; a community of some 280 zeks are working here on a most pressing scientific project, the development of a scrambler telephone with an absolute encoder which has been ordered by Stalin in a fit of petulance. The delivery date has long since passed, and Stalin, who is now about to celebrate his seventieth birthday, unwell, suspicious of everyone, his mind slipping, is being pampered by Beria, by Abakumov, the Minister of State Security, and by his household slaves; and down the line those in charge of the Mavrino quake at the thought of his asking for that telephone.

In no time flat the reader himself becomes a living part of the zek community, and though the names are unpronounceable and sometimes confusing, the individuals stand clear. The sharashka prisoners are better fed than those in Siberia; they are given medical attention and good cots because of the work they are expected to produce. Their terms are long, from ten to twenty-five years, and their links with the outside, save for what they can see between the bars, are minimal — they are promised a single night's reunion with

their family once a month, but are lucky to get it once a year. Denied the gentler forms of intercourse, these men, stripped of everything except brains and dignity, are sardonic, angry, or wily in their reaction. They expunge the enmity of the war: they philosophize, they reminisce about the days before they were imprisoned, they tease, they are gloriously abusive of Stalin, and when tormented by their guards or taskmasters, they stand up for themselves in words that blaze.

When Nerzhin, the mathematician — good mathematicians being then in short supply — is offered a new assignment with the bribe that he will be given an apartment in Moscow and the conviction will be removed from his record, the prisoner's sense of outrage at what he has

been made to endure pours out like lava:

"They'll remove the conviction from my record!" Nerzhin cried angrily, his eyes narrowing. "Where did you get the idea that I want that little gift? 'You've worked well, so we'll free you, forgive you.' No, Pyotr Trofimovich!" And with his forefinger he stabbed at the varnished surface of the little table. "You're beginning at the wrong end. Let them admit first that it's not right to put people in prison for their way of thinking, and then *we* will decide whether we will forgive *them*."

For its revelation of what Russians have suffered, for its sardonic and tender revelation of human nature under stress, this book is a milestone. The fluid, idiomatic translation by Thomas W. Whitney is superb.

MUSIC

Comrade Prokofiev

by Herbert Kupferberg

Sergei Prokofiev was a composer with an abundance of genius but little luck. In the Soviet Union (he went into exile after the Revolution but returned in 1934) he had to endure a series of criticisms and denunciations for "formalism" delivered by second-rate musicians who were party functionaries. Illness plagued his last nine years, and even

openly challenge or defy his opponents. Yet there is no doubt that he was forced to conform in his art and restrict his style.

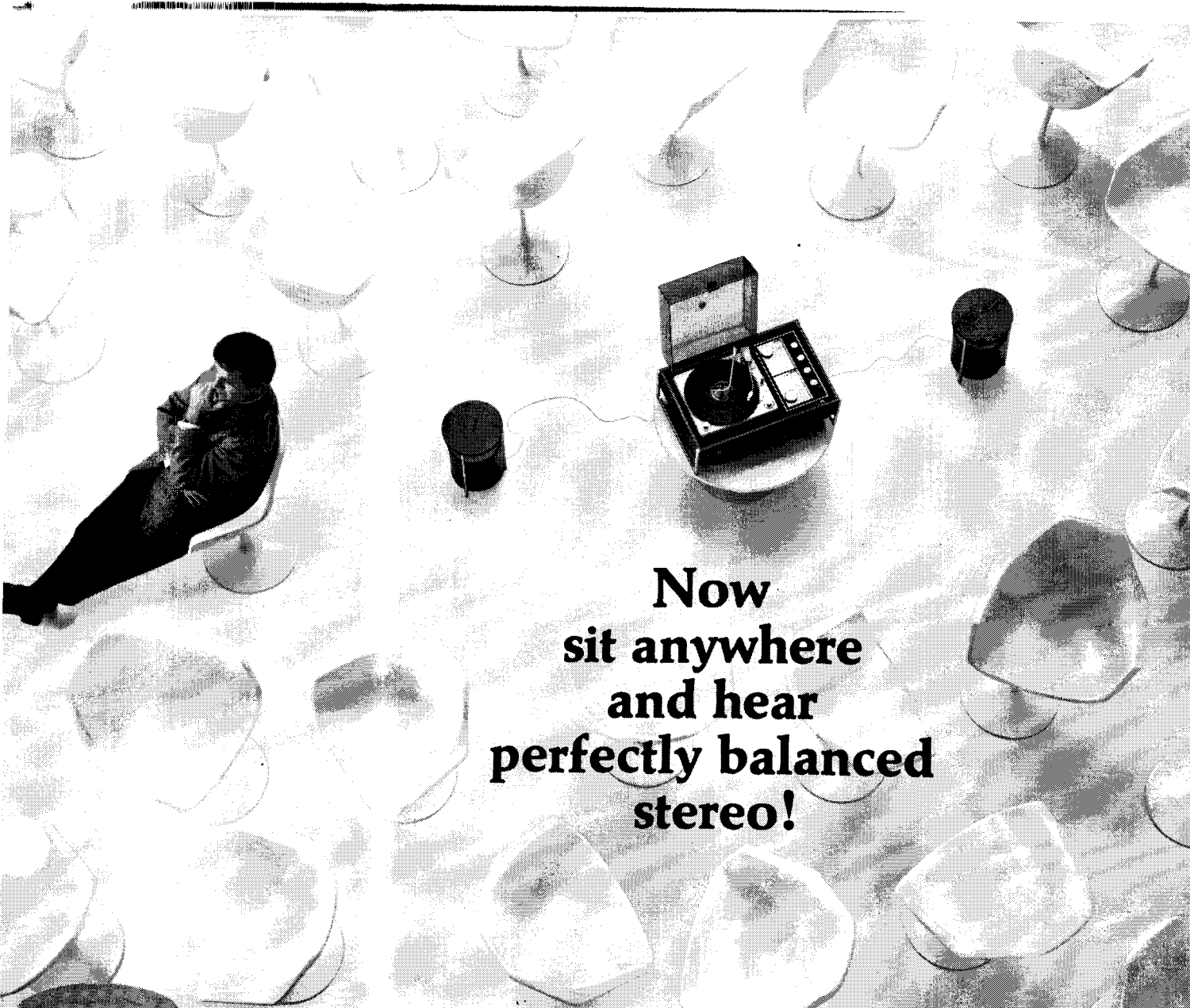
Whatever the Soviet regime's effect upon Prokofiev's art, Mr. Seroff shows convincingly that his life was made miserable by the machinations of the cultural commissars. Not content to anathematize his music as "formalistic" (that vague but sinister adjective which can be applied to any contrived music), they criticized his style of dress (he liked Western tweeds, ties, and double-breasted jackets), his "bourgeois" past (he had been born into the educated class), and his personal habits (he preferred an electric shaver that had been purchased in the United States to an honest Communist razor).

Most shocking of all was the tragic course of Prokofiev's family affairs after his freedom to travel abroad was cut off in 1939. Official Soviet biographers have been understandably vague about this aspect of Prokofiev's life, and though certain details still remain mystifying, Mr. Seroff has probed deeply into the documentary evidence and into the

Prokofiev
by Victor Seroff
(Funk & Wagnalls, \$7.95)

his death was unlucky in its timing, for it occurred March 5, 1953, the same day Joseph Stalin died, and his obituary notices around the world were consequently swamped in the news cables.

Victor Seroff subtitles his new biography of Prokofiev "A Soviet Tragedy." He sees the composer as a kind of musical Danton, a victim of the regime, and with a head, like that of the French revolutionary leader, worth showing to the people. The comparison may be somewhat overdrawn: Prokofiev, after all, did not die upon a scaffold, nor did he



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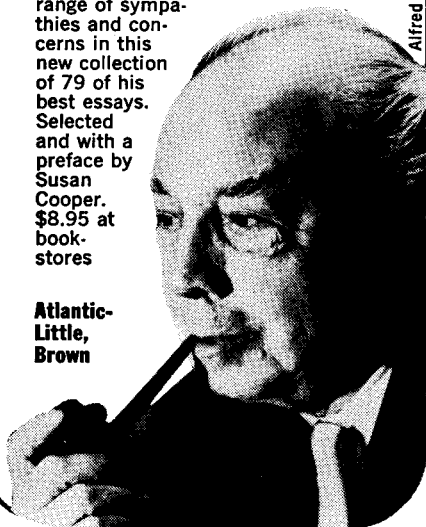
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LITTLE,
BROWN and
COMPANY

memories of Prokofiev's acquaintances and come up with a grim but fascinating story.

Prokofiev's wife, Lina Llubera, who apparently is still alive in Moscow (though Western publishers are unable to find her to pay the royalties due her), was born in Madrid. Her father was Spanish; her mother was born in Russia of Polish-Alsatian descent. To make her background even more complex, her family moved to New York when she was quite young, and it was there that Prokofiev met her after a concert of his in December, 1918. Five years later they were married in a little Bavarian town where Prokofiev had a summer villa.

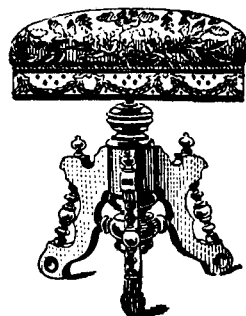
To the Soviet authorities, Lina obviously was the "wrong" kind of wife for Prokofiev: her foreign origins were suspicious; she had a "Western" background; her loyalty to the regime was open to question. Soon after the outbreak of World War II, Prokofiev separated from his wife and their two sons — an action forced upon him, Mr. Seroff believes, by the government. In any event, Prokofiev began living with Myra Mendelson, a poet and writer who was a niece of Lazar Kaganovich, a Party stalwart. Mr. Seroff discounts the official Soviet version that Prokofiev married Myra, but it remains a bitter story, especially for Mme. Prokofiev, who eventually was forced to spend nine years in a Siberian labor camp before she was finally released in one of the post-Stalin amnesties.

Mr. Seroff's book is a personal rather than a critical biography: he places the composer's works in historical perspective without evaluating or comparing individual pieces. Yet the Prokofiev who emerges is one of the supreme creative figures of the twentieth century, not only for his contribution to the musical mainstream, but for his understanding of what was going on all around him. Despite the sustenance he drew from his own country and immediate contemporaries (his teachers included Rimsky-Korsakov, Glazunov, Liadov, and Glière), Prokofiev never became a merely Russian composer. Perhaps it was the fact that he had been at home musically in France and, to an extent, America which irritated the Soviet musical authorities; Mr. Seroff cites the case of one Israel Nesteyev, who wrote a biography

dedicated to proving that Prokofiev became a great composer only after he returned to the Soviet Union.

The current Schwann record catalogue offers a broad view of Prokofiev's achievement, for it ranges from early piano pieces like the *Visions Fugitives* to the Symphony No. 7, written in his next-to-last year. Two major recording projects are devoted to a systematic presentation of Prokofiev's music. One is Erich Leinsdorf's plan to record all the major orchestral works with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This now encompasses nine releases, among them such notable recordings as Itzhak Perlman's performance of the Violin Concerto No. 2 in G Minor (RCA Victor LSC-2962), the Symphony-Concerto for Cello and Orchestra with Samuel Mayes as soloist (LSC-2703), and a dramatic reading of the *Romeo and Juliet* ballet music (LSC-2994).

Even more imposing, if only for their point of origin, are the Prokofiev records that are pouring out on



Capitol's Melodiya/Angel and Melodiya/Seraphim labels. A few years ago Capitol made an exclusive arrangement with Mezhdunarodnaya Kniga, the Soviet recording trust, to release in the United States a continuing series of recordings taped in the U.S.S.R. but pressed and packaged in the United States.

A high proportion of these releases are devoted to Prokofiev, for in contrast to the shabby treatment he received during his lifetime, the Soviet authorities today are devoting themselves to nothing less than recording his complete works. Included in the series are such pieces as the ballet *Le Pas d'acier*, written in Paris in 1925 (and once denounced in a Soviet musical journal as "a counter-revolutionary composition bordering on Fascism"), as well as such patriotic film scores as *Alexander Nevsky* and *Ivan the Terrible*.

The two most recent Melodiya

Anytown, Alabama

by Dan Wakefield

releases illustrate both Prokofiev the "official" composer and Prokofiev the individualist. *On Guard for Peace*, an oratorio written in 1950, helped Prokofiev back into official favor after his denunciation for "formalism" in 1948. Scored for mezzo-soprano, boy soprano, two speakers, chorus, boys' choir, and orchestra, it is a heavily bombastic and repetitive work celebrating the Soviet victory over the Nazis. If it is redeemed at all it is by some attractively naïve children's chorus (Melodiya/Seraphim S-60067).

The other record, in contrast, contains two of Prokofiev's most readily listenable works, his first symphony (the *Classical*) and his last (No. 7). The *Classical*, along with *Peter and the Wolf*, remains among Prokofiev's most popular works; the Seventh is a quietly lyrical and personal utterance. It begins beautifully, and although it ultimately descends into a kind of perfunctory charm, has some of the inward detachment and serenity of Mozart's last works. Both symphonies are ably played by the Moscow Radio Symphony Orchestra under Gennady Rozhdestvensky, and the sound is the best I have yet heard on a recording of Soviet origin (Melodiya/Angel SR-40061).

As extensive as the Prokofiev releases have been, a good deal remains to be recorded before the full extent of his output has been spanned. The operas in particular have been neglected. Although Mezhdunarodnaya Kniga has recorded *War and Peace* complete for distribution at home, Capitol has seen fit to release it in the United States only in "highlight" form (Melodiya/Angel S-40053). There is no up-to-date stereo recording of *The Love for Three Oranges*.

Another prime candidate for recording is *Semyon Kotko*, a full-length opera almost unknown in this country. Composed in 1938-1939, it is a musical depiction of the 1918 Civil War that has grandeur, drama and atmosphere, and some of Prokofiev's most masterful vocal writing. A recording imported from Russia circulated here briefly under the auspices of Artia-Parliament in 1962.

at nothing has been heard of the opera since. Its total absence from the catalogue suggests that the rehabilitation of Prokofiev still has some way to go, in our own country no less than in Russia.

The release of a movie based on Carson McCullers' first novel, *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter*, should evoke both nostalgia and curiosity among the many people for whom the book was so important when they first discovered it. *The Heart* was originally published in 1940, and by the time my friends and I read it during college in the early nineteen fifties, Mrs. McCullers had gone on to write two other unique and powerful novels and a number of dazzling stories, but it was still that earliest of her works that seemed to speak especially to our own lives and

The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter (Warner Brothers-Seven Arts)

feelings. I would guess that it was one of the contemporary novels most significant for my collegiate generation, along with Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye* and Styron's *Lie Down in Darkness*.

My own introduction to the book and its author came when I was an undergraduate at Columbia and was told by a friend that Carson McCullers was coming to give a lecture on the campus. At the time, I knew her name but not her work, and I went to the lecture mainly out of an interest in hearing any real-live writer talk about writing. As it turned out, quite happily, Mrs. McCullers didn't really "lecture" at all. She had come with a prepared text on some solemn-sounding literary subject, but after nervously stumbling through a couple of pages, she closed her eyes and said, "I think I'll say a poem." She recited one of her poems called "The Ransomed Heart," a poem that expressed the sense of quiet terror and loneliness that is in all her work, the feeling of "malignant winter afternoons and empty clocks," and when she finished there was no applause, but a hush like the reverent silence that follows a prayer. Then, still shy but more relaxed, she simply talked — not literary talk but storytellers' talk, entrancing and funny and warm and alive.

At one point she spoke about writ-

ing her first novel, and explained that after initially getting the characters down on paper she was "stuck," and couldn't get on with the writing. Then one day after trying to work she went out to the living room and began to hop from one check to another on a checkered rug. She explained that when she hopped to one particular check she suddenly saw what to do. "I knew my main character wasn't named 'Jones' or whatever name I had given him at all. His name was Singer. And he was deaf. And that's why all those people were talkin' to him." Then she wrote the novel.

When Mrs. McCullers referred to her realization that Singer was deaf "and that's why all those people were talkin' to him," she was in a sense describing most of what there is to the plot of the story. The deaf-mute takes a room alone in a boardinghouse in a Southern town, and slowly, as they see and sense his kindness and consideration, the people no longer think of him as "a dummy" but as a wise and understanding man to whom they can tell their most unsettling fears and feelings, and in whose silent presence they find peace.

It is obvious that a novel so interior in its nature, built around a central character who is a deaf-mute, is going to be incredibly difficult to bring off as a movie. The irony of the production, however, is that the seemingly most difficult problem — that of a deaf-mute hero — is the single great triumph of the film. Alan Arkin plays Singer with a sureness and exactness



Sorel's caricatures, page 77

Clockwise beginning upper left: Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Dayan, author Ayn Rand, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, *Playboy* publisher, Hugh Hefner.



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that capture the character in spirit and detail. Immaculately dressed in his plain, light suit, he has the strong and courteous dignity of the man whose calling card explains politely, "Please Do Not Shout." He makes his brisk, neat gestures of communication not only with his agile conjurer's hands but also with his thin, alert mouth that utters not a single word but conveys whole paragraphs in the nuance of a corner turned up or down; and in the keen, sympathetic eyes that seem to read much more than the mere words formed by the lips of the anxious talkers.

The rest of the cast, largely composed of newcomers, are overshadowed by Arkin's performance, not only because of its brilliance but because the important roles of the assorted regular visitors to Singer's room are all made less interesting, in ways that the actors could hardly have had much to say about. Jake Blount, the tortured itinerant radical of the novel, is depoliticized in the movie script and reduced to an ordinary drifter who drinks too much and has nothing more interesting to say than the average drunken dropout. Mick Kelly, the thirteen-year-old girl with a passion for classical music, was a kind of female precursor of Holden Caulfield in the novel, but comes off in the movie as a poor white Southern version of *Our Town's* Emily. This surely can't all be the fault of the twenty-one-year-old actress Sondra Locke, who is given such stock drama-school scenes as stuffing a pair of socks into her party dress to try to improve her adolescent figure (comedy), and sitting on the fire escape of a theater listening to a symphony orchestra perform inside while she sways her head to the music and stares into space with an expression that looks as if she'd just had a vision of Paul McCartney (ecstasy).

The movie program blurb says that this is a "timeless story," and indeed the original setting of the novel in 1939 has been partly updated and partly de-timed altogether. The movie takes place in a sort of calendarless present that is suggested by the clothes, the prices of food and rent, the music at a teen party, all of which is vaguely contemporary. The most fascinating — and clumsy — attempt at updating occurs in the handling of the Negro characters. The Negro Dr. Cope-

land of the novel was a man of great dignity and controlled rage who dreamed of a thousand Negroes staging a "March on Washington" (a rather revolutionary concept when the novel was written), but was feared and misunderstood by his own people, even his own children. Mrs. McCullers' insight into the feelings of the Negro of that era was uncanny, and foreshadowed the nature of the racial conflicts and passions that have since come into the open.

The movie tries to inject a little Black Power militance into things, and gives the doctor an angry daughter who taunts him for being too "white" in his attitudes. The doctor of the movie seems both behind and ahead of his times; he is fearful of going to a courthouse, where he is mildly taunted by a deputy sheriff, but has no compunctions about refusing to treat an injured man because he is white and explaining that reason to whites. For veracity, the moviemakers might have had a black doctor attempt such a refusal in real life in the town where they

The Writers

Thomas S. Szasz is author of the forthcoming book *The Manufacture of Madness*.

Steven Marcus, just back from the University of Leicester, is the author of *Other Victorians*.

Robert Coles, a research psychiatrist at Harvard, has written a book for children, *Dead End School*, recently published by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

Peter Davison is the author of *The City and the Island*.

Edward Weeks's latest book is *Fresh Waters* (Atlantic-Little, Brown).

Dan Wakefield's *Supernation at Peace and War* is an expansion of a large essay which appeared in the March issue of this journal.

Herbert Kupferberg is writing a book about the history of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Phoebe Adams' column appears in the *Atlantic* every month.

were shooting the movie, which happened to be Selma, Alabama.

The magic of modern technicolor — the same magic that managed to make some of Manhattan's crowded Puerto Rican blocks look like a freshly painted set for a Broadway musical in the movie of *West Side Story* — manages to transform Selma into a bright, glossy dollhouse settlement that looks like it might be called "Anytown, U.S.A." The over-rich colors, combined and underscored by that kind of big, soupy string sound known as "mellow," succeed in taking the sting out of the loneliness and tragedy that lie at the heart of the story. The novel itself was drenched in the hot, slow mood of sullen tension of a Southern town, and of its shades and sounds, but none of these are conveyed on the wide color screen.

There is enough of the novel's magic in Arkin's performance to arouse an interest in the book among those viewers who have never read it, and to send those who read it in the past back again to its pages. Neither group will be disappointed.

Short Reviews: Records by Herbert Kupferberg

Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique and Lelio, or the Return to Life (*Pierre Boulez with London Symphony aided by Jean-Louis Barrault and vocal soloists: CBS 32-B1-0010: two records*). Berlioz's opinion to the contrary, *Lelio* is a hodgepodge of a work that adds next to nothing to the *Symphonie Fantastique*. It's Boulez's graphic, dramatic performance of the *Fantastique* that makes this album worth hearing.

The Art of Alexander Kipnis (*Seraphim 60076*). Those long-treasured ten-inch 78's of *In diesen heil'gen Hallen* and *O Isis und Osiris* are herein revived, along with Schubert's *Erlkönig*, Brahms's Four Serious Songs, and others. There's an occasional gratuitous held note, and an Italian aria is sung in German, but this is marvelously satisfying singing.

Illustrations from 1897 Sears Roebuck Catalogue, with introduction by S. J. Perelman and Richard Rovere. Fred L. Israel, editor. Chelsea House, \$14.75.

Mozart: Piano Concertos No. 20 in D Minor and No. 25 in C Major (*Julius Katchen with Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra conducted by Münchinger; London CS-6532*). More Mozart from Katchen might be in order on the strength of these extremely strong and stylish performances.

Mozart: Symphonies No. 32 in G, No. 35 in D, No. 38 in D (*Daniel Barenboim, English Chamber Orchestra; Angel S-36512*). A solid achievement for Barenboim, who obviously is going to do more and more conducting in the future. A special treat is the Symphony No. 32, nine minutes and six seconds of sheer pleasure.

Regina Resnik Recital (*Epic BC-1384*). About as unhackneyed a program as could be asked, with Rameau, Martini, Turina, Tchaikovsky, Prokofiev, and Mahler. The songs and the singer hold your interest throughout. Text summaries disgracefully inadequate.

Sibelius: Symphony No. 5; Night Ride and Sunrise (*Georges Prêtre, New Philharmonia Orchestra; RCA Victor LSC-2996*). Prêtre is a fine conductor, but not for Sibelius, as this mannered performance demonstrates.

Soler: Eight Piano Sonatas (*Alicia de Larrocha; Epic BC-1389*). Antonio Soler (1729-1783), churchman, organist, and composer, has had his music recorded before, but never with the verve, bounce, and freshness which De Larrocha brings it here. A captivating recording.

Wagner: Die Meistersinger (1951 Bayreuth recording, Karajan conducting, Schwarzkopf as Eva, Edelmann as Sachs, Hopf as Walther; Seraphim IE-6030; five records with libretto). As a low-price reissue this has its points (Schwarzkopf is one of them), but the sound is variable and Hans Hopf's tenorizing even more so. It may be a bargain, but just barely.

Weill: Symphonies No. 1 and 2 (*Gary Bertini, BBC Symphony Orchestra; Angel S-36506*). Symphonies by Kurt Weill? Here are two of them, dating from 1921 and 1934, and both very workmanlike. No. 1 is a reflection of early Schoenberg, No. 2 has some of the perkiness, bounce, and melodic color of the *Threepenny Opera*. Nothing major, or especially original, but with a certain curiosity value.

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Reading this book, one wonders who was really on trial: Elizabeth Gurley Flynn or the American Civil Liberties Union itself?

A salient feature of this timely book is the section compiled by Dr. Lamont (then a Board Member of ACLU and one of the participants at the trial) which presents the text of important exhibits and related documents, including ACLU's own 1939 pamphlet "Why We Defend Free Speech for Nazis, Fascists and Communists."

Beyond its historical importance, this book has special relevance today because the Civil Liberties Union made mandatory in May 1968 new political tests for its officers and staff of the same general nature that led to the expulsion of Miss Flynn.

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Short Reviews: Books

by Phoebe Adams

Fragments of a Journal by Eugène Ionesco. Grove, \$5.00. Is genius simply a capacity for lifelong youth? In his fifties, Mr. Ionesco is still worrying about the exasperating mysteries of life, death, and personal identity with the astonished resentment of an adolescent. He is well aware of this habit, and in his journal alternately indulges it and analyzes the results. He also records a number of splendidly alarming and original dreams. He makes no attempt to explain how these questions and nightmares are turned into plays, but reveals something of the system by implication.

No One Writes to the Colonel and Other Stories by Gabriel García Márquez. Harper & Row, \$5.95. The author was born in Colombia, and these stories are set there, in a town which could sue Mr. Márquez for defamation of character if towns were entitled to such action. Each story, tragic, humorous, or fantastic, is complete in itself (one has appeared in the *Atlantic*), but together they form a communal portrait of great social complication and psychological interest.

Come Along With Me by Shirley Jackson. Viking, \$5.95. Although most of the material in this collection has not been published before, it is far from mere posthumous bits and pieces. The lecture on the results of "The Lottery" is fascinating for what it never considers; the stories are not the funniest or the scariest, but they are finished stories. As for the novel, one can only regret that it was not finished, for it starts off most promisingly.

Nikos Kazantzakis by Helen N. Kazantzakis. Simon and Schuster, \$10.00. A widow writing her husband's biography is entitled to be emotional, but Mrs. Kazantzakis stretches the license considerably. She quotes lavishly from Kazantzakis' letters, however, and for that deserves gratitude.

The White/Garnett Letters edited by David Garnett. Viking, \$6.95. T. H. White is the more active contributor to this amusing, sometimes puzzling,

ultimately touching chronicle of a long friendship between a man comfortably settled in the world (Garnett) and an uncomfortable vagabond.

An Orderly Life by Jose Yglesias. Pantheon, \$5.95. The first-person narrator progresses from student liberal to stuffy businessman, neither condition at any time altering his basic character, which is simply cheerful promiscuity. Mr. Yglesias does scenes of blathering conversation and grimy drinking parties well, but he and his narrator seem to have no opinion of any of the action — except that in bed, which the narrator clearly approves. An objective reader may observe that there is rather too much of it, too repetitiously.

Native Realm: A Search for Self-Definition by Czeslaw Milosz. Doubleday, \$5.95. Refusing to approach autobiography via personal detail, Mr. Milosz has written a history of Eastern Europe in which he constitutes one illustrative guinea pig. In its analysis of ethnic hostilities among Poles, Liths, Russians, and Jews, the book is immensely informative and may even be taken as a warning. Hang together, that is, or hang separately.

How to Be a Party Girl by Pat Montandon. McGraw-Hill, \$4.95. Don't anybody get excited. It's all about invitations, decorations, and paper hats.

Lost in the Funhouse by John Barth. Doubleday, \$4.95. The title story in this collection (which includes amusing experiments, Homeric excursions, and the revelation that Mr. Barth can write verse just like that of the late Rudyard Kipling) appeared in the *Atlantic*.

In the Wake of the Sea-Serpents by Bernard Heuvelmans. Hill & Wang, \$10.00. After disposing of hoaxes, optical illusions, and the effects of alcohol, Dr. Heuvelmans still offers a monster of a book on reliable sightings of sea monsters. The monsters are so far unknown to science, but that, Dr. Heuvelmans argues persuasively, is science's hard luck.

The Man on the Balcony by Per Wahlöf and Maj Sjöwall. Pantheon, \$4.50. Thrillers based on police pro-

cedure are a rather special taste. For those who like them, this one is perhaps a trifle better than average. For others, the book is distinctive for its offhand account of a side Stockholm seldom seen by visitors, and seldom considered by students of socialist government.

Harold Nicolson: The Later Years, 1945–1962, edited by Nigel Nicolson. Atheneum, \$8.50. The third and final volume of Nicolson's monumental diaries, with material for numberless social historians of the future, for Nicolson was a man of intelligence and enterprise, an elegant writer, and a phenomenal gadabout. This volume is sadder than the others, but just as interesting.

The Beautiful Ones Are Not Yet Born by Ayi Kwei Armah. Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95. As a novel, the book is rather sloppily constructed, with too much dependence on flashbacks and editorializing interruptions. As a protest and lament, however, it is exceptionally moving, for the Ghanaian author describes his own country with a mixture of desperation and contempt while clearly loathing the necessity for doing so.

The First Americans by G. H. S. Bushnell. McGraw-Hill, \$5.50. Specifically, pre-Columbian civilizations, which means that after a chapter on what little is known of the early hunting cultures (Folsom points and so on), the author concentrates on Mexico, Central America, and Peru. His description is condensed, lucid, and accompanied by excellent illustrations.

Art and the Seafarer, edited by Hans Jorgen Hansen. Viking, \$28.00. Since ships are perishable objects, the history of their architecture and ornamentation is not easy to pursue, but Mr. Hansen has managed it. The text requires little knowledge of belaying pins and such — the reader picks it up en route — and the illustrations are magnificent.

The Exaggerations of Peter Prince by Steve Katz. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$6.95. The reader is asked to construct a comic novel out of typographical pranks and excuses for not writing a novel, but is promised no cut of the royalties. Hardly a fair offer.



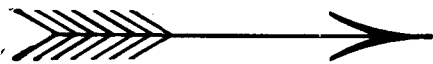
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